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From Its Origin to the Present Time

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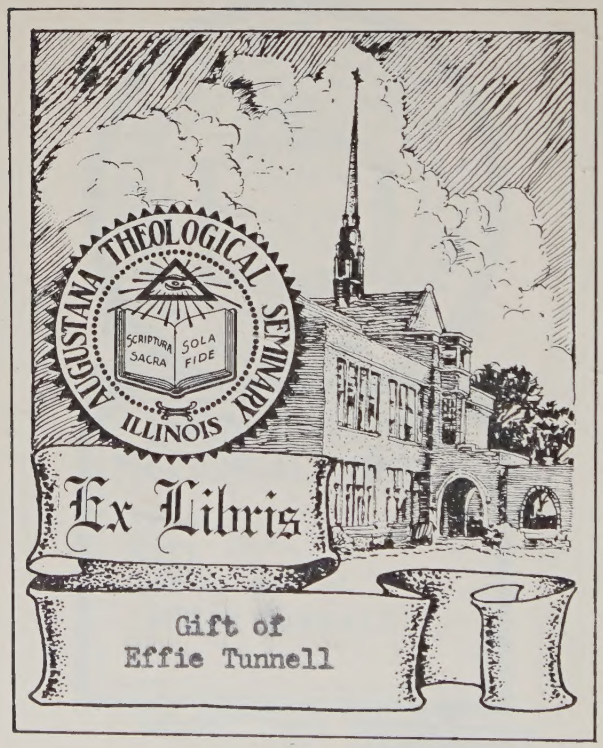
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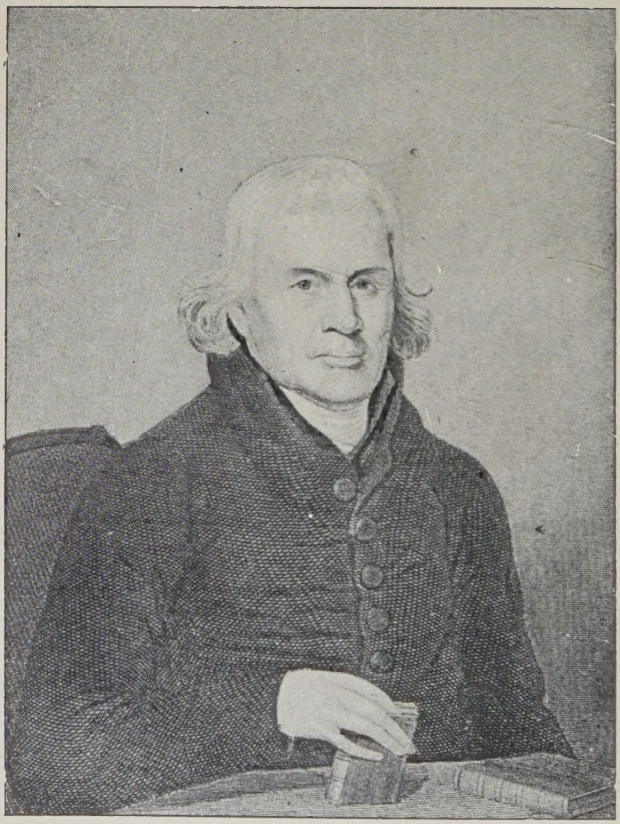

BISHOP FRANCIS ASBURY.

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HOLSTON METHODISM.

FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

By R. N. PRICE.

VOLUME I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF METHODISM INTO THE HOLSTON COUNTRY TO THE YEAR 1804.

THIRD THOUSAND

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PREFACE.

Much of the material used in writing this history was collected by my predecessor in office, the late lamented William G. E. Cunnyngham, D.D., but I have been fortunate in adding to it considerably.

I began collecting and writing under an impression of the great value and importance of Holston Methodist history, and with the intention of sparing no pains in gathering facts, searching everything to the bottom, and presenting a connected and logical story. This intention has led to the necessity of two, three, or more volumes to bring the work to completion. This prolixity may be objectionable in the eyes of some, but I believe that the patience and purses of our people will bear the strain. I pray that God may spare my life, and that the people may furnish "the sinews of war," to enable me to bring the work down to the present day.

The educating and inspiring influence of such a work can hardly be overrated. The provincial character of the Holston Conference, hemmed in, as it is, on all sides by mountains, weakens the interest of our people in the events of the outside world, and intensifies their interest in whatever is local. Hence a sectional feeling will lead our people to read such a history as we now offer to them when mere literary taste might fail to do this; and yet it will enlarge and liberalize their views, and cultivate in them a love of reading that will extend to other and different forms of literature. Besides, since there is a tendency in the Methodists of the present day to depart from the first principles and the old landmarks of Methodism, this work, I trust, will have the effect of stirring up their "pure minds by way of remembrance," and so bringing before them the simplicity, self-denial, earnestness, and spiritual power of the fathers as to restore somewhat and fix the doctrines and earnest methods of a hundred years ago. I shall be well repaid for my labor, and the preachers and people for their money, if this work shall have the effect, even in a degree, of restoring the old faith and the old revival fire.

I have attempted to make the work a compromise between a racy story and an authority on historical questions.

I have not attempted fine writing in this work, as such a style would be unnatural to me; and, while its glitter and artificiality might captivate shallow readers, it would disgust the more thoughtful, and, like everything wanting in naturalness, would soon pass into merited neglect and contempt. I have written in a style easy and natural to myself, just as I would write a letter to a friend, being anxious to deliver the goods and not the vehicle.

As far as possible, I have attempted to make this history a history of the Methodist people in Holston, and not exclusively a history of the preachers. To the history of the "Kings" I have attempted to add the "Chronicles" of the subjects, and to the "Acts of the Apostles" the doings of the rank and file of the "saints."

All the preachers who labored in the Holston Country down to 1824 have had, or will have, mention of some sort; but special notices have been, or will be, given only of those whose lives, as far as our information extends, have been of historical importance. Short notices, however, of obscure men have been, or will be, prepared and reserved for an appendix, if such an appendix should ever be deemed necessary.

It has been my policy to postpone a biographical sketch of each preacher to the time of the severance of his connection with the itinerancy in Holston by death, location, or otherwise. This rule, however, will be ignored in Volume II. in the cases of those who labored in Holston both before and after the year 1824. Every man of historical importance who labored in Holston down to that date will be sketched when we reach that date.

In the present volume I have inserted the Conference appointments and statistics in the body of the work, since in our earlier history these do not occupy much space. When we reach the organization of the Holston Conference, this cannot be done, as the data would occupy too much space.

A few of the more important men who labored in Western North Carolina before it became a part of the Holston Conference have been sketched as Holston men by anticipation;

for that section was, for a long time, a part of Holston Conference territory.

In this volume the reader will find the most elaborate and exhaustive history of the revival of 1800 ever given in a single book. The three chapters containing this history I have named "A Symposium;" and they contain statements of different men, of different denominations, in order that the reader may have a full and impartial knowledge of that great work of grace, furnished from different standpoints of experience and observation. The Presbyterians and Methodists were the principal workers and subjects of that revival, and the symposium is taken mainly from these two denominations. I have given the Presbyterians a large proportion of the space, since it is desirable that the modern critic and advocate of "decency and order" shall not have reason to think that the revival was a mere exhibition of Methodist fanaticism.

I take this opportunity to return thanks to those noble preachers and laymen whose money and contributions of facts have rendered the work possible.

The publishing committee appointed by the Conference have stood manfully at my back, and, by pledging their means and honor, have given me credit with the publishers.

The publishers have taken great pains with the work, and the free use of such cuts in the possession of the Publishing House as we could make available has diminished the cost and enhanced the value of the work.

R. N. PRICE.

Morristown, Tenn., August 23, 1903.

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CHAPTER I.

Introductory: Some First Things in Methodism.

The Wesleyan movement, "the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ" since the days of Paul, found its first formal expression in the Holy Club in the University of Oxford in 1729. Here Methodism was born. The name "Methodist" was applied as a term of ridicule to the few devout young men who constituted the club, but it has become a sacred badge of honor to millions of men and women in both hemispheres. The movement was of God. Long needed and long in providential preparation, it came not a day too soon. It was a divine response to an urgent demand of the times. Methodism, born in a university, has been true to the environment of its nativity, a friend of learning and a master builder of schools and colleges.

John Wesley was ordained deacon by Bishop Potter in 1725, and priest by the same prelate in 1728. He preached his first sermon in 1726. Wesley came to America to convert the Indians, when he himself needed to be converted. He embarked for Georgia October 14, 1735, and arrived February 5, 1736. On his return voyage he was convinced that he was destitute of saving faith. In the year 1738 he attended a society meeting in Aldersgate, London, and while a person was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans he felt his "heart strangely warmed."

Here Methodism was born again. Here was kindled a fire that has been spreading ever since, and that has strangely warmed millions of hearts.

Eighteen days after his conversion, Wesley preached before the University of Oxford his famous sermon on, "By grace are ye saved through faith," the keynote of all his preaching and, indeed, the keynote of the Methodist movement.

During the year 1738 Wesley published his first hymn book; and thus Methodism, with its heart strangely warmed, opened its mouth and began to sing, and it has been singing ever since.

In 1739 Kingswood School was founded, and thus began the Methodist work of Christian education.

In the same year Methodism, which had been driven to the streets and commons, built in Bristol its first chapel, and went to housekeeping. When the Foundry was first opened in London, late in 1739, it was "a ruinous place, with an old pantile covering consisting of decayed timbers, and the pulpit made of a few rough boards." The Foundry, where cannon had been forged, now became the house of God, where the gospel of peace was to be preached.

In the same year John Cennick, the first lay preacher of Methodism, preached his first sermon to the colliers of Kingswood, and thus began that remarkable dispensation of lay preaching which enabled Wesley to spread scriptural holiness over considerable portions of England, Ireland, Scotland, and America in his day, and which ever since has been the vanguard and rear guard of the Methodist movement.

In the same year the first Methodist Society was formed in London; and thus Methodism began to

organize and assume a form separate from Moravianism, with which, up to this date, it had been identified.

The watch night began in 1740. The Kingswood colliers had been accustomed to watch out the old year with riot and revelry; but by the advice of James Rogers, a converted fiddler, they concluded the year with prayer and praise. This custom has been observed with more or less regularity in the Methodist churches in Europe and America down to the present day.

In 1741 Methodism furnished her first martyr. Struck down by a villain, William Seward went up to inherit a martyr's crown—a true sample of the brave men who counted not their lives dear to themselves, but faced storms of persecution till Methodism had conquered a peace.

In 1741 the first Methodist newspaper was started. It was entitled "The Weekly History, or an Account of the Most Remarkable Particulars Relating to the Present Progress of the Gospel." It was the organ of Whitefield and the Calvinistic party of Methodism.

In 1742 the class meeting originated in a financial measure; and, though a prudential regulation, it has been next to Methodist preaching itself in keeping alive the fires of spiritual religion on the altars of the Church. The love feast and band meeting were borrowed from the Moravians at an earlier date. Rules of the bands drawn up for the Methodist Societies December 25, 1738, were continued in the Methodist Discipline in America till the year 1854, when they were eliminated by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church re-

taining them till 1856. Band meetings flourished only when Methodism was at white heat. They were in their day the subject of much adverse and unjust criticism.

The first Annual Conference was held in the

ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE.

Foundry, London, beginning June 25, 1744. It consisted of six clergymen and four laymen.

The first Methodist Society in America was organized under the ministry of Robert Strawbridge, between the years 1760 and 1764. The first Methodist meetinghouse in America was a small log meetinghouse on Sam's Creek, Md., built through the influ-

ence of Strawbridge about the year 1764. Bishop McTyeire, in his "History of Methodism," says: "Robert Srawbridge, both in order of time and talent and service, stands at the head of the noble irregulars who founded Arminian Methodism in America."

In 1768 a Methodist chapel was built in the city of New York, "a monumental image of the humble thought of Barbara Heck." It has been commonly claimed that this was the first Methodist meeting-house in America, but the preponderance of evidence gives that honor to Strawbridge's log meetinghouse in Maryland. The sensational beginning of Methodism in the city of New York is well known. Philip Embury, an Irish local preacher, who competes with his brother Irish local preacher, Robert Strawbridge, for the honor of founding Arminian Methodism in America, began to preach in New York City in 1766; in 1768 Wesley Chapel was built on John Street.

The first native Methodist preacher of the continent, Richard Owen, was one of Strawbridge's converts in Baltimore County, Md.

In 1769 the first Methodist missionaries were sent to America. They were Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor. They were sent from Wesley's twenty-sixth Conference. The circuits reported at that Conference were forty-six, and the membership of its Churches less than twenty-nine thousand.

In the appointments of the twenty-seventh Annual Conference, held in London in 1770, the first circuit in the Western Hemisphere was named, and the name was "America." Surely Boardman and Pilmoor had what I once heard a Methodist preacher define space to be—"plenty of room."

Francis Asbury, accompanied by Richard Wright, came to America in 1771. In 1772 Wesley appointed Asbury his "assistant" in America. When Asbury reached America there were about six hundred Methodist laymen and ten Methodist preachers in the colonies.

Asbury has the credit of having established the regular circuit system in America. He set himself resolutely against all tendencies toward a settled pastorate. He objected to the policy to which some of the preachers seemed inclined—that of shutting themselves up in the cities. He himself set a vigorous example of itinerating, and his example gave a powerful impulse to the itinerant work.

The first Quarterly Conference in America of which we have an account was held by Asbury at J. Presbury's, on the western shore of Maryland, in Christmas week, 1772. Methodist economy has from the first been a growth, its various provisions and appliances coming into existence as conditions have demanded. The exigencies of the circuit movement demanded frequent conferences, and now the Quarterly Conference begins—an institution of great importance and tremendous influence in the history of Methodism, and an essential wheel in its mighty machinery.

William Watters was the first native Methodist itinerant in America. He was born in Baltimore County, Md., and was happily converted in May, 1771, under the ministry of Methodist preachers; and he began to preach in 1772, at the age of twenty-one years.

Robert Williams, one of the 'irregulars," founded

the first circuit in Virginia. He preached his first sermon in Virginia on the courthouse steps in Norfolk to a most disorderly crowd, early in the year 1772. Stevens says: "The religious interest excited by Williams's labors extended into North Carolina, and opened the way for the southern advancement of Methodism."

The activity of Robert Williams in printing and circulating Wesley's books and tracts foreshadowed the "Book Concern." Though those books and tracts had been printed and circulated "to the great advantage of religion," as Jesse Lee states, yet Asbury, as he writes in his journal, "was somewhat troubled," fearing that it was done "for the sake of gain," and Wesley "enjoined that R. W. might not print any more books without his consent." Bennett, in his "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia," says:

> We look with peculiar feelings on him who stands first in a great cause. Robert Williams preached the first Methodist sermon on Virginia soil; he formed the first society; he printed the first Methodist book; he aided in building the first Methodist church; he made out the plan of the first circuit; he was the first to marry, the first to locate, the first to die, the first of that band of heroes to pass into the city of our God.

His ashes repose about midway between Suffolk and Portsmouth, Va., without a trace of the exact location.

Joseph Pilmoor was probably the first Methodist preacher to place foot on North Carolina soil, but Robert Williams has the credit of organizing the first Society in that State. This was in the year 1772.

In 1773 Capt. Webb convoyed Thomas Rankin and George Shadford to America, and, by Wesley's ap-

pointment, Rankin superseded Asbury as "General Assistant."

The first Annual Conference in America began its session in Philadelphia on Wednesday, July 14, 1773. and ended on Friday, the 16th. Ten preachers appear in the minutes, and ten were present. Thomas Rankin, Francis Asbury, Richard Wright, George Shadford, John King, Abraham Whitworth, and Joseph Yearbry were present and appear in the minutes. William Watters, Robert Strawbridge, and Robert Williams appear in the minutes, but were not present. Richard Boardman, Joseph Pilmoor, and Thomas Webb were present, but do not appear in the minutes. Boardman and Pilmoor received no appointments, because they expected to return to England in a short time. Capt. Webb never appeared in the minutes. He returned to England about the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. Stevens, in the "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," gives Capt. Webb the credit of being the chief founder of American Methodism.

At the first Conference (1773) the question, "What numbers are in Society?" was answered as follows: "New York, 180; Philadelphia, 180; New Jersey, 200; Maryland, 500; Virginia, 100; total, 1,160. Preachers, 10." Thus it seems that five States, three Northern and two Southern, embraced the entire Methodist membership at that time. The majority of the members were in the South, and Maryland had nearly one-half of the whole. The one hundred members reported from Virginia were the fruit of the labors of Robert Williams.

In the year 1773, the year of the first Conference,

Pilmoor visited Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., and preached a number of powerful sermons in those towns.

The Conferences from 1773 to 1776 were held in Philadelphia; but, as Stevens says, "the numerical preponderance of the denomination had been fast tending southward," and the first Southern session was held in Baltimore, beginning May 21, 1776. It was held in the second Methodist chapel built in the city—Lovely Lane. The aggregate membership reported was 4,921, the increase for the year being 1,773, the largest yet recorded. The Northern charges had declined in membership, and the Southern had gained largely. The principal gain had been in the celebrated Brunswick Circuit, in Virginia, the theater of the first pentecostal displays of American Methodism.

The first Annual Conference held in Virginia began at Leesburg May 19, 1778. The reasons for holding the Conference in Virginia were these: It was now the chief field of Methodism, embracing nearly two-thirds of the entire membership; Philadelphia and New York were both in the possession of the British; the royal fleet occupied the waters of Maryland, and there were general dismay and confusion in those sections. The membership reported was 6,095, a falling off from the previous year of 873, and the ministry was diminished from 38 to 30. Such was the influence of the public troubles upon the infant Church.

The honor of introducing Methodism into the great Mississippi Valley belongs to the local ministry. Robert Wooster, a local preacher, labored in the

Redstone country about the year 1781. He was an Englishman, and emigrated to America about the time that Asbury did. John Jones was converted through Wooster's preaching, and was the first Methodist convert west of the mountains of whom we have any account.

Dr. McAnally, a very judicious and accurate historian, in the "Life and Times of Samuel Patton," fixes the date of the first permanent organization of Methodist Societies in the Holston Country in the year 1776, or at the latest in the year 1777. Our forefathers in this country talked much and labored much, and wrote but little; hence, strange to say, Holston Methodist history, only a century and a quarter old, begins largely in conjecture and speculation. It is, however, tolerably well settled that Methodist local preachers, exhorters, and laymen found their way into this country as early as 1773 or 1774, if not somewhat earlier.

In a letter written by the late Rev. George Stewart and published in the *Holston Methodist* January 31, 1874, it is stated as the opinion of the writer, based on careful inquiry, that the first Methodist Society west of New River was organized in the neighborhood where Page's meetinghouse was afterwards built, in the year 1773 or 1774. This church was in Montgomery (now Pulaski) County, Va.

The late Rev. George W. Miles, in a sketch of Edward Cox, published in McFerrin's "History of Methodism in Tennessee," says that Mr. Cox was converted and joined the Methodist Societies under the ministry of Francis Asbury, in Maryland, in the year 1773, and soon thereafter emigrated to what is

now East Tennessee. This fact he obtained from the descendants of Mr. Cox. Cox was an active exhorter, and must have been instrumental in the conversion of some of his neighbors, and possibly in the organization of a Society before the breaking out of the Revolution. There can be no reasonable doubt that in the tide of emigration which made its way into this highland section as early as 1768, and later, a number of Methodists were found, and that they were not slow in forming Societies and inviting traveling preachers of adjacent sections to come and take charge of them. By the year 1776 Methodism had made considerable progress in Central North Carolina, evidently having extended from the famous Brunswick Circuit, in Virginia. The work in North Carolina was erected into a circuit, called "North Carolina," in 1776, and manned with Edward Drumgoole, Francis Poythress, and Isham Tatum; next year with John King, John Dickins, Leroy Cole, and Edward Pride. This circuit, no doubt, lapped over on the New River settlements in Virginia and the Watauga and Holston settlements in what is now Tennessee. There is evidence that Andrew Yeargin traveled the Yadkin Circuit in 1780, and that it embraced portions of the French Broad and Nollichucky country, then in the State of North Carolina. It is, therefore, probable that the first Methodist invasion of the great West was along the Holston heights.

The Redstone country, where Wooster labored, embraced parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia (now West Virginia) west of the Alleghanies. To him has been accorded the honor of being the first Methodist preacher whose voice was heard west of the Allegha-

nies; but this, as is seen by the above statement, is not an indisputable fact. In the distressing meagerness of early records, the question of precedence, which, however, is not one of great importance, cannot be settled.

Jeremiah Lambert has the honor of being the first Methodist preacher regularly appointed to a charge west of the Alleghanies. In the minutes of 1783 "Holston Circuit" heads the list, and Lambert is the appointee.

The obituary question occurs in the minutes for the first time in 1784, and the deaths of two preachers, William Wright and Henry Metcalf, are barely noted. The obituary notices proper occur for the first time in the minutes of 1785, those of two preachers, Caleb B. Pedicord and George Mair, both notices occupying only seven lines in the printed record.

The first General Conference, commonly called the Christmas Conference, convened in Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore, December 24, 1784. Here the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, and Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury, having been appointed General Superintendents by Wesley, were recognized in that office, and Asbury was ordained first to the office of deacon, then to that of elder, then elected and ordained to that of General Superintendent. At this Conference Articles of Religion and a form of Discipline were adopted, and a separate and independent Church was started upon what has since turned out to be a wonderful career of usefulness. This form of Discipline, embodying the substance of the minutes of the Conference, was published in 1785 and bound up with the "Sunday Serv-

ice." Hitherto these minutes had remained in manuscript; but ever afterwards they were regularly published, and in 1794 John Dickins published in a volume all the documents, including those that had been in manuscript, down to 1785. At the time of the regular organization of the Church (1784) it had eighteen thousand members, one hundred and four itinerants, and some hundreds of local preachers and exhorters. The number of habitual hearers and adherents of the Church, exclusive of members, probably embraced some two hundred thousand. It had more than sixty chapels—a very small proportion, however, of the preaching places.

The first Conference in North Carolina was held at the residence of the Rev. Green Hill, in the eastern part of the State, April 29, 30, 1785. Hill was a local preacher, a large slaveholder, a wealthy planter, and he entertained the entire body.

The corner stone of Cokesbury College, so named in honor of Coke and Asbury, was laid at Abingdon, Md., Sunday, June 5, 1785. This was the first Methodist college in America.

Appointments for South Carolina and Georgia appear in the minutes for the first time in 1785. Beverly Allen was appointed to Georgia, John Tunnell to Charleston, and Woolman Hickson to Georgetown. Thus began regular circuit work in these great States. But the ground was not altogether fallow. Half a century before, Wesley and Whitefield had sown gospel seed, which doubtless made the task of introducing Methodism into these States less difficult than it would have been otherwise. Besides, as I have already mentioned, Pilmoor had evangel-

ized in Charleston and Savannah as early as 1773; and the Rev. James Foster, a located preacher, had some years previously to the year 1785 emigrated to South Carolina from Virginia, formed a circuit among some Methodist emigrants from Virginia, and supplied them with preaching, thus becoming one of the founders of Methodism in South Carolina.

Although Allen was appointed to Georgia, he excused himself from going to that State on the ground that it was too late in the summer to proceed to Georgia, and he confined his very effective labors to portions of North Carolina and South Carolina. At the Conference held in Salisbury, N. C., February 1, 1786, he was appointed elder on Santee and Pedee Circuits, South Carolina. But in the minutes of that year Georgia is reported with seventy-eight members. By whom gathered? Certainly not by Beverly Allen; very probably by local preachers, the usual forerunners of the itinerant ministry. In the appointments of 1786 Georgia is supplied with Thomas Humphreys and John Major, the first regular itinerants in that State. These laborers ran up the membership in one year from seventy-eight to four hundred and fifty. Thus had the Methodist Church a vigorous beginning in that great State.

According to Shipp, in the "History of Methodism in South Carolina," the first Conference in South Carolina convened in Charleston March 22, 1787. Coke and Asbury were both present. This Conference was not provided for in the minutes of the preceding year, and seems, therefore, to have been improvised.

The first Conference in Georgia was held by Bishop

Asbury at Forks of Broad River, beginning April 9, 1788, with six members of the Conference and four probationers present.

Stevens, in the "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Volume Three, page 293, says that Barnabas McHenry "has the peculiar honor of being the first Methodist preacher raised up west of the mountains." James Quinn, in a contribution to the Western Historical Society in 1839, committed the error of according this honor to Joseph Doddridge.*

The first Conference west of the Alleghanies was held at Keywood's, Washington County, Va., May 13, 14, 15, 1788. Stevens says: "Asbury records the locality of the session as in Tennessee; I have somewhere seen it placed in the western limit of Virginia. But in either case it was beyond the mountains."

So much for Stevens's knowledge of the geography of the Holston Country. Asbury, no doubt, knew that Keywood's was in Virginia; but his journal was kept so unsystematically that it was calculated to make the impression upon a man not acquainted with the geography of the section that the seat of the Conference was in Tennessee.

On the 22d of July, 1788, Bishop Asbury held a Conference at Union Town, Pa., and performed the first Methodist ordination west of the Alleghanies. He ordained to the deaconship Michael Leard, who had been admitted on trial in 1786. He officiated not in the costume of the lawn-robed prelate, but as a plain presbyter in gown and band. Whatcoat, in the same clerical habit, assisted him. The morning

* "Life of James Quinn," page 40.

service as abridged by Wesley was read. But priestly robes and the prayer book met with disfavor among the preachers and the people. The prayer book was seldom used afterwards, and the gown and band were heard of no more.

The title "Superintendents" was changed to "Bishops" at the Annual Conferences of 1788. The change had been made by the Superintendents themselves in the Book of Discipline printed the previous year, but the change was confirmed by the ensuing Annual Conferences.

The assumption of the title "Bishop" by Coke and Asbury drew from Mr. Wesley a vigorous, and indeed an unjustifiably acrimonious, rebuke. The letter to Asbury containing this rebuke is as follows:

LONDON, September 20, 1788.

There is, indeed, a wide difference between the relations wherein you stand to the Americans and the relations wherein I stand to all Methodists. You are the elder brother of the American Methodists; I am, under God, the father of the whole family. Therefore I naturally care for you all in a manner no other person can do. Therefore I, in a measure, provide for you all; for the supplies which Dr. Coke provides for you he could not provide, were it not that I not only permit him to collect, but also support him in so doing. But in one point, my dear brother, I am a little afraid, both the doctor and you differ from me. I study to be little; you study to be great. I creep; you strut along. I found a school; you a college. Nay, and call it after your own names! O beware! Do not seek to be something! Let me be nothing, and "Christ be all in all." One instance of this, of your greatness, has given me great concern. How can you, how dare you to suffer yourself to be called a bishop? I shudder, I start at the very thought. Men may call me a knave or a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never by my consent call me a bishop. For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a fell end

to this! Let the Presbyterians do what they please, but let the Methodists know their calling better. Thus, my dear Franky, I have told you all that is in my heart. And let this, when I am no more seen, bear witness how sincerely I am,

Your affectionate friend and brother, JOHN WESLEY.

On the receipt of this letter Asbury wrote: "Here I received a bitter pill from one of my greatest friends. Praise the Lord for my trials also! May they be sanctified!"

There are only three palliations of Wesley's bluntness and severity in this case. It was written by an old man of eighty-six years. He had repudiated the theory of a third order in the ministry; and, although the terms *bishop* and *superintendent*, the former following the Greek and the latter the Latin, etymologically mean the same thing, "overseer," yet the term *bishop* had been so long dragged through the mire of papal corruptions and high-church pretensions that it had become, in the mind of Wesley, the symbol of prelacy and the third order theory.

The Book Concern was begun in 1789, with John Dickins as Book Steward at Philadelphia and Philip Cox as Book Steward at large.

The Council was the creation and the blunder of good Bishop Asbury, a body intended to serve, in a measure, the purpose of a General Conference, the object of which was to preserve the general union, to render and keep the external form of worship similar in all the Societies on the continent, to preserve the essentials of Methodist doctrine and discipline pure and uncorrupted, to correct all abuses and disorders, and lastly the maturing of measures for the action of the Annual Conferences. Nothing could become a

law without both unanimity in the Council and the ratification of the several Annual Conferences, and no law was binding in any district until ratified by the Conference of that district. The Council consisted exclusively of bishops and presiding elders, or proxies appointed by presiding elders; but as the bishops had the power of appointing the presiding elders, the plan placed the Council virtually under the control of the bishops. Such centralization of power was repugnant to both preachers and people, and the plan was wisely abandoned. The Council held only two sessions—in 1789 and 1790. It was to meet in 1792, but the general opposition compelled the bishops to substitute for it a General Conference.

The title "presiding elder" was in the plan of this Council, and it appears for the first time in the minutes of 1789. The title "elder" was restored to the minutes in 1790, and the title "presiding elder" did not reappear till 1797.

The year 1790 was signalized by the establishment of Sunday schools for "poor children, white and black." They were to last from six to ten o'clock A.M., and from two to six o'clock P.M.—eight hours. Four years before this ordinance of the Conferences, Asbury established the first Sunday school in the New World, at the house of Thomas Crenshaw, in Hanover County, Va.

In the spring of 1790 Bishop Asbury held the first Conference in Kentucky, beginning May 15. It was held at Masterson's Station, about five miles northeast of Lexington. At this place the first Methodist church in Kentucky, a plain log structure, was erected.

For years the infant Churches were content with Quarterly Conferences. No Annual Conferences were held in America till Rankin arrived as Wesley's "Assistant." The Annual Conferences, from the first held down to the first General Conference, were adjourned meetings of the undivided ministry held in different parts of the country for the convenient attendance of the preachers. The enactments of no one session were binding till they had been adopted by all the other sessions. This method of legislation was slow and uncertain, and the necessity of another General Conference becoming apparent, it was called. It met in Baltimore November 1, 1792. The O'Kelley schism began in that year. In the General Conference James O'Kelley proposed to limit the appointing power by allowing the preacher an appeal to the Conference on the question of his appointment. The question was debated several days with great animation, and the proposition was lost. O'Kelley immediately left the Conference and withdrew from the Church. Being a man of great ability and popularity, he drew many people after him. The agitation which followed powerfully affected the Church in Southern Virginia, North Carolina, and other parts of the country. The hurt can only be estimated in part by figures. At the close of 1791 the membership numbered 76,153. These figures were not reached again before 1801, the agitation thus entailing a loss of what would have been the increase of ten years. O'Kelley's followers first took the title of "Republican Methodists," and later that of the "Christian Church." This Church still exists in Eastern Vir-

ginia and Eastern North Carolina, but for some cause it has made but little progress.

The first delegated General Conference met in New York City May 1, 1812. Hitherto the quadrennial Conferences had been mass meetings of all the traveling preachers who had traveled four years. But on this scheme the Conferences near the seat of the General Conference had a decided advantage in actual representation. The General Conference of 1808, therefore, wisely provided for a representative body, and the ratio of representation was fixed at one to five.

In the minutes of 1785 elders' districts appear for the first time, the districts of that year having from two to eight charges on them. This provision arose out of the fact that many of the preachers were unordained; and an elder was assigned to a certain number of charges, that the people might have the sacraments. At first the elder was more like what we now call the senior preacher than like the present presiding elder. Titles were not given to the districts till 1801. In the minutes of that year the districts are named: Georgia District, South Carolina District, Salisbury District, etc.

Conferences were mapped out for the first time in 1800, and the schedule for 1801 names seven Conferences: South Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and New England. These titles, however, appear for the first time in the list of appointments of 1802, with "Western" substituted for "Kentucky."

In 1802 the question "Where are the preachers stationed this year?" was for the first time answered

by Conferences. The numbers in Society were given by Conferences for the first time in 1803. In 1805 all the other questions were answered by Conferences, except the episcopal, expulsion, withdrawal, obituary, and character questions. The expulsion and withdrawal questions were for the first time answered by Conferences in 1807. In the General Minutes of 1824 the minutes of each Conference are for the first time printed separately, and the episcopal question is omitted.

This dry detail of facts is interesting mainly as exhibiting the gradual improvement in the manner of recording the minutes of the Conferences and the steady evolution of business methods in the Church. This improvement was evidently due to an increased experience and a growing intelligence among the preachers.

The Western Conference met for the last time in Cincinnati October 1, 1811. At the General Conference which convened in New York City May 1, 1812, this Conference, which had existed for ten years, was divided into two Conferences, Tennessee and Ohio, the Holston Country falling into the former.

A general convention of colored Methodists met in April, 1816, and organized the African Methodist Episcopal Church. This was a secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Richard Allen, who had been a Southern slave but had purchased his freedom, was the first bishop. This Church is the largest negro Church in the world. It is commonly known as the "Bethel" Church, in contradistinction to the "Zion" Church.

In October, 1820, another body of colored seceders

from the Methodist Episcopal Church organized the Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. This is also a large and influential denomination.

At the General Conference of 1824 the Tennessee Conference was divided into two Conferences, the Tennessee and the Holston.

The Canada Conference was set off from the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1828, with thirty-nine preachers and nine thousand, six hundred, and seventy-eight members, and it organized itself into an independent Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1830 a convention composed of representatives of thirteen Annual Conferences, who were dissatisfied with the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was held in Baltimore, and organized the Methodist Protestant Church. Episcopacy was rejected as a spurious order, and ministerial parity asserted. The constitution adopted recognized the mutual rights of ministers and laymen, and granted an equal representation to both. This Church has been progressing steadily but slowly ever since.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church was organized in 1842. It was a secession growing out of dissatisfaction with the Methodist Episcopal Church, which in its highest councils had condemned modern abolitionism. Within two or three years twenty thousand members withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church and joined the new organization.

The General Conference which met in the city of New York May 1, 1844, agreed upon a plan of separation, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. A convention of the Southern and Southwestern Conferences as-

sembled in the city of Louisville, Ky., May 1, 1845, and erected the Annual Conferences represented in the convention into a distinct ecclesiastical connection. The first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met in Petersburg, Va., May 1, 1846. Bishops Soule and Andrew, having adhered South, were present and presided. They were the first bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

A number of traveling and local preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met in Knoxville July 7, 1864, and resolved upon the organization of a Holston Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This step grew out of the alienations which had been engendered, mainly in East Tennessee, by the issues and events of the war. Intemperate speeches, mutual outrages, and unwise and extrajudicial ecclesiastical action, under false episcopal rulings, furnished the cause and occasion of this secession. The first session of this Conference met in Athens, Tenn., beginning June 1, 1865, Bishop David W. Clarke presiding. Of this movement and its consequences a fuller account will be given in a future chapter.

The first General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, met after the war in New Orleans April 4, 1866. It was eminently radical. It abolished the rule making attendance on class meeting compulsory, abolished the six months' probationary system, extended the pastoral term to four years, and adopted that very just and wise measure of lay representation.

The colored preachers and members of the M. E. Church, South, having been set off into a separate

organization, our bishops called a General Conference for them, and it met at Jackson, Tenn., December 16, 1870. Eight Annual Conferences sent delegates on the basis of our Discipline. Two of our bishops presided, by whom, on the 21st of December, and according to our form, two bishops, having been elected by the Conference, were ordained. The Conference chose for the name of the new Church "The Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America." This is a large and prosperous denomination, and has been carefully fostered by the mother Church.

I have attempted no more than a bare mention of a few of the first things, in the order of time, of Methodism in Europe and America, touching only upon epochal events. This skeleton has been furnished as a hasty glance at the evolution of that wonderful movement which has been the principal factor in the evangelization of the Western world, and to show in a measure the chronological and ecclesiastical setting of the particular history which has been taken in hand. Some of the points I have purposely hurried over, intending in future chapters to enlarge upon them. I have been careful especially to note the introduction of Methodism into Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, because the Holston Conference has at one time or another embraced portions of all these States.

CHAPTER II.

The Lay of the Land.

Holston River, Holston Country, Holston Conference—what do these terms imply?

The three forks of Holston River head in Virginia. North Fork rises in Bland County, Sharon Springs, a few miles west of Bland Courthouse, being its principal head; Middle Fork rises in Smyth County, about two miles west of Rural Retreat; and South Fork rises in Rye Valley, Smyth County, at a point about twelve miles southeast of Marion. South Fork and Middle Fork unite at Brown's Siding, on the Virginia and North Carolina railroad, in Washington County, Va., seven miles south of Abingdon, and the united river from that point is called South Fork to its junction with North Fork at Kingsport, Tenn.

The French Broad enters the Holston some four miles east of Knoxville. Little Tennessee River joins it near Lenoir City. From that point the name "Holston" is dropped, and the stream takes the name of Tennessee. At the confluence of the Holston and Little Tennessee the Holston is the larger stream, and surprise has often been expressed that the smaller stream should have given its name to the united river. It is proper in this place to remark that the Tennessee Legislature has attempted to reverse history and confuse names by changing the name Holston to Tennessee. In 1871 Col. Charles M. McGhee, of Knoxville, introduced a bill into the Legislature to

NANTIHALA RIVER, TEN MILES ABOVE ITS MOUTH.

change the name of Holston to Tennessee within the State. The bill was amended, as Col. McGhee remembers, so as to change the name only from the confluence of the French Broad and Holston, and passed. But, owing to some irregularity, it did not become a law. By an act of the General Assembly, approved April 6, 1889, it was enacted as follows:

That the Tennessee extends from its junction with the Ohio River at Paducah, in the State of Kentucky, past the Clinch and French Broad Rivers to the junction of the north fork of Holston River with the Holston at Kingsport, Sullivan County, Tenn., all usages to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as I am writing of events that occurred more than a century before this act of the Legislature was passed, I shall, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding, use the old terminology; otherwise, great confusion would creep into the names of localities referred to in the narrative. Clinch River rises among the hills of Tazewell County, Va., and flows southwest by west between the ranges of Clinch and Powell's Mountains, and joins the Tennessee at Kingston, Roane County, Tenn. Haywood, in the "Civil and Political History of Tennessee," says:

Watauga signifies the "river of islands" or the "island river." Holston River was known to the Cherokees by the name of Watauga. The name was lost, and a new one assumed from the following circumstance: Some years before 1758, one Stephen Holston, a resident of that part of Virginia which afterwards bore the name of Botetourt, in his traveling excursions to the south and west, came to the head waters of a considerable river. Allured by its inviting appearance, by the fertility of the lands on its banks, and the variegated scenery which it presented, as also by the quantity of game which he saw there, he proceeded some distance down the river. When he

returned and related to his countrymen what discoveries he had made, they called the river by his name.

This is the most rational account of the origin of the name of the river which I have seen or heard. The theory that it is a corruption of Hogehegee is far-fetched. Early writers, including Asbury and other Methodist writers, frequently spell the word "Holstein," an improper spelling. This spelling was probably borrowed from Holstein province, formerly a duchy of Denmark. Haywood further says:

Daniel Boone came from the Yadkin, in North Carolina, and traveled to the place where Abingdon now stands. Wallen and his associates went through Moccasin Gap, in Clinch Mountain, and established a station on Wallen's Creek, which runs into Powell's River. They named Powell's Mountain from seeing the name of Ambrose Powell inscribed on a tree near the mouth of Wallace's Creek on Powell's River. From the name given to the mountain they called the river Powell's River and the valley Powell's Valley—names they have ever since retained. They named Clinch River and Clinch Mountain from the following circumstance: An Irishman was one of the company. In crossing the river he fell from the raft into it, and cried out, "Clinch me! Clinch me!" meaning "Lay hold of me." The rest of the company, unused to the phrase, amused themselves at the expense of the poor Irishman, and called the river Clinch. They named the upper ridge Copper Ridge from minerals of copperas appearance which they found upon it; also Norman's Ridge, after a man of that name who was one of the company; also Wallen's Ridge, from the name of Wallen, one of the company; also Scaggs's Ridge, from one of the company of that name. They then (1761) went through Cumberland Gap, and there agreed that Wallen should name the mountain. He, having come from the county of Cumberland, in Virginia, gave it the name of Cumberland Mountain.

The term "Holston Country" was originally a designation of the territory bordering on Holston River

and its three forks; but it gradually enlarged its meaning so as to apply to the territory lying upon and west of New River, that lying on Clinch River, the Tennessee territory lying on the Nollichucky and the French Broad, and finally to the whole of East Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia.

Watauga River, which bears the original Cherokee name of the Holston, rises in a gorge under the northwestern cliff of Grandfather Mountain, in North Carolina, which is a prominent peak of Blue Ridge. Doe River, which also rises among the mountains of North Carolina, reënforces the Watauga at Elizabethton, in Carter County. The Watauga and South Fork of Holston unite on the line between Sullivan and Washington Counties, Tenn.

New River, which constitutes the head waters of Kanawha River, rises in Blue Ridge and flows almost due north into West Virginia, and through that State into the Ohio River.

The Nollichucky rises in Blue Ridge, flows through the deep gorges and canyons of the Alleghany Mountains, and forms a junction with the French Broad near Leadvale, Jefferson County, Tenn.

The two leading branches of this river, constituting its head waters, are North Toe and South Toe, "Toe" being an abbreviation of the Indian name Estatoa. The French Broad rises in Blue Ridge, in Transylvania County, N. C., and, like the Nollichucky, makes its noisy way through a channel in the Alleghanies cut out in ages past by volcanic and seismic forces. Its course from Blue Ridge is on an average almost north till it reaches the Tennessee line, where it deflects to the southwest. I say on an

VALLEY OF THE FRENCH BROAD, MT. PISGAH IN THE DISTANCE.

average; for between its source and its mouth it chafes and roars over granite ledges and among countless bowlders, and runs to almost every point of the compass. The British claimed the country east of Blue Ridge, and the French laid claim to the country west of it; hence, to distinguish the river west of it from Broad River east of it, it was named French Broad. The Indian name of the French Broad was Agiqua, "racing river." In the larger part of its course it is wide and shallow, and usually rapid. The French Broad Valley is famous for its beautiful and picturesque scenery, especially where the river flows among the peaks of the Great Smokies. There is a wildness and an ever-changing variety of scenery along its banks and among its numerous islets and on its towering cliffs that awaken the most agreeable sentiments in the traveler. The scenery along this stream is among the most beautiful and enchanting in the world. In the summer time observation cars in which the view is not obstructed are usually attached to the passenger trains, and travelers are wont to occupy them; and as the trains swing around the numerous and sudden curves they view with inexhaustible admiration the roaring, dashing waters and the precipitous bluffs and conic peaks on the opposite side of the stream. The scenery is made more beautiful by the dense foliage along the banks, of laurel, holly, ivy, and countless vines, and by the hemlock, fir, white and yellow pines, and other evergreens that adorn the steep declivities and receding vales.

Big Pigeon rises in North Carolina and flows into the French Broad near Newport, Tenn. Little

Pigeon rises in North Carolina, and flows through Sevier County, amid beautiful and extremely fertile lands, and empties into the French Broad.

Hiwassee River rises in the Hiwassee Gap of Blue Ridge, in Georgia. It washes Town County, Ga., Clay and Cherokee Counties, N. C., and Polk, McMinn, Bradley, and Meigs Counties, Tenn., and empties into the Tennessee some miles above Chattanooga.

The Ocoee River also rises in Blue Ridge in Georgia, and flows north into the Hiwassee near the town of Benton, Polk County, Tenn.

Sometime before his death Dr. Talmage visited Western North Carolina, and the following characterization of the section is taken from a newspaper article of his:

Neither the pen of a Longfellow nor the brush of Messonnier can do it justice. Here I sit and watch nature in all of her grand formations. Wonderfully grand and majestic these silent sentinels of God's own handiwork; beautiful and charming these fertile valleys, ripe with the golden grain of harvest time; refreshing and soothing these mountain streams of pure crystalline water, wending their way to the ports of commerce, navigation, and trade; restful and passive this sky land, with panoramas of floating beauty in every changing cloud; recuperative and health-restoring this oxygenated and balsamic air, fresh and uncontaminated, giving new zest to life and building up worn-out tissues of the human frame.

It is indeed a garden of recuperation. All the conditions seem favorable. If there is any one who is so constituted that enjoyment can be had in life, and can't find it here, rest assured such a person will not be able to find enjoyment in heaven when he gets there. What more can one ask for than healthful climate, pure air, good water, unsurpassed scenery, and congenial people? Western North Carolina to-day offers more

solid comfort, hope, and happiness to the invalid and health seeker than the whole materia medica from the time of Æsculapius down to the present time.

Sequatchee River is a sluggish little stream that rises in Grassy Cove, Cumberland County, Tenn., and flows southwest through the whole length of Sequatchee Valley, its entire length in the Cove and Valley being about one hundred miles. It has no outlet from the Cove, except by a natural subterranean aqueduct under a transverse ridge of the Cumberland Mountain, uniting that mountain to Walden's Ridge. The river traverses a garden spot of Tennessee of great natural fertility, and flows into the Tennessee some twenty miles below Chattanooga.

Without particularizing, it is sufficient to say that along all the rivers mentioned, and their numerous tributaries, there are vast systems of exceedingly fertile and productive bottom lands. The mountains and hills of Southwestern Virginia are generally fertile, and, being adapted to blue grass, are almost as valuable as the bottoms in that section. In Western North Carolina, the higher you ascend the richer the soil, the soil on its highest mountains being a rich loam, and in many places two or three feet deep.

East Tennessee is generally fertile, its bottoms exceedingly so, and much of its uplands is very productive. This section is well adapted to the grasses and cereals, the soil being mainly a limestone formation. Portions of the lands in the Holston Country and Western North Carolina are being devoted to tobacco, which is a money crop, but exhaustive of the soil. Stock-growing is a profitable industry in Western Virginia and East Tennessee. Indeed, this

is the Goshen of the South. Seventy-five years ago Southwestern Virginia was almost barren of grass; now it is not saying too much to assert that more than half the land in that section is a perpetual meadow, and happy herds roam over its verdant hills and fatten upon the rich herbage, winter and summer. East Tennessee is also rapidly coming to the front as a stock-raising section. All kinds of fruits common to the temperate zones grow in the Holston Country and Western North Carolina, and their apples are scarcely surpassed in any part of the globe. The pure, limpid waters of this section, clear as crystal; the bracing and salubrious atmosphere, free from microbes; and its unsurpassed scenery, delighting the eye with its varied beauties and with its sublimities, developing in those who live among them the sturdy virtues so characteristic of the inhabitants of highlands—are some of the attractions that have drawn hither the population that now occupy the country.

The Cumberland Mountains separate East Tennessee from Kentucky and Middle Tennessee, and are a broad plateau from twenty to fifty miles wide, and with a smoother and leveler surface than the valleys below; but the formation being sandstone, and the rock in many places being near the surface, the land is comparatively sterile, and therefore not densely populated. Several facts are, however, redeeming this plateau: its numerous mineral springs, mostly chalybeate; its immense beds of bituminous coal; and its wonderful adaptation to fruit culture, especially that of the apple and the strawberry, and to the luxuriant production of garden vegetables, such as the Irish potato, the turnip, and the cabbage.

Owing to these circumstances, this section will doubtless at no distant period blossom as the rose. The whole of this plateau, however, is not sterile, as it possesses many fertile gorges covered with valuable timber or in a state of successful cultivation, while some of the level lands of the plateau richly reward the tiller's toil.

Holston Conference at present embraces two counties in West Virginia, Mercer and McDowell. The fact that we have in these two counties at present sixteen pastoral charges, ten in Mercer and six in McDowell, is a pointer to the immense material development of this section within the last few years. Exhaustless beds of some of the finest coal in the world, and their development, have recently built up a number of flourishing towns in this section, and Holston Conference has not been tardy in looking after the spiritual interests of the capitalists and laborers who are working the mines, and of the population generally that have been attracted there by the resources of that section. Portions of Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee are rich in minerals, such as coal, lead, gypsum, copper, iron, zinc, marble, granite, sandstone, etc.

Tazewell County, Va., is not only famous for its grazing interests, but in some parts of the county there are extensive deposits of excellent coal. This industry has built up Pocahontas, a thriving little town, and Pocahontas coal is shipped to many parts of the country. There are considerable deposits of coal in Wythe County, some of it of the choicest quality.

Coal Creek and Briceville, in Anderson County,

Tenn., are famous for their immense deposits of bituminous coal. The coal of Jellico, Tenn., is abundant and of superior quality. The coal-mining interests of Campbell County have recently attracted much attention; and this industry has built up, as by magic, Lafollette, a town of several thousand inhabitants. The coking industry is carried on there on an immense scale. Iron ore is being mined and stocked, ready to be cast into the furnace. A new blast furnace has been completed. It is the largest furnace in the South, and has a daily capacity of three hundred and fifty tons.

A few years since, the State of Tennessee purchased ten thousand acres of coal lands in Morgan County, Tenn. These lands are on Brushy Mountain, about forty miles west of Knoxville. Here, by convict labor, a prison for convicts was built, and the permanent improvements made there, if made by free labor, would have cost a hundred thousand dollars. Here a large amount of coke of superior quality is turned out. The mines yield the State a clear profit of one hundred thousand dollars annually, and this out of only one of the seams of coal. It is estimated that all the convicts of the State cannot exhaust these coal deposits in fifty years. If properly handled, there is enough value in this property to pay the State debt.[1]

Hawkins County marble scarcely knows a superior in the world for beauty, variety, and working qualities. Some years since, when the government wished to ceil the United States Senate Chamber with marble, it advertised for specimens, and, after

[1] A letter from Judge D. K. Young, of Clinton, Tenn.

examining the specimens sent from all parts of the world, it selected the Hawkins County variegated marble for the purpose. A farm of fifty acres near Jefferson City, Tenn., has on it thirty varieties of marble. In the same vicinity zinc ore of the richest quality has been found and worked; and Ducktown, Tenn., is famous for its exhaustless mines of the richest copper. At Saltville, Va., immense reservoirs of salt water are reached by boring. Fortunes have been made there by the manufacture of salt, and at present the manufacture of salt and soda ash and numerous other by-products has built up a thriving town there.

The lead mines in Wythe County, Va., have been profitably worked for a long time, and the owners have made fortunes by developing them. The mountains between Tennessee and Virginia and North Carolina are rich in iron deposits. The Cranberry magnetic iron in Mitchell County, N. C., has perhaps not a superior in the world, and the Alleghany range doubtless has iron enough to supply the world for a thousand years. Western North Carolina, however, is geologically a primitive country, one of the oldest countries on the globe, its formation being largely igneous, and therefore not rich in coal, limestone, or marble; but it is rich in gold, silver, mica, corundum, and other precious stones.

East Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia are fine agricultural sections. During the war between the States their resources of grain and meat were never exhausted, though two armies fed upon and plundered them. McAnally said at the time that

East Tennessee was "the granary and meat house of the Confederacy."

These remarks in relation to the resources of the territory embraced in the Holston Conference have, perhaps, been extended too far for the limits of this work; but I have thought it necessary to advert somewhat to the physical foundation of those intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual activities that have taken place on the territory cultivated by Holston preachers.

One of the principal attractions of all mountainous countries is their weird, beautiful, and sublime scenery. Of this the human mind never tires, and those accustomed to such scenery are never satisfied away from it. Perhaps few sections of America present more interesting and more beautiful scenery than the elevated region embraced at one time or another in the Holston Conference. The Appalachian chain of mountains culminates in Western North Carolina. The following account and description of the North Carolina mountains in "The Heart of the Alleghanies" (pp. 9-12), by Wilbur G. Zeigler and Ben S. Grosscup, will doubtless interest many readers:

> After the bifurcation of the Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains in Virginia, embracing with a wide sweep several counties of that State and Ashe, Alleghany, and Watauga of North Carolina, they almost meet again in the northeastern limit of Mitchell County. Here in colossal conjunction, through their sentinel heads, the two ranges seem holding conference before making their final separation. The Grandfather, the highest peak of the Blue Ridge and the oldest mountain in the world, stands on one side, and the majestic Roan, of the Smokies, on the other, connected by the short transverse upheaval known as the Yellow Mountain. This spot is poetically spoken of as

GORGE OF THE LITTLE TENNESSEE IN SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

the grand portal to the inner temple of the Alleghanies, the Grandfather and the Roan being the two pillars between which hangs, forever locked, the massive gate of Yellow Mountain. The high table-land of Watauga forms the green-carpeted step to it. Trending southwest between the two separating ranges, the Blue Ridge bending like a bow and the Smokies resembling the bowstring, lies wrapped in its robe of misty purple the central valley, comprising thirteen counties. The western rampart range, bearing the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee, lifts its crest much higher than the Blue Ridge, is more massive in its proportions, less straggling in contour, but with lower gaps or gorges, narrow and rugged, through which flow all the rivers of the plateau. Generically known as the Smoky Mountains, it is by the river gorges divided into separate sections, each of which has its peculiar name. The most northerly of these sections is termed the Stone Mountains. Then follow the Iron, Bald, Great Smoky, Unaka, and the Frog Mountains of Georgia. Twenty-three peaks of the Smoky Mountains are over six thousand feet in altitude, the loftiest being Clingman's Dome, six thousand, six hundred, and sixty feet. The deepest gap is that of the Little Tennessee, one thousand, one hundred, and fourteen feet. The eastern rampart range, the Blue Ridge, trends southward with the convolutions of a snake, its undulations seldom rising above a mile in altitude and sinking sometimes so low that in passing through its wide gaps one is not aware that he is crossing a mountain range, the fact being concealed by the parallel spurs rising in many instances to a higher altitude than the parent chain. In spite of its depressions, and, when compared with the Smoky Mountains, the low average elevation of its crest, it is the watershed of the system. Not a stream severs it. On the east every stream sweeps toward the Atlantic. On the west the waters of its slopes are joined at its base line by those flowing down the east or south side of the Smoky Mountains, and, mingling with the latter, pour through the deep passes of the loftier range into the valley of the western confluent of the Tennessee. . . . . .

The reader must not imagine that the central valley or plateau of which we have been speaking is a level or bowl-shaped

expanse between the ranges described. On the contrary, its surface is so broken by transverse mountain ranges and their foothills that by means of vision alone the observer can obtain from no one point a correct idea of the structural character of the region. From the loftiest peaks he can see the encircling ranges and the level lands beyond their outer slopes; but below him is rolled an inner sea of mountains which when looked upon in some directions seem of limitless expanse. The transverse chains, comprising the Yellow Mountain, the Black, Newfound, Balsam, Cowee, Nantihala, and Valley River Mountains, hold a majority of the highest summits of the Alleghanies. The Black Mountain Chain, the highest of these ranges, is only twenty miles long, and has eighteen peaks whose altitude is over six thousand feet, the highest of which is Mitchell's Peak, six thousand, seven hundred, and eleven feet above sea level, and is the sovereign mountain of the Alleghanies. The Balsam Range, the longest of the transverse chains, is forty-five miles in length and crested by fifteen wooded pinnacles over six thousand feet high. The parallel cross chains have, nestling between their slopes, central valleys varying in length and width and opening back into little vales between the foothills and branching spurs. Through the lowest dip of each great valley sweeps toward the Smokies a wide, crystal river fed by its tributaries from the mountain heights. The great valleys or the distinct regions, drained each by one of the rivers which cut asunder the Smokies, are six in number. The extreme northern part of the State is drained by New River and the Watauga. Between the Yellow Mountain and the Black lies that deeply embosomed valley region watered by the head springs of the Nollichucky. Next comes the widest and longest plain of the mountain section, the valley of the French Broad. The Big Pigeon winds through the high plateau between the Newfound and Balsam Mountains. The region of the Little Tennessee comprises not only the wide lands along its own banks, but those along its great forks—the Tuckasegee, Nantihala, and Ocona Lufta. West of the Valley River mountains the country is drained by the Hiwassee. Geologically speaking, the mountains of North Carolina are the oldest in the world. During the period of general upheavals and subsidences

of the crust of the earth these mountains were the only lands remaining throughout firm above the surface of the ocean. Rocks of the Archæan or earliest age are exposed, and with their edges turned at a high angle lie upon beds of later periods of formation.

The general elevation of Cumberland Mountain is two thousand feet, though several of the ridges rise to an additional height of eight hundred feet. There are many points in this mountain from which grand views are obtained; and some of the gorges, dells, and vales are enchanting. I have never seen anything more beautiful and picturesque than a gorge in the mountain at Pennington's Gap, in Lee County, Va. If the profane ax has not robbed it of its natural attractions, the general government ought, perhaps, to take charge of it and preserve it in all its natural beauty, to show what nature can do in her happiest moods. I shall not attempt a description, lest I spoil a picture which is better imagined than described.

Cloudland, near the line between Carter County, Tenn., and Mitchell County, N. C., has become a health resort, and is much visited by travelers and sight-seers. It is a recent name given to Roan Mountain by the proprietor of a considerable hotel on the summit of that mountain. From different points on the Roan, which is over six thousand feet high, the visitor has an extensive view of the North Carolina mountains to the south and west, especially of the Grandfather and the Black. Northeastward he has a view of much of Southwestern Virginia. Immediately to the north and northwest he has a panoramic view of a large part of East Tennessee,

and distinctly takes in the Cumberland Mountains on the distant horizon. The valley mountains and ridges, farms and outhouses, towns and hamlets, creeks and rivers enter the picture. Such a view fills the beholder with feelings of sublimity and at the same time veneration for the great God who created such a beautiful world.

In a letter to the *Holston Methodist* in 1873, the Rev. William C. Bowman, then of the Holston Conference, wrote as follows:

I never write or talk about Roan Mountain without quitting before I am done. The subject is as lofty as the clouds and as broad as the circle of the heavens. In a former letter some things were said about a party visit to this celestial summit, and a contrast between the Roan and the Black. In this letter I design a brief description of some phenomena witnessed during the visit alluded to. First in order was the setting sun. This phenomenon was entirely unaccompanied by the ordinary points of interest of our mountain sunsets, so far-famed for their splendor. There were no tints of varied glory, no fields of amber, no spear clouds of ineffable sheen, nor splendid shapes to change in fancy's dream to seas of fiery fleets just off the coast of heaven. There was none of that. It was not beautiful, no scene for a painter. I recall distinctly but one impression, one feeling; it was that of *immensity*—immensity of distance, immensity of space, immensity of the earth and of God—the whole effect being produced by the comparatively immense distance at which such an elevation places the visible horizon from the beholder. It must have been at least a hundred miles; for it must not be forgotten that, although fifty or sixty miles is probably the utmost limit of human vision under ordinary atmospheric conditions near the surface of the earth, the nonluminous character of most terrestrial objects and the low, horizontal direction in which they must be seen, if seen at all, yet in the absence of these impediments, or any of them to any extent, the visual limit may be, and is, indefinitely extended—to the moon, to the sun—nay, the very stars at their almost in-

finite distances become visible. It was thus a slight relief revealed a mountain crest a hundred miles away just as it touched the disk of the setting sun. It was as when in the crisis of a solar eclipse the moon seems singed with fire. "Grand and peculiar he sat," "gloomy" only in comparison with his usual self, for, in spite of a hundred level leagues of horizontal haze that contended with the brightness of his countenance, he was still "fair as the moon."

The remainder of this graphic and eloquent description is omitted for want of space.

In this connection it would perhaps not be out of place to aid in preserving a gem of eloquence from the lips of the Hon. Landon C. Haynes, one of the great natural orators that have grown up amid the weird beauties of East Tennessee. When Col. Haynes was in Jackson, Miss., a short time after the war between the States, to argue a cause in the Supreme Court of Mississippi, at a social party of distinguished members of the bar, the bench, and the Legislature, Gen. N. B. Forrest arose and said: "Gentleman, I propose the health of the eloquent gentleman from East Tennessee, a country sometimes called the God-forsaken." Col. Haynes sprang to his feet immediately, and responded:

Sir: I proudly plead guilty to the "soft impeachment." I was born in East Tennessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which, in the Indian vernacular, means "beautiful river." And beautiful it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood, and, looking into its glassy waters, beheld there mirrored a heaven with moon and planets and trembling stars, and, looking upward, have beheld the heaven above which the heaven below reflected. Away from its rocky borders stretches a vast line of cedar, pine, and hemlock evergreens, back to the distant mountains, more beautiful than the groves of Switzerland, reposing on a background as perfect in grandeur as the cloud-

lands of the Sierra Nevada of the far West. There stands the towering Roan, the Black, and the magnificent Smoky Mountains, upon whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord, even on the brightest day. There I have seen the Great Spirit of the storm lie down in his pavilion of clouds and darkness to quiet slumbers. Then I have seen him awake at midnight and come forth like a giant refreshed with repose, arouse the tempest, and let loose the red lightnings that flash for hundreds of miles along the mountain tops swifter than the eagle's flight in the heavens. Then I have seen those lightnings stand and dance like the angels of light to the music of nature's grand organ, whose keys were touched by the fingers of Jehovah and responded in the notes of thunder, resounding through the universe. Then I have seen the darkness drift away and Morning get up from her saffron bed and come forth like a queen robed in garments of light and stand tiptoe on the misty mountain heights; and while black Night fled away to her bedchamber at the poles, the glorious sun burst forth upon the vale and river where I was born. O beautiful land of the mountains, with thy sun-painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee?

Gen. Forrest stood stupefied while Col. Haynes pronounced these marvelous sentences, and afterwards said that he would not have been more amazed if he had been struck by the lightning's flash from the summit of the Smoky Mountains.

The summits of the loftiest peaks of the Alleghany Mountains are usually bare of timber, the temperature even in summer being too low for its growth: but these summits are covered by juicy, nutritious grasses upon which stock feed and fatten. Among the lofty peaks which lift their bald heads among the clouds should be noted the White Top, a mountain more than six thousand feet high, lying on the North Carolina line at the corners of Virginia and Tennessee. The late Rev. James W. Dickey, of the Holston

Conference, in a letter to the *Holston Methodist* in 1873, describes a trip to White Top. From this description I take a few paragraphs:

Our company was transported with the scene. Bating the incident of a brisk rain shower, the day was favorable. It would be almost as difficult to tell what we could see as to tell what we could not see. To the northeastward, in dark, broad belts, rose Beartown above Burk's Garden; and in the same view, more directly north, Morris's Knob towered with unique grandeur, the grayish slopes and bare, riven peaks of which could be most distinctly seen. Both of these are in Tazewell County, Va., around and beneath which serried peaks of other mountains rise and sink in the hazy blue of the horizon to positive bewilderment. Clinch Mountain stretched away westward beyond the intervening valleys, like a veritable chain with regular and indented links. The leagues to which the line ran, a perfect chain of massive links, drawn as if by some mighty force to the utmost tension, allowing neither swell nor dip, but holding the very ends of the earth together—this to my mind was grandly interesting. Southward of this chain, in dim and shadowy outline, could be seen Bays Mountain and Chimney Top, bold, grand sentinels, standing midway along the picturesque Holston Valley. The down look southward was, if possible, more imposing. Here stood up mountains, piled in every conceivable shape, with majestic outline and towering ruin and conic peak. The gorges, slopes, and recesses in the unmeasured distance seemed an almost unbroken mountain wilderness; yet as far as the eye could be relied on farms and improvements came to view, appearing as yellow, sunburned spots on the dark-bluish background of mountains. Above and beyond many others of less notoriety and altitude loomed up in unspeakable majesty Grandfather Mountain, with summit wrapped in misty and ever-changing drapery of folding cloud. Around this summit the rivers rise. New River swells up toward the northeast, and, leaping over the limits of North Carolina, foams and surges through the Appalachian highlands of Virginia and West Virginia, and at last quietly flows into the bosom of the Ohio. Southward the Yadkin and Linnville

glide in arrowy, sparkling channels to the Atlantic; while to the west the Watauga, with purity and grace, goes leaping and dancing to her own music down into the green valleys of East Tennessee. Seen from the White Top, all this region is a land of weird enchantment. To make the view a perfection, beyond and above all else to be seen, the broad base and spreading headlands of Black Mountain were visible, while the peak to which the name of Prof. Mitchell has been given and where his bones are buried above the clouds was lost amid the glory of the aërial heavens.

The reader will no doubt readily pardon an additional extract in relation to White Top scenery, this time from a book now out of print, Charles B. Coale's "Life and Adventures of Wilburn Waters:"

The view from the summit of White Top is grand beyond description, or even conception. Looking toward the south, you have within the scope of vision, stretching away from east to west, the Blue Ridge range, which, in the dim distance, looks like an azure band bordering the horizon, with here and there a tall peak hiding its head in the clouds. To the east mountain piled upon mountain meets the view, their gentler slopes in places dotted with "clearings," and a column of smoke here and there lying in long folds along the mountain side denoting the rude habitation of the ruder "squatter." Looking toward the north, you have the grand old Cumberland range, the barrier that divides the "dark and bloody ground" from the Old Dominion, as if swelling up from an ocean of green and struggling to lift itself above the vapor that hangs lazily upon its sides. To the west the view, though less imposing, is not less beautiful. You have before you the broad valley of Holston, and, although diversified with hill and dale, bold promontories and pine-clad ridges, still from the altitude from which you look upon it it has the appearance of a vast sea dotted with picturesque islands. In the distance the spires and tin roofs of the town of Abingdon glisten in the sunlight, large plantations look like blankets spread out in the forest, and at intervals, as it dashes out from behind a bluff or winds its way through a

MOCCASIN BEND FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

green pasture, may the White Top Fork of Laurel be seen, like a serpentine thread of silver, its sparkling waters shimmering like diamonds among the foliage and wild flowers upon its banks. The writer of this has enjoyed the luxury of many a magnificent scene in his wanderings, but never has seen that from the summit of White Top excelled, or even equaled. He was there on one occasion when a storm came riding on the blast more than a thousand feet below where a company of gentlemen were standing. The whole valley was shrouded with a pall. The deep-toned thunder bellowed below, preceded by brilliant flashes of lightning, illuminating the dark bosom of the cloud. The scene was awfully grand, and so far transcends the power of mortal description that he would not dare attempt it.

Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, is one of the most famous physical features of the Holston Country. At the southwestern suburbs of the city it rises abruptly and precipitously from the south bank of the Tennessee to the height of two thousand feet above the level of the city, or some two thousand, seven hundred feet above sea level. It is a conspicuous object, being in full view of all parts of the city and adjacent country, and of all the railroad lines leaving the city in every direction. It is not only a conspicuous object itself, but it furnishes at its summit a standpoint from which some of the most sublime and beautiful views in the world can be taken in by the eye of the delighted and astonished beholder. Standing at "The Point," he sees a wilderness of mountains to the south and west; in the east Missionary Ridge, made famous by "the battle above the clouds," during the war between the States, stretches across the field of vision; and the Smoky Mountains are seen in the distance. To the north Walden's Ridge bars the view of beautiful Sequatchee Valley.

Looking northeastward, the eye takes in a portion of the valley of Lower East Tennessee, the Tennessee River winding like a huge serpent amid the luxuriant foliage along the river banks. At the foot of the mountain he sees the graceful bend of the Tennessee forming "the moccasin," one of the most charming pictures in the world; and immediately in front and far below are to be seen the homes, shops, and factories of the teeming thousands of modern Chattanooga as far as the clouds of smoke from its hundreds of furnaces will permit the view. Originally Chattanooga was "Ross's Landing," and the writer remembers lodging in the infant city, then bearing its present name, when it was only a village.

In the "Sketch of Chattanooga and Hamilton County," prepared under the supervision of Mayor George W. Ochs in 1897, I find the following beautiful allusion to Lookout Mountain:

> Among the mountains called of battle, Lookout deserves the first place in any history of the Southern Appalachians. Before the first Anglo-Saxon saw its wooded talus and gray-green cliffs from the opposite crest of Walden's Ridge, it was the battleground of the red men. Warlike Cherokees and their kinsmen, the Chickamaugas, dwelt in the valleys round about, and on its slopes their war parties made good against their tribal enemies their claim to the ownership of the "Far Look" Mountain. The precipitous cliff at its northern extremity was their signal height. The smoke of the alarm fire rising from its summit was the warrior's call to arms. . . . What pen can portray the matchless beauties that are unfolded from the mountain heights? At every spot upon the brow a bewildering panorama of landscape stretches forth. There are loftier mountains, more sublime stretches of precipice and beetling cliffs, taller peaks, and deeper gorges; but there is no spot on this Western world where beauty is so charmingly united to sub-

limity or where one's soul is so thrilled without being awed by appalling surroundings, where the limpid lyrics of nature are so interwoven with her epics, where the melting hazes of purpling landscape dissolve into majestic stretches of towering peaks, where nature frowns and smiles and wooes the enchanted beholder thrilled by the glories and majesty of God's handiwork.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FROM THE BANK OF THE TENNESSEE.

Too much space has perhaps been given to the physical features of our Holston territory; but as the character of a people depends largely upon their physical environment, I have dwelt at some length upon the lay of the land, that the stranger whose eye may chance to fall upon these pages may know something of the physical causes that have influenced, more or less, the make-up of the rugged, sturdy, and brave people who have constituted the rank and file of the Methodist Church in this section, and from whose ranks she has drawn her ministers. While our hill country, especially in its earlier settlement, has

lacked some of the advantages of commerce and culture enjoyed by some other sections, at the same time it does not require a philosopher to see that it must necessarily be the home of genius. Our people, whether religious or irreligious, have been characterized by simplicity, if not bluntness, of manners, by fearlessness, and intellectually by vigorous reasoning powers and creative imaginations. Where the sun of science has shed his invigorating beams upon our people, he has not failed to reveal superior intellectual capacities, and our educated men and women take rank wherever they have been called in the providence of God. Succeeding chapters will bear out this estimate of our mountain people.

In the details of the history of Holston Methodism it will appear that the Conference has at one time or another embraced Southwestern Virginia west of New River, including two counties of what is now West Virginia, the whole of East Tennessee, Western North Carolina west of Blue Ridge, together with a portion of McDowell County east of it, and small portions of Upper South Carolina and North Georgia. The Conference at the present time includes only Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, with a part of Dade County, Ga., and of Mercer and McDowell Counties, W. Va.

Until comparatively recently the Holston Country has been hemmed in by mountains, with no transportation but by wagon and stagecoach, together with very imperfect facilities of navigation. When the writer joined the Conference, in 1850, there was not a mile of railway within the bounds of the Conference, and the preachers reached the sessions of the Confer-

HEAD OF TOE RIVER.

ence on horseback. In 1854 the only railroad within the Conference extended from Loudon to Chattanooga, Tenn., and Dalton, Ga. But now our territory is tessellated with railway systems, and others have been projected. The snort of the iron horse and the thunder of his carriage, rumbling along our romantic vales and scaling our dizzy heights, have driven fogyism from our borders and awakened a spirit of unwonted enterprise and progressiveness in our people.

CHAPTER III.

Introduction of Methodism into the Holston Country.

The territory of Holston Conference, at its maximum extent, was included in Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and West Virginia, the great body of it being in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. The parts of it belonging to Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia have been under the respective governments of those States from the introduction of Methodism into them. Holston territory in West Virginia was, of course, under the government of Virginia till the setting off of that State. But the civil relations of Holston territory in Tennessee have changed again and again. The Watauga Association, the first civil organization in Tennessee, extended from 1769 to 1777. Tennessee was a part of North Carolina from 1777 to 1784; it was the State of Franklin from 1784 to 1788, a part of North Carolina from 1788 to 1790, part of The Territory of the United States South of the Ohio from 1790 to 1796, the State of Tennessee from 1796 to the present.

Delegates from the several counties and corporations of Virginia met in the capitol in the city of Williamsburg June 15, 1776, and made a declaration of rights, and June 29 of the same year adopted a constitution. This was the beginning of the Com-

monwealth of Virginia.[1] A government for North Carolina was organized in August, 1775, and ratified December 18, 1776. The first constitution for South Carolina was adopted March 26, 1776. Georgia formed her first constitution in 1777. The first constitution for the State of Tennessee was adopted February 6, 1796, and in the same year the State was admitted into the Union. Virginia was divided during the war of the States, and West Virginia was admitted into the Union June 30, 1863. These facts point out the civil and political setting of Holston Methodism. They are given because civil government has necessarily exerted a powerful influence over the material development of the sections where Holston Methodism has operated, over emigration, and over the moral and social condition of the people.

If the question is asked, How did Methodism get into this country? the answer is, By emigration. On the tides of emigration, which in the eighteenth century flowed to this high and healthful region, came local preachers, exhorters, and private members of the Methodist Societies. Emigration came mainly from Maryland, Eastern and Central Virginia, and North Carolina; but, indeed, from various parts of the world. From the arrival of the first missionaries in America, in 1770, Methodist preachers and laymen had been very active and successful in the sections from which the principal emigration flowed to the Holston Country.

The local ministry was the vanguard of the Meth-

[1] Cooke's "Virginia." In these dates Cooke differs from Ramsey in "Annals of Tennessee."

odist movement towards the great West. Legislation and the changed conditions of the Church have, in a measure, impaired the prestige and importance of this branch of the service; but the historian would be false to facts and unjust to a class of unselfish, noble, and powerful preachers if he failed to accord to the local ministry the honor of pioneering Methodism in America and paving the way for the more regular and systematic operations of the itinerant ministry. Our itinerancy, which has spread Methodism over a larger surface than can be fully served by paid pastors, has rendered the local ministry in our Church a necessity. This was especially true in the earlier history of the denomination, when circuits embraced more territory than districts do now. In the history of Methodism we find that the lay ministry preceded the itinerant ministry, and rendered it necessary. The importance of the local ministry in the evolution of Methodism in Europe and America can hardly be overrated. To show that I am not alone in this opinion, attention is called to the following remarks of Stevens in the "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Volume II., pages 138-140.

The historian may well rescue such names from the oblivion which has been so rapidly obliterating them. Scores of other local preachers and laymen of those times, faithful and invincible pioneers of Methodism, westward and southward, men who not only labored before the itinerants arrived, and afterwards with them, but provided them food and homes and preaching places, should be commemorated forever by the Church. It has, however, failed to record, not only their deeds, but, in most cases, even their names. It may suffice for them, but not for us, that their record is on high. And the historical

student, as, groping through the dim obscurities of our early annals, he ever and anon catches glimpses of extraordinary characters and great achievements, which, though they have left indelible impressions on the condition of subsequent and grand commonwealths, still elude his attempts to recover their historical details, is compelled to close sadly his research with the conviction that the true history of American Methodism can never be written but in heaven. While recording the services of many truly great characters, he perceives that not a few greater men, men who led their van, must forever remain unknown upon earth. It may, in fine, be affirmed that not only was Methodism founded in the New World by local preachers —by Embury in New York, Webb in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Strawbridge in Maryland, Neal in Canada, Gilbert in the West Indies, and Black in Nova Scotia—but that nearly its whole frontier march, from the extreme north to the Gulf of Mexico, has been led on by these humble laborers; that in few things was the legislative wisdom of Wesley more signalized than in providing in his ecclesiastical system the offices of local preacher and class leader, a species of lay pastorate, which, alike in the dense communities of England and the dispersed populations of America, has performed services which can hardly be overrated. The history of the denomination affords a lesson in this respect that should never be forgotten by Methodists while Christendom has a frontier anywhere on our planet. They have been accustomed to consider their itinerancy the preëminent fact of their history; they have demanded that all things should bend in subordination to this, and they have never exaggerated its importance; but they have failed to appreciate both the historical and the prospective value of these humble functions of their system. Most, if not all, of the itinerants we have thus far noticed did inestimable service for the denomination as local preachers before they entered the itinerancy; and most of them again became local preachers and labored on faithfully for the common cause. Their intervals of regular service have secured them historical recognition; but hundreds of their irregular and hardly less useful colaborers have been forgotten.

McAnally, in the "Life of Samuel Patton," pays a handsome tribute to the local preachers of the Holston Country. Speaking of our meager itinerant ministerial supply in 1824, he says:

> This in later days would be regarded as a meager supply; so, indeed, it would have been, even then, but for the presence and hearty cooperation of a large number of local preachers, who did faithful and effective work in extending, building up, and sustaining the Church. Few sections of the Church were ever better supplied with this useful class of men, and few men of this class ever labored more zealously, indefatigably, or successfully. The great Head of the Church performs his work in his own way, and works by whom he will; but, viewing these things in the light of history, it is difficult even to conjecture how the Church there could have enjoyed the prosperity and gained the influence she did, but for the important part borne by the local preachers.

Strong as were the inducements to emigration to the Holston Country, powerful obstacles were in the way—difficult mountains to cross without roads, and the hostility of savages who resented bitterly the attempts of the white race to take possession of their lands and hunting grounds. In addition to the obstacles thrown in the way of emigration by the Indians, King George issued a proclamation, October 7, 1763, prohibiting all the provincial governors from granting land or issuing land warrants to be located upon any territory lying west of the mountains or west of the sources of those streams which flow into the Atlantic, and all settlements by the subjects of Great Britain west of the sources of the Atlantic rivers. The proclamation also further enjoined that private persons should not purchase lands of the Indians.[1] This proclamation,

[1] Ramsey's "Annals of Tennessee," p. 71.

however, was comparatively a dead letter. Its object was to allay the fears of the Indians as to British encroachments upon their landed possessions. It was everywhere disregarded. Officers of the army, and soldiers who had received land grants from the crown as a reward for military services against the French and the Indians, were busy in surveying and locating their respective claims.

It is a strange fact that the country south of the Ohio River and north and east of the Tennessee River was originally a great park, totally unoccupied for residence purposes by any tribe of Indians, and was common hunting ground and battle ground for the northern and southern tribes. The first traders, hunters, and explorers never saw within that extent of country a single wigwam or Indian village. The nearest Indians to this boundary were on the Scioto and Miami in the north, and the waters of the Little Tennessee in the south.[1] In 1754, less than a dozen families resided in the territory west of New River, between the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains.[2] But these families were soon driven east of New River by the hostility of the Indians.

Fort Loudon was built in 1756, and there were a few white settlements around it which were broken up in a war with the Cherokees in 1760-61. This fort stood on the southwest side of the Little Tennessee, about one mile above the mouth of Tellico, in the center of what then constituted the Cherokee country. Fort Chiswell was built in 1758, and stood eight miles east

[1] "Annals of Tennessee," p. 73.

[2] McAnally, in the "Life of S. Patton," p. 97.

of what is now Wytheville, Va., and two and a half miles southeast of Max Meadows. The old stage road leading from Lynchburg to Abingdon passed by it. Relying upon the protection of these forts, some persons were tempted to make settlements between them on the Watauga River, shortly before the breaking out of the Cherokee war. These settlements were, however, soon broken up by Indian hostilities. In 1761 there were no settlers west of Blue Ridge, except a few men who worked at the lead mines in Virginia. In 1760 the Cherokees invested Fort Loudon and besieged the garrison till it was starved into surrender. By the terms of the surrender the men were granted a safe retreat to the settlements beyond the Blue Ridge; they were suffered to proceed, without molestation, about twenty miles, where they camped; but about daybreak next morning the treacherous savages fell upon them and murdered the entire company except three men.

An Englishman by the name of St. Clair is supposed to have been the first white adventurer who made his home on the Holston. He ingratiated himself with the Indians, and erected his cabin near where the old Baptist church formerly stood in St. Clair's Bottom, Washington County, Va. It was on the south fork of the Holston, a few miles southwest of Gladespring depot. Exactly at what date he fixed his home there is not certainly known, but it is supposed to have been before Braddock's defeat.

Sometime between 1754 and 1760 an adventurer by the name of Patton appeared on the head waters of the Holston, accompanied by three relatives, two by the name of Buchanan and one by the name of Campbell,

besides some two or three other persons whose names are not known. From Mr. Patton and the three others named sprang many of the families that first peopled Southwestern Virginia. The Buchanans and Pattons became connected by marriage. Mr. Campbell was the father of Gen. William Campbell, of King's Mountain fame. From the families named sprang the Prestons, Floyds, and Thompsons, who subsequently owned the salt works, a large portion of Burk's Garden, the Seven-mile Ford lands, the estate of James M. Byars, Esq., and the intermediate lands. Mr. Patton and his associates met Mr. St. Clair in Indian garb, in the vicinity of what is now Seven-mile Ford. They were surprised to find a white man where they had supposed themselves to be the first of their race who had ventured thus far beyond the borders of civilization. Mr. Patton found Mr. St. Clair to be an experienced woodsman, familiar with the country between the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains, and, indeed, a man of more than ordinary intelligence. A verbal agreement was entered into between Mr. Patton and Mr. St. Clair, that the latter should act as guide for Patton's party, using his influence to protect them from the hostility of the Indians, should they encounter any, on condition that as soon as the Patton party had surveyed and located all the lands they wished to take possession of, Mr. Patton would survey and locate a certain boundary for St. Clair, to be pointed out by him. Patton then surveyed and took possession of the boundary within which they were then standing, including the estates above referred to. He then proceeded to the "Lick," where Saltville is now situated, and where from seeps the Indians had been making

salt from time immemorial. The whole of the rich, alluvial bottom lying between the subsequent Madam Russell home and the residence of Mr. George W. Palmer was at that time a lake. Several thousand acres were here surveyed and located. They then proceeded up the North Fork of Holston, and appropriated all the valuable land in Rich Valley, comprising the estate of Capt. Charles Taylor and others. Not yet satisfied with his acquisitions (for greedy human nature never has enough), Mr. Patton crossed what is now known as Flat Top and Clinch Mountains and laid his chain upon that immense and valuable blue grass boundary known in Tazewell County as The Cove, and subsequently in the possession of the Bowens, Barneses, and others. Winter coming on, they returned to the South Fork of Holston, and located for St. Clair much of the land lying along that stream. These lands have long been known as St. Clair's Bottom, and were then covered with valuable timber, interspersed with tall and luxuriant patches of cane.

Some years later Mr. Patton, in his rambles, met the pioneer Burk, from whom he heard of the magnificent body of land afterwards known as Burk's Garden. By an agreement between Burk and Patton, the latter was at the expense of surveying, plotting, and entering as much of that body of land as the former desired to own, while the remainder was entered in Mr. Patton's name; but the arable portions of these lands, comprising some fifty thousand acres, eventually fell into the hands of Mr. Patton. One thousand acres of those lands is now a sufficient fortune for a man of moderate financial ambition. Mr. Patton thus secured all the finest lands on the principal sources of the Tennes-

see River; but when the third generation had passed away, scarcely an acre of this vast domain remained in the possession of his descendants. Such is the fickleness of fortune, and such the uncertainty of riches.

Not many years after Mr. Patton's first adventure, settlements began to be made at and near the present site of Abingdon. A man by the name of Harper, who led the life of a hermit, erected a cabin and cleared a patch in the lower end of Denton's Valley. Another by the name of Sharpe made an entry a few miles west of him, not far from the Virginia and Tennessee line. One of the first settlers of Wolf Hills (now Abingdon), if not the very first, was a man by the name of Black. The neighborhood took the name of Wolf Hills from the fact that wolves, when pursued, took covert in a cave where Abingdon now stands. In 1786 there was quite a little hamlet at this place, with two taverns. The first court was held in a grove of hickory saplings on the brow of the hill, in the rear of what was for many years Mr. Greenway's store; and the first courthouse was in the middle of what is now Main Street, and at the cross streets near the present courthouse.[1]

On the 5th of November, 1768, a treaty of limits and a deed of cession to the king of England were signed. The cession was made by the Six Nations, and embraced the country north and east of the Tennessee River. This treaty swept away the legal barrier to immigration to the beautiful valleys and picturesque mountains and hills of Western Virginia and East Tennessee, and population poured in in floods.

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[1]Article in the Abingdon *Virginian*, written by the editor, Charles B. Coale, in 1871.

Some came from North Carolina, some from near the Natural Bridge in Virginia, some from the infant settlements near Inglis's Ferry, on New River, in Virginia, and others from various other parts.

Ramsey, in the "Annals of Tennessee," pages 92, 93, says:

> The genius of civilization, in her progress from the East, had passed the base of the Appalachian range. She stood upon its summit, proud of her past success; and, ambitious of further and greater achievement, surveyed from that height the wide field before and around her. On her right are the rich valleys and luxuriant plains of Kentucky and Ohio, as yet imperfectly known from the obscure report of the returning explorer or the Shawnee prisoner. On the left her senses are regaled with the luxuriant groves, the delightful savannahs, and the enchanting beauties of the sunny South. Far in the distance, and immediately before her, she contemplates the great West. Its vastness at first overwhelms and astounds her; but at the extreme limit of her vision American adventure and Western enterprise are seen beckoning her to move forward and occupy the goodly land. She descends to the plains below, and on the prolific soil of the quiet Watauga, in the lonely seclusion of one of its ancient forests, is deposited the future germ of the State of Tennessee. In that germ were contained all the elements of prospective greatness and achievement. . . . American was to become "Western character."

Thus we see that the beginning of population in the Holston Country was the germ of Western development, wealth, civilization, and grandeur. Late in 1768, or early in 1769, was formed the nucleus of the first permanent establishment of the white race in Tennessee; and this was merely an enlargement of the Virginia settlement near it, and at the time believed to be on the territory of that province. Methodism was not slow in reaching the Holston Country from Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and

elsewhere. It kept pace, as it has always done, with the tide of emigration. The immigration of individual members, exhorters, and local preachers preceded, in most cases, the regular itinerant, but not in all cases; for it has been the policy of Methodism to go not only where it is invited, but where it is needed.

It is perhaps proper here to state that the Cherokees used the country near and around the sources of the French Broad more as hunting grounds than as places of residence. No considerable warpath or Indian trace passed through and among the mountains of North Carolina, and emigrants seem not to have passed through those elevated and comparatively inaccessible regions till 1781.

The Nollichucky settlement was begun by Jacob Brown, with one or two families from North Carolina, in 1772. A little previous to this, another settlement was begun in Carter's Valley. Several families settled there, some fifteen or eighteen miles east of the present site of Rogersville.

Civil and social disturbances in North and South Carolina drove many people from those States to the infant settlements of Watauga, Nollichucky, and Holston. Besides, a rage of adventure and exploration had seized upon the people of those States, as well as of Virginia, that tended rapidly to augment the settlements in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee. The bad came with the good. Men of property, enterprise, and intelligence, men of good morals and religion, came; but men without means came, hoping to better their fortunes; men hopelessly involved in debt came; and men of the criminal classes, fleeing from

justice or from odious reputations, came, and the country filled up rapidly.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

When he called the Wesleys to the task of rousing a slumbering Christendom, he at the same time stirred up a Watt to invent the steam engine, in order that the primitive gospel revived, "Christianity in earnest," might have the wings of steam to carry it to the ends of the earth; and when, in his wonderful providence, the wilds of the West were to be populated and cultivated, he sent the leaven of this same earnest Christianity, so well suited to the wants of the rude, energetic, and enterprising pioneer, along with the streams of emigration flowing westward, a power adapted to regenerating and molding into harmonious and well-regulated communities the heterogeneous masses by which the country was settled.

As a specimen of the troubles encountered by our forefathers in forming permanent settlements in the Holston Country, I shall give a short account of the massacre of the Moore family in Abb's Valley, a beautiful little valley situated in the northeast corner of Tazewell County, Va. For the facts I am indebted to Howe's "History of Virginia;" Mr. Charles B. Coale, of the Abingdon *Virginian;* and to an excellent little work, "The Captives of Abb's Valley," by Rev. James M. Brown, son of Mary Moore, one of the captives, as well as to personal conversations with the posterity of the murdered head of the family.

Abb's Valley was settled by James Moore in 1775. He removed from Rockbridge, Va., being induced to emigrate to this spot on account of its fertility and

adaptation to grazing and stock-raising. There, by the help of an old Englishman, whose name was John Simpson, he reared his cabin; and with his pious wife, both being members of the Presbyterian Church, he erected his altar to God, cleared a piece of ground, and there resided with his family till they were destroyed. The family frequently went into the fort for protection from the Indians, and this they did almost every summer.

The first of the family that was captured was James, his second son, a lad in the fourteenth year of his age. This occurred September 7, 1784. He had been sent by his father to a distant field to catch a horse for milling purposes, when three Indians sprang from behind a log and captured him. They immediately proceeded with him on the way to their towns on the Miami. As these were some three hundred miles distant, the travel was distressing to the boy. He had often gone to the fields alone without fear; but on this occasion he had scarcely gotten out of sight of his father's house when an unaccountable dread came over him, which became so distressing that he at one time resolved to return, but was prevented from doing so by the fear of his father's displeasure. He always believed that it was a supernatural presentiment of the evil about to befall him. It was not the dread of Indians, for he was not thinking of them; it was an undefined dread of some great misfortune. In this agitated frame of mind he proceeded till he was captured. The leader of the capturing gang was Black Wolf, an inferior Shawnee chief. When James first heard them yell, he supposed that it was the cry of a wild beast about to pounce upon him. He was greatly

relieved when he saw that it was only Indians. He was conveyed to Chillicothe, O., the principal Shawnee town, where he was well treated and kept about a year, when he was taken to Detroit and sold.

Mr. Moore, who was a man of wealth, kept about a hundred head of horses and a considerable number of cattle. On the morning of July 14, 1786, a number of horses came in from the range to the lick blocks, which were about a hundred yards from the house, and Mr. Moore had gone out to salt them. Two men living with him had gone to a field to reap wheat. A party of Indians about thirty in number, led by Black Wolf, were lying in ambush; and, supposing all the men were absent, they rushed forward. As they advanced they fired, and killed three children near the house: William, Rebecca, and Alexander. Mr. Moore attempted to reach the house, but, finding it surrounded, he ran by it through the lot in which the house stood. When he reached the fence, he halted, and was pierced with seven bullets. After he was shot, he ran forty yards and fell. He was then scalped by the Indians, and afterwards buried by the whites at the spot where he fell, and where his grave may still be seen. As soon as the alarm was given, Mrs. Moore and Martha Evans, a girl who happened to be visiting the family at the time, barred the door. There was no man in the house except the old Englishman, who was sick in bed in the loft. There were several guns in the house, but they were not loaded. Martha Evans carried two of them to Mr. Simpson, but found him dying; for while looking out a crack he had been shot in the head. The Indians then proceeded to cut down the door, during which time Martha Evans lifted a plank and crept

under the floor, requesting Mary Moore, then only eight years old, who had in her arms the youngest child, which was crying, to leave it and come under also. Mary looked at the child, clasped it to her heart, and determined to share its fate. Mrs. Moore, a precious woman of intelligence and deep piety, discovering that their capture was a certainty, kneeled with her terrified family and commended herself and them to the mercy of God. The savages, having broken into the house, took Mrs. Moore and her children —John, Jane, Mary, and Margaret (an infant)—prisoners, set fire to the buildings, and departed. Martha Evans remained under the floor a short time, and then came out and hid under a log that lay across the spring branch. The Indians, having tarried a short time for the purpose of catching horses, one of them sat down upon the log to adjust his gunlock, when Miss Evans, supposing that he had seen her and was preparing to shoot her, came out and surrendered. They then started north. Perceiving that John Moore was weak in body and mind, they killed him the first day. As the babe Margaret was fretful and troublesome, it was taken from the arms of its mother, and its brains were dashed out against a tree a few days later. The journey was a long and sore one; for days together they were without food. After the party had reached the Indian towns, Martha Evans and Mary were taken to one town and Jane and her mother to another. A party of Cherokees had marched into Western Pennsylvania to attack some of the settlements, and had been repulsed. On their return, chafed by disappointment and burning for revenge, they came to the towns where the captives taken by the late expedition of the Shaw-

nees were living; and as these were the only white persons in their reach, they determined to murder them if possible. They got the Shawnes drunk, and induced them to join in the killing; but some of the young squaws, suspecting their object, secreted Martha and Mary at a distance from the town until the Cherokees had gone. But Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane were not so fortunate. There seems to be evidence that they were cruelly tortured to death, and then cremated. A few days subsequent to this fiendish act, Mary and Martha were brought to the town where it had taken place. When Mary missed her mother, and saw the half-consumed human bones in the ashes, she knew what had been the end of her mother and sister.

Martha and Mary subsequently fell into the hands of the whites not far from where James was living; and the three, having been ransomed, finally got together. It would make the story too long to tell how Thomas Evans, brother of Martha, resolved to take his life in his hands and go alone to the Shawnee towns in quest of his sister; how, after great hardships, perils, and narrow escapes with his life, he succeeded in finding the captives; and how, after a tedious tramp on foot of the girls with James and himself on their return through an almost unbroken wilderness, infested with savages and wild beasts, they at length reached their relatives in Rockbridge County, Va. The captivity of Martha and Mary had lasted a little less than three years, and that of James some five and a half years. Thomas Evans started upon his perilous trip about six weeks after the massacre, and was more than two and a half years in accomplishing his noble mission. James Moore soon returned to the

paternal estate in Abb's Valley, married a Miss Martha Taylor, reared a large family, and died in 1851. Martha Evans married a gentleman by the name of Hummer, emigrated to Indiana, and reared a family of children. Two of her sons became Presbyterian ministers. Mary Moore was baptized and admitted into the Presbyterian Church at the age of twelve. She subsequently married Rev. Samuel Brown, a Presbyterian divine of note. She became the mother of eleven children, one of whom died in infancy and another quite young. One was a ruling elder in the Church, one married a pious physician, another a clergyman, five were Presbyterian ministers, and the remaining one was a communicant in the Church. God, as I believe, had a grand purpose in sparing the lives of Martha Evans and Mary Moore. Before Mary left her desolated home in Abb's Valley she seized her New Testament, and it was her solace through all her wanderings and sore trials; but she had the misfortune of losing it a little before reaching her friends in Virginia. Mary Moore's youngest son, Rev. William Brown, D.D., was for a long time editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, and stated clerk of the General Assembly until he was too infirm to discharge the duties of the office. Rev. Richard L. Dabney, D.D., LL.D., a noted Presbyterian divine, married a granddaughter of Mary Moore. Dr. Dabney was for some time Professor of Theology in Union Theological Seminary, and later a professor in the State University of Texas, a man of great learning and ability. He also has an honorable military record. During the war between the States he was adjutant general to Gen. T. J. Jackson, and was with him in the celebrated Valley campaign of

1862 and in the seven days' fight before Richmond. His son, Charles W. Dabney, LL.D., is now President of the University of Tennessee. Mary Moore has a long line of posterity, some of whom have won distinction as scholars and divines, and most of whom have been devoted Christians, thus inheriting a divine blessing from that pious and God-fearing woman.

I have, for want of space, omitted some of the most touching features of this tragic and thrilling story. It naturally falls into our narrative, first, because it tends to show the difficulties under which the Holston Country was peopled and evangelized; secondly, because some of the posterity of the murdered man, James Moore, have been devoted Methodists. The younger James Moore joined the Methodist Church in early life, and was an active member to the day of his death. His second wife was a Mrs. Mary Robinson, a daughter of Richard Price, of Russell County, Va. She was a Methodist, and a more devoted Christian has seldom lived. Joseph Moore was also an active and useful Methodist. Mr. William Taylor Moore, a Methodist and a son of the younger James Moore, lived and died on the old Moore farm. The writer had the honor of dedicating (October 12, 1884) a neat frame Methodist church, erected under the ministry of Rev. William H. Kelley, mainly through Mr. Moore's liberality, and called the "Moore Centenary Memorial Church." It was erected as a monument to James and Martha Moore, James Moore, Jr., and Mary Moore, George and William Peery. The writer was conducted to the spot where the elder Moore died from his wounds, and to the grave at the same spot, where a plain slab points out the resting place of his ashes,

with this inscription: "Captain James Moore, killed by the Indians, 1786."

A letter of Rev. George Stewart to the *Holston Methodist,* published in January, 1874, says:

> It is difficult to ascertain at what time the first Methodist preacher crossed over to the west side of New River, or who it was. In about 1780, Josiah Maston commenced preaching, and formed the first class in what is now Giles (then Montgomery) County, Va. It was at Frank Munsey's dwelling house, near where Wabash Camp Ground now stands. There was regular Methodist preaching at Page's Meetinghouse some six or seven years before that time, and it is believed that the first class west of New River was formed at that place in 1773 or 1774. The first camp meeting we can hear of this side of the river was at Page's in 1794 or 1795. This old church stood within the bounds of the present Newbern Circuit, in Pulaski County (once Montgomery), and was used as a regular place of worship until a few years ago. I think it quite probable that right there at Page's Meetinghouse was the first Methodist preaching, the first class formed, and the first church and camp ground built within the bounds of our Conference. I have gathered the above from an aged, worthy, and intelligent brother, whose mother was a member of the first class formed in Giles, and from whose conversation he learned all the above facts.

In the General Minutes of that early period I do not find the name of Josiah Maston. If there is not a mistake in the name, Maston was evidently a local preacher. Enoch Matson was on the Yadkin Circuit in 1782; and as the Holston and Yadkin works were afterwards intimately connected, it is not impossible that Matson was the man who visited Giles, but hardly so early as 1780. Jeremiah Mastin was in charge of Holston Circuit in 1788, but this date is too late to correspond with the above statement. The name of Edward Morgan, a local preacher, is the first name

connected with the introduction of Methodism into Southwestern Virginia. In a letter written by Mr. Edward Johnston, an aged and venerable Methodist layman, of Giles County, Va., to Dr. Cunnyngham, March 20, 1872, I find the following valuable information in regard to Edward Morgan:

Within two miles of where I now write lived a local preacher by the name of Edward Morgan, an Englishman by birth, and I think he received his license from the Rev. John Wesley. He lives in my earliest recollections, and he is the first preacher I remember of ever seeing. He was accustomed to preach every Sunday, and sometimes twice a day. Scarcely a week passed in many years when he did not hold a prayer meeting Thursday evening. I think that he did more good in building up the Church in this country than any preacher who ever lived or traveled here. He was an able and successful preacher. Many souls are now in heaven, rejoicing with him there, that can ascribe their conviction and conversion to his instrumentality. He was a member of the first class ever formed in the neighborhood, called the Irish settlement; that was upward of sixty years ago. His whole life was spent in getting and doing good. I remember a sermon he preached in my father's house in 1812, when I was a little boy. The sermon was addressed principally to several young men, then drafted and expected to start the next week to the army. Among them was my oldest brother, a mere boy. I never shall forget the advice he gave them, and the manner in which he urged them never to forget in whom they had put their trust. His soul was filled to overflowing, and the whole congregation was rejoicing together. I remember that, small as I was, I wept.

He remained a useful preacher until he was disabled by old age. He was in his ninetieth year, or possibly older, when he died. I heard him some four or five years previous to his death at Thorn Spring Camp Ground. In winding up his sermon he gave a brief narrative of his life, and referred to two local preachers, who sat behind him in the pulpit, both of whom claimed him as their spiritual father; and it was delightful to see them embracing each other. He stated at that time the

date of his license, then fifty-seven years old. I do not know the precise date of his death; it was, however, about thirty years ago. He died in great peace. The two local preachers he referred to at Thorn Spring were John G. Cecil and Zechariah Mitchell.

I call to mind three prominent and useful laymen in this country who were convicted and converted through Morgan's instrumentality—namely, David Eaton, Edward Stafford, and John Stafford. The first was a circuit steward for many long years and among the best I ever knew; he was always ready to promote the financial interests of the Church with his own means and by influencing others to do so. The other two were exhorters in this country for nearly sixty years, and they did more in sustaining and building up Methodism in this country than any exhorters I ever knew. Whether it was wet or dry, cold or hot, they were always at their post, and were very able in exhortation. I never knew a man in the county who doubted their piety. They were both class leaders in the class in the Irish settlement, now Wesley Chapel. They were faithful in holding the class meetings, and many a happy time did they have with the members of their charge. During the war many were the prayers they offered up on behalf of the lost cause and for the welfare of our Southern soldiers. They died in 1868. Father Eaton died in 1869. He was buried by the Masons.

I was personally acquainted with the writer of the above, having met him a few times at Wabash Camp Ground. Johnston was an old landmark, a burning and a shining light, whose praise was in all that immediate section. Honest, candid, simple in his manners, and withal a man of sterling good sense, he was a man whose life was a living, walking evidence of the genuineness of religion. I also knew David Eaton when he was not far below a hundred years old. He then had the perfect use of his senses. He was a small, active man. He persistently refused to ride horseback, and did most of his traveling afoot. He had never used tobacco, had never taken a drink of

spirits, had never used either tea or coffee, and none of his friends then living had any recollection of his ever taking a drink of water, his sole drink having been milk. Eaton informed me that when he was a small boy he saw John Wesley passing along the streets of London in his carriage, and that Wesley looked out upon the curious children who were crowding to see him, and said: "God bless you!"

Page's Meetinghouse was a log church, and was a preaching place for nearly a century. It was supplanted by a neat frame building in the year 1874, built under the administration of Rev. William H. Price, who was at that time in charge of Newbern Circuit. This church was not built on the old site, but near it, and about a quarter of a mile north of New River Bridge, on the Norfolk and Western railway. It was named Morgan Chapel in honor of Edward Morgan. The old church has disappeared, and the land has reverted to the heirs of the original donor. The land willed to Page's Meetinghouse amounted to two hundred and fifty acres. It was bequeathed directly to the Methodist Church, and not to trustees.

The name of Edward Cox is intimately associated with the introduction of Methodism into the Holston Country. The few historical items of this excellent layman that have come down to us constitute an interesting and touching story. He was born in Baltimore County, Md., in 1750. Mr. Cox's parents were among the first adherents to Methodism in Maryland, and in the days of Asbury's first labors in that State they opened their doors to Methodist preaching. In 1773, the year of the first Methodist Conference in America, Mr. Cox and family, including Edward, were

converted, and received into the Church by Mr. Asbury. Soon after his conversion Edward left home for the West, traveled through Virginia, and stopped in the vicinity of where Bristol now stands. He remained in this country two years, and entered a valuable section of land on the north bank of the Holston River in what is now Sullivan County, Tenn. He had left behind him a beautiful and lovely young woman who had agreed to identify her fortunes with his whenever he should think proper to return. The attraction was sufficient to cause him to return to his father's house in the winter of 1775; and after staying just long enough to have the bans published, he was united in marriage to Sallie Meredith, a young lady of great fortitude and superior intellect. The morning after the wedding, the happy and hopeful couple set out for the wilds of the West. Edward had a fine horse, and Sallie's father mounted her on a horse equally fine. With saddlebags and sacks crammed, these young adventurers traveled about six hundred miles, and settled in the wilderness of what is now East Tennessee, not far from the Virginia line, a section of the country supposed at that time to be a part of the Old Dominion. Here Mr. Cox opened a little land for cultivation, and reared a comfortable cabin for residence. What is supposed to be the original Cox building, a log house, is still standing in a reasonable state of preservation.

When Edward left for the West for the first time, he pledged himself to pray for Sallie's conversion. During his absence she was happily converted, and was received into the Church by Mr. Asbury. The first evening in which they pitched their tent in the forest upon their own homestead they erected a family altar,

THE HOME OF EDWARD COX.

and there consecrated themselves and all they had afresh to God, and these offerings were never taken from the altar. This prayer, probably the first prayer by a Methodist family in Tennessee, was offered upon a little hill near where the Southern railway now passes, about one mile northeast of Bluff City, Sullivan County, Tenn.

The Revolutionary War soon began, and, although Mr. Cox was a decided Whig, he thought that the situation of himself and family was such that he was justifiable in staying at home for the protection of wife and child; for they were on the frontier, exposed to the vengeance and cruelty of hostile Indians. The war went on, and increased in magnitude and fury, until Mr. Cox felt that every arm was needed for the establishment of American independence. Nor was Sallie unwilling to make the sacrifice, as dear as was Edward and as precious as was his life to her. She said: "Go, Edward, and fight for the independence of your country; if need be, die in the cause of liberty. God will take care of me and the child." He enlisted, and continued in the service till the war ended, leaving his family in a country wild and exposed to serious dangers, with but here and there a white settlement. The whites united in erecting a fort near Mr. Cox's residence, in which the few men that remained were accustomed to gather the women and children at night for their safety. Indian depredations became so common in this section that Gen. Washington sent a detachment of soldiers to defend the settlements. Among the soldiers thus sent was Edward Cox. For several nights before the soldiers arrived the Indians had been roaming through the settlements without let or hin-

drance. Several women and children had been murdered and scalped. Mrs. Cox escaped one night by taking her child and leaving her cabin after dark, and spending the night in the stock yard between the stacks of grain that stood close together. The savages were all through the yard, and plundered the house, but God preserved the lives of mother and child. The next day the news spread throughout the settlement that soldiers had arrived at Fort Wommack for the protection of the inhabitants. Mrs. Cox heard it, and with her child set out for the fort, partly for protection and partly in the hope of getting news from her husband, of whom she had heard nothing for several months. As she approached the fort, imagine her joyous surprise when, coming out from a group of bronzed and dirty soldiers, her own dear Edward advanced to meet her. His shouts of praise to God were heard throughout the encampment. His joy was past expressing, for he had been told after he came to the fort that his wife and child had been murdered the night before.

The war over and American independence established, Mr. Cox returned to his home and to his farm. He soon opened his house for religious meetings; and he was accustomed to conduct them himself—sing, pray, and exhort—and Sallie would often get happy and shout. These meetings became so famous that persons would often travel twenty-five miles to spend the Sabbath with these people of God. Many were happily converted, and gave their names to Mr. Cox for membership in the Methodist Church; for he promised to use his best endeavors to procure a preacher to take pastoral charge of them and to

administer the sacraments to them. Indeed, it is said that Mr. Cox himself, having been a professor of religion for many years without the privilege of the Lord's Supper, did at different times consecrate the elements according to the ritual and administer the sacrament to his wife and such of his Christian neighbors as desired to take it at his hands. This was evidently all right as a case of emergency; and, indeed, there seems to be no scriptural reason why this memorial service of our Lord's death should necessarily depend on the presence of an ordained preacher.

The preachers came at last, and among the first that came was Bishop Asbury. On his way to the first Conference west of the Alleghanies, he found the humble cabin of two of his spiritual children, Edward and Sallie Cox. He tarried and rested with them. He never passed through their immediate section without giving them a call, and he preached in their house again and again. There is also a tradition that he held a Conference there. The tradition says that Mr. Cox entertained all the preachers, who, with the exception of Bishop Asbury, slept in the barn, while he lodged in the house in a large room occupied by ladies; but the Bishop's quarters were made private by being cut off from the rest of the room by hanging sheets or curtains.

Mr. Cox was a man of strong faith, and he lived in constant communion with God. This gave him great influence with sinners. He has been known to begin talking to a sinner in regard to his spiritual and eternal interests, burst into a flood of tears, call his friend to his knees, and pray with him till he was soundly

and happily born of the Spirit. When the Methodist preachers first held camp meetings in East Tennessee, Mr. Cox was accustomed to load his wagon with young people, take them to the meetings, and return them converted. On one occasion he took two daughters of a wicked neighbor, with others, to a camp meeting, and returned them all converted. The two girls went home praising God aloud. The father was enraged, and threatened to wreak his vengeance on "Ned Cox" at sight. Some days passed, when, on meeting Mr. Cox in the road, he began his abuse, with threats of violence. Mr. Cox listened to him for a few minutes, and then began to remind him of the responsibility he assumed in throwing obstacles in the way of his children instead of aiding them in the service of God. He told him that God would bring him to judgment for his conduct, and, looking him in the face and bursting into tears, he appealed to him to give God his heart and go with his children to heaven instead of trying to take them with him to hell. The man was overcome, fell to his knees, and begged Mr. Cox to pray for him. This he gladly did, and in a short time the man was happily converted, and arose and returned to his house in company with Mr. Cox, praising God with a loud voice.

Mr. Cox was a man of enlarged views of Christian liberality. He was not penurious. He contributed liberally to the support of the preachers. He gave annually the proceeds of the sale of his best ox to the missionary cause. This he did as long as he was able to farm; but when too old and feeble to do this, he took ten dollars annually from his pension money and gave it to the cause of missions.

The late Rev. George W. Miles, through whom the above facts were received, tells the following touching story of Mr. Cox:

At one time, when he was old and infirm, a young man of his neighborhood was converted. He soon felt that he was called to the office and work of the ministry; but he was poor, had but little education, and no outfit for a traveling preacher, and was, of course, much discouraged. The friends of the young man at length thought of a wealthy neighbor of his, who was then quite prominent in the Church, and seemed to want to be foremost in good works. They approached him, and asked him to assist in getting an outfit for Brother ——, to enable him to join the Conference. The wealthy neighbor at once said that God had never called that man to do anything but make rails, that he wanted several hundred rails made, and requested them to tell the young man to go at that, and he would give him *twenty-five cents* per hundred. This discouragement had well-nigh caused the young man to abandon the hope of getting to his work, when Mr. Cox heard of it, sent for him, comforted him with words of commendation, and, taking him to the barnyard, told him to take the best young horse in the lot, gave him means to purchase a saddle and other equipage, and said to him: "Go, do the work you are called to do, and the only recompense I desire is, never to do anything that may bring reproach upon the sacred office of the ministry." The young man did go, and has been going ever since, and is likely to do so for years to come. His voice has been heard in almost every valley and upon nearly every mountain in the Holston Conference. He stands in the front rank of that noble band of Christian heroes known as Holston preachers.[1]

I have no means of ascertaining who the young man was that was thus the beneficiary of Mr. Cox's Christian beneficence. I have a surmise as to who it was; and if my surmise is correct, the young man subse-

[1] Rev. George W. Miles, in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 107-116. The substance of the entire sketch of Mr. Cox and much of the language are from Mr. Miles.

quently demonstrated his worthiness of the confidence reposed in him by his aged friend. As circuit preacher, presiding elder, and editor, he had a career of remarkable usefulness.

Edward Cox died at his residence in Sullivan County, Tenn., in 1852, aged one hundred and two years, and went to join his beloved wife, who had preceded him a few years.

CHAPTER IV.

Holston Methodism from 1783 to 1788.

In giving the history of Methodist preachers and people in the Holston Country, it is my design to allow them occasionally to speak for themselves, as a specimen of a man's writing is one of the best clews to his character. My predecessor in the office of historian, Dr. W. G. E. Cunnyngham, had written a few pages, and I will begin this chapter with the following thoughtful and appropriate observations from his pen on the character of the pioneers of Methodism in this country:

It may not be out of place to furnish, in the beginning of this history, a sketch of frontier life as it existed in the Holston Country at the time Methodism was introduced. Without some knowledge of the physical condition of the country, and the character of the early emigrants, we will be unable to understand or appreciate many characteristic incidents which must be recorded in the course of our narrative.

The country was new not only in that it was in its original condition of forests, filled with wild beasts and savage men, but the white people who resided in it were compelled to adopt new modes and habits of life. The comforts and conveniences of an advanced civilization could not then, as now, be carried into the wilderness. Transportation was exceedingly difficult over mountains and through forests without roads, and over rivers without ferries or bridges. The few articles of household furniture which the simple manners of the adventurous pioneer rendered necessary were carried on the backs of horses hundreds of miles. The ax and the rifle were the ever-present companions of the early emigrant. Without these, he would have been helpless in the wilderness; but with them, he was at home anywhere. With the first, as the chief instrument,

his rude cabin was erected, the fields "cleared" and fenced, and the forest subdued. With the latter, his home was defended against the bloody savage and his table supplied with meat. Game of all kinds abounded in the wilderness of Holston, especially the buffalo, elk, bear, red deer, turkey, pheasant, etc. The country between New River and the Tennessee had been for ages neutral ground, lying as it did between the northern and southern Indian tribes. It was unoccupied by a single wigwam, and by common consent was used by all the tribes as a hunting park. Through it passed the great "trail," or highway, between the confederate nations of the north and the warlike tribes of the sunny south. Sometimes it was the battle ground on which the warriors of hostile nations met to settle their fierce disputes; and after it was chosen by the white man as his home, it was the scene of many a bloody contest. But here, in spite of all the hardships and dangers which surrounded the hardy pioneer, he fixed permanently his residence, and became lord of all he surveyed. The splendid hunting grounds of the savage were converted into fruitful fields and orchards by the intelligent industry of his pale-faced rival. The Indian retreated sullenly into the depths of the forest, pitching his moving tent constantly nearer the setting sun. He has now entirely disappeared from the country where once his warrior ancestors roamed unmolested in their wild freedom.

The humble cabin of the pioneer emigrant was built of unhewn logs, covered with boards split out of the forest tree, and floored with the rude "puncheon." The boards on the roof were kept in place by "weight poles," and the door was suspended on wooden hinges. All care was taken not only to make the house weather-proof, but also Indian-proof. Sometimes several of these rude edifices were united into one compound, forming a fort, in which a community of families resided for greater security against Indian raids. Indeed, at that day a solitary family was in constant danger of being murdered. Many families fell victims to such imprudence as led them outside of the fortified settlement. Traveling from one neighborhood or fort to another was always attended with more or less danger. Where instant death was not the result, captivity, especially in the case of women and children, was dreaded

as an evil sometimes worse than death. Space will not permit, or thrilling adventures might here be given to illustrate the perils of these early times. Instances of hardships, trials, and dangers peculiar to the times and circumstances of the early settlers will be recorded in connection with the personal narratives to be introduced hereafter.

The men who had the courage to undertake, and the fortitude to prosecute, the heroic enterprise of subduing and peopling such a wilderness were not men of feeble character or feeble bodies. The trials to which they were exposed tended to develop in them great vigor and independence of character. Familiar with scenes of danger, and left to their own resources for defense and protection, they developed a type of manhood which for strength and courage has never been surpassed in any country. Natural scenery and climate have much to do in producing those peculiarities which distinguish different races and nations, and often effect marked differences in communities belonging to the same nationality. Much of our education, especially in a primitive state of society, is the result of association with the silent but impressive forms of material nature. The dwellers in a rugged, mountainous country are proverbially bold, hardy, and self-reliant. The sublime scenery which characterizes the Holston Country impressed even the mind of the uncultivated pioneer, and inspired the wild but eloquent imagery of the Indian. Where nature worships God in the silence and solitude of the wilderness, a thinking, rational man must adore. He may have no ritual, not even a name for his worship; but he is impressed, and his soul responds to the invisible power that presides over all around him. There is in the vast panorama of lofty mountains, wide valleys, broad rivers, and boundless forests, spread out before the eye of the traveler as he ascends some commanding eminence, something which, like the boundless expanse of the ocean, elevates and enlarges his conceptions. How far the natural features of our beautiful mountain country have impressed and modified the character of our people, or what effect our salubrious climate has had, we may not be able to determine; but that they have contributed much to make us what we are, none perhaps will doubt. The original type of character which distinguished the first generation of pioneers in Holston has been greatly modi-

fied, or perhaps has entirely disappeared. As time and civilization advance, changes in customs and manners must take place, and with these corresponding changes in other things. We may hope, however, that what was strong and good in the primitive society will remain, like the granite underlying and supporting subsequent geological formations, to give strength and solidity to that which remains.

Among the first emigrants from the advanced settlements in Virginia and North Carolina to the beautiful regions of the Holston and Watauga were families whom the gospel had reached through the ministry of Methodism, and who brought with them the earnest piety and active zeal which characterized the Societies from which they came. In some cases a few Methodist families located in the same neighborhood, and immediately gathered themselves into a Society. Occasionally local preachers, exhorters, and those who had acted as class leaders in the older communities formed part of the little company in the new settlement, and thus regular religious services were instituted, and Methodism was actually planted, before the itinerant preacher had visited the locality. Where no local preacher or other official member was present to conduct the services or superintend the Society, zealous laymen took the responsibility of organizing and leading the infant Church. Mr. Edward Cox, to whom reference was made in the preceding chapter, organized probably the second Society in Holston. He had never held any official position in the Church, but acted in all he did simply as a layman. No ecclesiastical "red tape" interfered with the labors of these earnest-minded Christian men. The word of the Lord had "free course," and was "glorified." As in the apostolic age of Christianity the scattered believers "went everywhere preaching the word," and as in Samaria "the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake," so in the early days of Methodism in this country the gospel was carried into the wilderness by the enthusiastic Methodist pioneer, and it was gladly received by the multitudes. The organization of religious societies by laymen was a great novelty and, in the eyes of "churchmen" of all schools, "a monstrous irregularity." But it was in harmony with the usages of the primitive Church and in exact accordance with the views of Mr. Wesley con-

cerning the "constitution of the Church." He says: "Where two or three believers are met together, there is a Church." This was St. Paul's opinion, for he addresses "the Church" in the house of Philemon, and sends greetings to "the Church" in the house of Priscilla and Aquila. (Rom. xvi. 5.) This broad catholicity of Methodism has furnished in its General Rules, in which the conditions of membership are laid down, a platform wide enough for all Christendom to stand upon. The evangelical alliances which now are seeking to harmonize all the creeds of the Christian world might do so by adopting the General Rules of Mr. Wesley's Societies. This is said in no spirit of arrogance, but from a profound conviction of its truth. Recognize the "priesthood of the people," and let all go to work for Christ, and the world will soon be converted. The Romish idea of exclusive priestly ministration is an incubus to-day upon the energies of the Church. Would to God all the Lord's people were prophets!

But we cannot pursue this subject farther at present. The ecclesiastical despotisms of Christendom are breaking down, and the people are beginning to move as a body. Lay delegation in our own Church is a long step in the path of evangelical progress. The whole column is in motion, advancing as it never did before upon the empire of darkness.

But to return; the Societies thus organized were soon visited by the "circuit preacher," and received into the list of his "appointments." He took such pastoral oversight as his extensive field of labor would permit. In his absence a faithful class leader supplied his lack of service and kept the little flock in order, while the local preachers and exhorters filled his place in the pulpit. Thus the infant Church in the wilderness was edified and daily increased in numbers and piety.

The circuit preacher was not of the kind who prefer to enter into other men's labors. With true apostolic zeal, he pressed into "the regions beyond." In the spirit of Wesleyan enterprise, he regarded "the world as his parish," and, urged by an impulse supreme over love of home, ease, or comfort, he literally went everywhere preaching the gospel. It was not ambition, nor the fanaticism of partisan zeal, but the love of Christ, which constrained him. Despised by all but his own people, persecuted by the vulgar, and scorned by the fashion-

able and pleasure-loving, he could promise himself no worldly aggrandizement. It could not have been avarice that tempted him, for his income amounted to less than the wages of an ordinary day laborer. He felt that "a dispensation of the gospel" had been committed unto him, and with a conscience quickened into great activity he regarded fidelity to this conviction as a condition of his own salvation. "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" sounded in his ears with the distinctiveness of a thunder peal from Sinai. If at any time the flesh cried out against such constant sacrifice, its guilty clamor was hushed by the voice within; and, girding up his loins afresh, he prepared for still more vigorous labors. To die on the field in full harness was esteemed a high distinction. "No cross, no crown" was inscribed on his shield. These are they "of whom the world was not worthy." They are now before the throne of God. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

We shall have many opportunities in the course of our narrative to express sentiments of esteem and admiration for individual men and their works. For the present, therefore, it will be expedient to limit our observations to general character.

The pioneer itinerant was not only a man of great moral courage, great energy of character, and enthusiastic piety, but he was also a man of thought and a diligent student. He had few books as a general rule, but these were standards, and were thoroughly mastered. The Bible, Methodist Hymn Book, Discipline, Wesley's Sermons, and Fletcher's "Checks" constituted a respectable Methodist preacher's library in Bishop Asbury's day. But it would be a great mistake to suppose, as too many have done, that the average itinerant preacher was an illiterate man because he had few books. Many of them had received a good English education, and some were fair classical scholars. Their principal study was the Word of God. From this they derived their theology, and from it they selected their weapons of war. They read it upon their knees, and with a simple faith in its teachings interpreted its profound mysteries by their own consciousness. They were thus personal witnesses to the truths which they taught. They spake with confidence, because they had "the witness within themselves." Their education was, therefore, that of a soul

which has "passed from death unto life," and has a distinct knowledge of all the way through which the Lord has led it. It was that of a converted heart, inflamed by the love of God and an apostolic zeal for the salvation of souls. They entered the wild frontiers of civilization armed with the Word of God and the glowing hymns of Wesley, as the pioneer emigrant entered the primitive forests with his ax and rifle. The work they had to do was hard work, and they did it well and faithfully, because they believed it to be their special, divinely appointed work. No man could endure the hardships, privations, and perils of such a life as that of the pioneer itinerant unsupported by a divine power and uncomforted by the Holy Spirit. Fanaticism may prompt men to great sacrifices of personal comfort and may lead to deeds of daring; but it is incapable of supporting a large number of persons through long years of persevering labor, peril, and discouragement. The enthusiasm it inspires is impulsive, and consequently the support which it furnishes is necessarily inconstant.

Besides these general and special qualifications for his peculiar work, the early Methodist preacher was usually a man of good common sense, quick perceptions, a good judge of character, brave, prompt, and fertile in expedients. He was at home anywhere and everywhere. Always ready to sing, pray, preach, or, if need be, lend a helping hand at the common task, he was a welcome guest in every Methodist family. Well furnished with amusing anecdotes and striking incidents, gathered from a wide experience of men and things, his conversation was highly entertaining and instructive. A severe sobriety, however, tempered his wit and chastened his humor, so that his cheerfulness never degenerated into unbecoming levity. He did not forget that he was in the presence of God and on his way to the judgment seat. This vivid apprehension of eternal things gave a solemn cast to his general conduct and conversation. It did not, however, render him gloomy or morose, but lent a pleasing gravity to all he said and did.

The importance of Holston Methodist history can be understood only when it is borne in mind that the Holston Country was the gateway to the West and South-

west; that from these heights Methodist gospel light radiated to the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, the fertile plains of Ohio, the great Northwest, and the broad and beautiful savannahs of the Southwest. It was four years after the Holston territory was set off as a separate circuit before Methodist missionaries found their way into "the Cumberland country," now Middle Tennessee.

The War of the Revolution over, treaties made with the Indian nations, and large purchases of territory from them from time to time having given our white settlements comparative security from savage revenge, emigration poured into this hill country rapidly. There was something in our sublime mountains, beautiful hills, narrow but fertile valleys, and numerous creeks and rivers percolating through mountain gorges, purling over pebbles, chafing on shoals, thundering in cataracts, and then with swollen tide gliding gently along beautiful plains, their banks fringed and decorated with almost every conceivable variety of foliage—there was something, I say, in these scenes to attract adventurers. They fell in love with the ever-varying beauties and sublimities of the section, reared their homes in the midst of them, and were held to their places by the enchantments that had drawn them thither. Thus this elevated plateau became peopled with amazing rapidity. Our narrow valleys and steep hillsides were cleared and put under cultivation long before the rich and broad plains of the West and Northwest were settled. As has already been stated, with the tides of enthusiastic population which flowed to this highland region came Methodist members, exhorters, and preachers, local and itinerant; and this section has all

along been a congenial home of Methodism. Its freedom from ritual, its offhand preaching, and its joyful, experimental power have been peculiarly suited to our rugged, brave, and independent people.

Regular circuit work began in the Holston Country in 1783. In that year "Holston Circuit" appears for the first time in the Minutes, with Jeremiah Lambert as the appointee. His circuit embraced all the settlements on Watauga, Nollichucky, and Holston Rivers, including those in what is now Greene, Washington, Carter, Johnson, Sullivan, and Hawkins Counties, Tenn., and Washington, Smyth, Russell, and perhaps Scott and Lee Counties, Va., with one or two appointments on the head waters of New River, in Grayson County, Va., or Ashe County, N. C.[1] This circuit began with sixty members—by whom gathered? McAnally, in the "Life of William Patton," says: "It has been for many years past part of the writer's work to collect reliable information as to the origin and progress of the Church of his choice in the great Western and Southwestern sections of our common country; and he has found that, in four cases out of five—if not, indeed, in nine cases out of ten—where Methodism was first introduced into a particular section of any considerable extent, it was through the instrumentality of local preachers."

At the close of the year Lambert reported seventy-six members, a gain of sixteen. This was his first and last year in the Holston Country.

Holston Circuit was manned in successive years by Henry Willis, 1784; Richard Swift and Micha-

[1] McAnally.

el Gilbert, 1785; Mark Whittaker and Mark Moore, 1786; Jeremiah Mastin and Nathanael Moore, 1787. As has been previously observed, the elder in that day, corresponding to presiding elder now, sustained to the district the relation of senior preacher rather than that of the present presiding elder. In 1785 Henry Willis was appointed elder of Yadkin and Holston Circuits, the district bestriding Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains. In 1786 Reuben Ellis was appointed elder of Salisbury and Yadkin Circuits, in North Carolina, and Holston Circuit, in Virginia and Tennessee. In 1787 Holston Circuit was divided into Holston and Nollichucky Circuits, the two constituting a district, with John Tunnell at the head of it.

Holston Circuit was extended to the settlements along New River and Clinch River, and retained very little of its original territory, most of the old Holston Circuit falling to Nollichucky. Mastin and Moore had, in a measure, to form a new circuit. The list of appointments was sixteen in number, and they were all in private dwelling houses, none in churches or schoolhouses. The circuit had no stewards, no leaders, no exhorters, and only one local preacher. Thomas Ware and Micajah Tracy were appointed to Nollichucky. Swift and Gilbert reported at the close of the year, to the Conference held at Salisbury, N. C., in February, 1786, a membership of two hundred and fifty, a gain of one hundred and seventy-four over the report of two years before. For some cause, not now known, the numbers in Society for the various charges throughout the Church were not reported severally at the Conferences of 1785, or failed to be recorded in the minutes. Hence what additions were made to the

membership in Holston by Willis in 1784-85 are not known.

In this connection it may be proper to suggest a caution to those who wish to consult the General Minutes for dates and statistics. At each Conference the appointments are prospective and the statistics retrospective. Not keeping this fact in mind, the historical writer is liable to make mistakes along this line. By overlooking this fact, even so careful and accurate a writer as Dr. McFerrin has fallen into the error of saying, "Mark Whittaker and Mark Moore were on the Holston Circuit; they returned a membership of two hundred and fifty"—whereas that return was made by their predecessors, Swift and Gilbert. As evidence of very efficient work done by Whittaker and Moore, they reported at the Conference held at Salisbury, N. C., in May, 1787, a membership of four hundred and forty-nine whites and one colored, a gain of two hundred, or an increase of eighty per cent.

At the Conference held at Keywood's, Washington County, Va., in May, 1788, Mastin and Moore reported for the Holston Circuit a membership of three hundred and sixty whites and three colored, a gain of eighty-seven. This gain was quite creditable to these brethren, since the Holston Circuit was divided at the Conference of 1787, and they were assigned to only a part of the former territory. The other part, to which Thomas Ware and Micajah Tracy were assigned, was named Nollichucky; but in the statistical table of numbers in Society reported at the Conference of 1788 Nollichucky does not appear; and West New River, which was not named in the ap-

pointments of 1787, is reported with a membership of three hundred and seventy-two whites and eight colored—a total for the Holston territory of seven hundred and forty-three, a gain of two hundred and ninety-three. In this statistical table West New River evidently takes the place of Holston, and Holston takes the place of Nollichucky, West New River embracing mainly the Virginia part of the work, and Holston being located mainly in Tennessee. A similar discrepancy occurs in the Minutes of 1789. In the appointments of 1788 three circuits are recognized (Holston, French Broad, and New River), but in the table of membership reported in 1789 only two circuits are mentioned (Holston and West New River).

Owing to the rapid growth of population by immigration, and the large increase in the membership of the Church, it was deemed proper in 1787 to divide the Holston Circuit, as already intimated, and the new Holston Circuit was made to fall back to the settlements on New River, Nollichucky embracing the larger part of the East Tennessee work.

Jeremiah Lambert was one of the earliest and most useful preachers given to the itinerancy by New Jersey. He was admitted into the traveling connection at Choptank, Del., in 1781; received into full connection at Ellis's Meetinghouse, in Sussex County, Va., in 1782; and presumably ordained deacon at the same time, though his ordination is not mentioned. His fields of labor were Talbott, Brunswick, Holston, Philadelphia, Antigua, having been appointed to the last charge, one of the West India Islands, in 1785. In 1786 he died. In the General Minutes of that year was recorded the following brief obituary notice, in

answer to the disciplinary question, "Who have died this year?"

> Jeremiah Lambert, an elder; six years in the work; a man of sound judgment, clear understanding, good gifts, genuine piety, and very useful, humble, and holy; diligent in life, and resigned in death; much esteemed in the connection, and justly lamented in death. We do not sorrow as men without hope, but expect shortly to join with him and all those who rest from their labors.

At that day Conference obituary notices were not fulsome; and this is, therefore, very high testimony to the worth of the man. At the organization of the Church, in 1784, he was ordained elder for the West India Islands. Thomas Ware knew him well, and says:

> He had in four years (when the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized), without the parade of classical learning or any theological training, actually attained to an eminence in the pulpit which no ordinary man could reach by the aid of any human means whatever. He was most emphatically a primitive Methodist preacher, preaching out of the pulpit as well as in it. The graces with which he was eminently adorned were intelligence, innocence, and love. These imparted a glow of eloquence to all he said and did.

The students of Holston Methodist history will, no doubt, be concerned to know something of the character of the man who manned the first circuit in the Holston Country—the parent circuit of the Holston Conference—and will, doubtless, be delighted to know that he was in every respect worthy of the distinction of founding the first circuit in our Conference territory. The word preached by him was "a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains," and "the fruit thereof" has shaken "like Leba-

non." Beginning the regular work in Holston with sixty sheep scattered over a large section of wilderness country, he has his monument in a growing Church membership in the Holston Conference, which now (in 1902) numbers more than fifty-six thousand persons—pious, cultured, refined, and prosperous in worldly affairs—a monument more precious than gold and more durable than brass.

Henry Willis, who followed Lambert, labored in Holston only two years, 1784-85 and 1785-86. He was probably admitted on trial into the traveling connection in 1778, though in the minutes for that year he is classed with those remaining on trial. There is no record of him for the year before. His ministry lasted thirty years. He filled some of the most important positions in the Church, having been stationed in Charleston, New York, Wilmington (Del.), Philadelphia, Baltimore, Fredericktown, etc. In 1793 Willis and John Dickins were joint superintendents of the printing and book business in Philadelphia, Willis being the ranking officer. A small portion of his ministry was spent in the local relation, and about one-third of it in the supernumerary relation with work. His appointments indicate that he was a man of learning and ability. He was a native of Brunswick County, Va., the theater of one of the most remarkable revivals in the early history of American Methodism; and that work, no doubt, had much to do in fashioning his views of religion and forming his religious character. He breathed his last at Pipe Creek, Md., early in 1808. We have no certain means of knowing his success or failure on the Holston Circuit, as the numbers in Society are not reported in the min-

utes of 1785 for the particular charges. For the entire connection there was, however, an aggregate showing of eighteen thousand members and one hundred and four traveling preachers. Mr. Willis doubtless deserves part of the credit for the leap from seventy-six members reported by Lambert in 1784 and two hundred and fifty members reported by Swift and Gilbert in 1786. It is not likely that this marked increase was wholly due to the labors of Mr. Willis, efficient as they no doubt were; and we are constrained to attribute this increase in part to Swift and Gilbert, who, owing to their brief itinerant careers, are almost without historical recognition.

Mr. Willis was possessed of great gifts, natural, spiritual, and acquired. He gave himself greatly to reading, especially in the earlier part of his life and ministry. He was of a slender habit of body, a feeble breast and lungs, and the great fervor of his mind and energy of his address were too great for his bodily strength. When not actually engaged in full regular work he refused compensation from the Church, and his own hands ministered to his wants. At certain periods of his life he was very useful, happy, and holy, and greatly rejoiced to see the pleasure of the Lord prosper through his instrumentality. With him system, spirit, and practice all united. In his last lingering illness he was not without severe temptation, yet he was greatly blessed with the consolation of the Spirit. His prominent features of character were an open, pleasant, smiling countenance, great fortitude under the shocks incident to mortal life, great cour-

age tempered with good conduct, cheerfulness without levity, sobriety without sadness.[1]

Lednum says that "he was the first man that Asbury ordained deacon and elder after the Christmas Conference" of 1784. Asbury esteemed no preacher higher than Henry Willis. On visiting his grave he exclaimed: "Henry Willis! Ah, when shall I look upon thy like again? Rest, man of God!"

Organized Methodism entered Charleston in 1785 under the ministry of Willis. He improvised the first place of worship. The place obtained by him was a house of worship that had been abandoned by the Baptists, the site afterwards occupied by the First Baptist Church of Charleston. War had scattered the Baptist membership, and the building was then used as a warehouse. It was fitted up for Methodist service February 27, 1785. Here Jesse Lee and Henry Willis preached that day. The Methodists worshiped here several months; but one unlikely Sunday they found the seats flung into the streets, and the doors and windows barred against them. This was regarded as a mild intimation that their room was better than their company there. But this was a zephyr compared with the storm of persecution which came later, when ministers were insulted and pumped, churches stoned, and the armed city guard were wont to disperse the congregations. Turned out in the cold, they were invited to worship in a private house, where what Willis had begun matured into an organized Methodist Church.[2]

[1] General Minutes, Vol. I., pp. 157, 158.

[2] Rev. A. M. Chreitsberg, D.D., in *Southern Christian Advocate.*

But little is now known of Mark Moore. He joined the traveling connection in 1786, and was alternately a local and traveling preacher till his final location, in 1820. He traveled but one year in Holston. In 1819 he was appointed a missionary to New Orleans; but whether he went, or, if he went, what he did, we now have no means of knowing. In my readings I find occasional incidental mention of him as a local preacher living somewhere between Knoxville and Maryville, Tenn. The traveling preachers occasionally lodged under his hospitable roof. In his latter years he seems to have become involved in financial difficulties, which subjected him to Church discipline, but not to formal ecclesiastical censure. The merits of the case we have no means of ascertaining at the present day.

Reuben Ellis was received into the traveling connection at a Conference held "at a preaching house near Deer Creek, in Harford County, Md.," May 20, 1777. He was connected with the Holston work only one year, and that as elder, as noted above. His last station was Baltimore, where he ended his warfare in February, 1796. He was a native of North Carolina. He filled important appointments in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia; was appointed elder in Eastern North Carolina in 1785, and in Western North Carolina and Holston in 1786. He was a man of slow but sure and solid parts. In his preaching he was weighty and powerful, a man of simplicity and godly sincerity. During twenty years he did not lay up twenty pounds by preaching. His horse, his clothing, and his immediate necessaries were all that he appeared to want in the world. Like Fletcher, he lived

on the verge of eternity, enjoying much of the presence of God. "It is a doubt," said Bishop Asbury, "whether there be one left in all the connection higher, if equal, in standing, piety, and usefulness."

In Thomas Ware we meet with a man of mark, a man of learning and intellectual force, who through a long and useful ministerial career earned a distinction which entitles him to more than a passing notice. He spent only two years in Holston. I will here introduce an account of his first year's work in this section, reserving a personal sketch of the man to a future chapter. In 1787 Mr. Ware volunteered, with two other young men, to accompany John Tunnell to the Holston Country, to which Mr. Tunnell was at the same time appointed as elder of the Holston and the Nollichucky Circuits. He found the district of country where he labored watered by five rivers, of which the Holston was the principal stream. These rivers were Holston, Watauga, Nollichucky, French Broad, and Pigeon. No section of the world is better watered than this. From the Alleghany plateau in Virginia and the Blue Ridge slope in North Carolina these rivers pour upon this section their wealth of crystal waters, carrying verdure and beauty in their meandering courses. On the margins of these beautiful rivers he found that the soil was deep and exceedingly fertile. Here the first inhabitants fixed their dwellings. The population, spread over a territory equal in extent to East Jersey, were almost wholly destitute of the gospel, and yet they sorely needed it. Methodism had reached the country before the traveling preachers came into it. In some of the settlements they found persons who had heard

Methodist preaching, and these gave the preachers a hearty welcome. On the Nollichucky Circuit Micajah Tracy was Mr. Ware's helper. They had excellent success. Societies were organized, a number of log chapels were erected, and three hundred persons were received into the Church.

In the fall of this year (1787) the presiding elder received letters from persons low down on the Hol-

A MOUNTAINEER'S HOME.

ston and the French Broad, deploring their destitution of gospel privileges, and begging him to send them a preacher if possible. Accordingly Mr. Ware was sent. He found that the winters were shorter in East Tennessee than in New Jersey, but that the cold was sometimes very severe; and, owing to the fact that he had at these times to ford creeks and rivers at the risk of life, and to lodge in open log cabins, with light bedclothing, and not unfrequently with several children in the same bed, he was much

exposed to taking cold; and traveling then was, on these accounts, very crossing to the nature of a man who had been reared in comparative luxury and elegance. In addition to these things, he was exposed to the treachery and revenge of hostile Indians, who had been incensed at the wrongs inflicted upon their race by the whites. Several individuals and families had been murdered directly on the routes Mr. Ware had to travel, and once he narrowly escaped being either murdered or taken prisoner himself. At that time his journey lay through a rich and beautiful bottom, covered mainly with the crab apple tree. He passed along slowly, admiring the soil, the timber, and the grass; for even at that late season the grass was green. He was thinking of halting in order to spend a short time in meditation and prayer in the grove, when, calling to mind that he had heard of Indians in the vicinity, he determined to ride on, and rather mended his pace. As he was approaching a lofty grove, his horse suddenly stopped, snorted, and wheeled about. As the horse wheeled, Mr. Ware caught a glimpse of an Indian, who, however, was at too great a distance to reach him with his rifle. He put spurs to his horse, and hastened to the nearest settlement to give the alarm. The horses of the whites were singularly afraid of an Indian. Whether this was instinct, or whether they had learned from the actions of the whites that Indians were dangerous, we know not. The sudden fright which Mr. Ware's horse took, however, was doubtless the means, under God, of saving him from death or captivity. At another time while he was preaching at a private residence the congregation was alarmed by the cry

of "Indians!" Instantly every man seized his rifle and sallied forth to ascertain the ground of the alarm. On coming out, they saw two lads running and screaming: "The Indians have killed mother!" They followed the lads a short distance, and witnessed the affecting scene of a woman weltering in her blood. It was a good sugar day, and Mrs. Carter, wife of a brother of the man at whose house they had met, had chosen to stay at home for the purpose of making sugar, although the place of meeting was in sight and several of her friends had endeavored to persuade her to accompany them to preaching. The maple grove, or sugar bush, near her dwelling was skirted on the side next to the river by a canebrake. Here Mrs. Carter sat by the side of a large buckeye tree which had fallen, skimming and watching her sugar, while her boys were gathering wood to replenish the fire. The Indians were concealed in the canebrake, and, coming up slyly behind her, they drove a tomahawk into her head. The next day Mr. Ware officiated at the funeral, and tenderly and artfully improved the occasion to the spiritual good of the community. It appears that this woman had been under deep religious impressions at some former service; but some of her pretended friends had disaffected her toward the cause of religion, and this disaffection had operated to keep her away from church. Mr. Ware made capital for the cause of religion out of these facts. The good woman was commiserated, and a hope was expressed that through God's great mercy her soul had been saved; but her false friends were characterized as her real murderers. As he had had no fruit among them, and the

only blossom he had seen had been nipped by death's untimely frost, he hinted at the possibility of his not returning to them, but of his leaving them to waste their energies in worldly pursuits. After the conclusion of his remarks many came around him, and some who had not heard him before, and entreated him with tears that he would not abandon them. At his next visit to this place ten or twelve people publicly covenanted to seek the Lord; so that the distressing tragedy which occurred at his previous visit fell out to the furtherance of the gospel.

Behind a frowning providence
God hides a smiling face.

In the alembic of human defeat and calamity are brewed the elements of success and triumph. All things that God touches are blessings either by direction or reaction.

From this settlement Mr. Ware went to the lowest settlement on the Holston, and found the people assembled at various places in a state of alarm, and devising means of defense against the Indians, from whom they expected no mercy. Many seemed astonished that the preacher would hazard his life to visit them at such a crisis. They were full of kindness toward him, heard his sermons and conversations with close and respectful attention, and guarded him from place to place as he traveled.

From this section he crossed over to the French Broad River. There was no regular road, not a vestige of one except the blazed trees to the lower settlements on the French Broad. These were in the vicinity of the Cherokees. Not a cabin was to be seen as he journeyed. Mr. Ware was occasionally aroused

from his monotonous reverie by herds of deer, flocks of wild turkeys, or an affrighted bear dashing through the underbrush as he rode along. In these French Broad settlements he found a few Methodists who had come from distant parts and brought their religion with them. These hailed him as a welcome messenger of God, and, they leading the way, many followed them into the service of the Lord; and in a short time a flourishing Society was organized, with men in it capable of directing its operations. I have no sure means of exactly locating this Society.

On the French Broad and on other parts of the circuit he had nothing to fear from the Indians, but he had to stem a torrent of opposition from another source. It was from Antinomian preachers, who came to this section at an early day and succeeded for a time in prejudicing the people against the Methodists, and finally against all religion. Some of the most gifted of these turned out badly. Two of them eloped under circumstances of great scandal, having destroyed the domestic felicity of several families. This had a tendency to bring the ministry into disrepute. Sometime after the infamous conduct of these men became generally known, Mr. Ware was taken sick upon the road while traveling to visit a new place, and found it necessary to halt and lie down in the woods. It soon began to rain freely, and this admonished him that he must go. After several attempts, he succeeded in mounting his horse, and proceeded, but so slowly that he did not reach a settlement through which he had to pass till night came on. He therefore called at the first house he came to and solicited lodging, but was abruptly re-

fused. He had heard of a wealthy Quaker living in the settlement, and requested the churl to direct him to his house, and he complied with a significant shrug of the shoulders. When he reached the Quaker's, he found a sarcastic deist instead of a warm-hearted Friend. He said that the intended visit and character of Mr. Ware were well known, and that neither he nor his neighbors had any use for *priests of any kind;* he thought, therefore, that he had as well pass them by. Mr. Ware then told him that, whatever the differences of their religious views might be, there was a debt of humanity which they owed to each other, and that if there was any flesh in his heart he would not deny a fellow-man a shelter from the storm during the night. He replied: "Young man, if thou wouldst follow some honest calling, honest men would make thee welcome. There," he continued, "is Neighbor Hodge, whose wife is old and ugly, and he may give thee lodgings." An adage says, "It is a bad wind that blows no good to somebody;" and in this case the age and homeliness of Hodge's wife were destined to secure shelter for the shivering evangelist. By the remarks of the Quaker and some other indecent insinuations Mr. Ware understood what was meant, and saw that the scandal brought upon religion by the Antinomian apostates mentioned above was employed to disparage the Methodist preachers. It is bad logic that stigmatizes a whole class because of the sins of a few individuals of that class; but this kind of logic is very common among the masses, who, as a rule, are incapable of rigid inductive reasoning. But there is a solidarity in all guilds, and the shames and honors of each are more or less shared by all.

Well, Mr. Hodge was mean and selfish enough, but was less inhuman than the apostate Quaker; for the preacher was permitted to tarry on condition of turning his horse into the woods, and taking his lodging on the naked floor without covering. After turning his horse loose and changing his wet garments, the preacher kindly mentioned the subject of religion to the old man, who gave him an angry look and characterized all the professors of religion he had known

A MOUNTAINEER SCHOOLHOUSE.

as hypocrites and the preachers as a set of rascals no better than pickpockets. He said he supposed that the stranger was one of them, and added: "We want no more of ye here." He then ordered his wife to give him his supper, and when it was ready the selfish couple sat down and partook without inviting the stranger to eat with them. Such meanness, however, was not common in this wilderness country, for the people

generally made the preachers welcome and treated them hospitably.

About this time Mr. Ware had an adventure with a number of New State men which came near resulting seriously. A little civil war was in progress between Gov. Sevier, of the State of Franklin, and a Col. Tipton, who represented the State of North Carolina. The Colonel had refused to comply with certain laws of the New State, and the Governor determined to compel him to submit by the employment of military force. On a very cold day Mr. Ware went to one of his appointments on the French Broad, and found a company of armed men there preparing to go and attack Col. Tipton in his own house, where he had fortified himself; and they were endeavoring to persuade the men who had come to preaching to go with them. Not observing that many of the belligerent company were intoxicated, Mr. Ware, without any partisan feeling and with the purest motives, ventured to address them, endeavoring to dissuade them from their purpose. They at once inferred that he was Tipton's friend, and became very angry. Some were for killing him at once. Others advised them to take him before the Governor, who was about ten miles distant, and have him tried as a spy. This was a device of his friends, with a view of giving him an opportunity to make his escape. While the men disputed, Mr. Ware withdrew to an adjoining room, hastened to the stable by a back way, saddled his horse, and was out of their reach before they were aware of his intention to escape. He thus escaped from the vengeance of a mob, but was exposed to danger from another quarter. It was some fifteen miles to the

first settlement. The river he had to ford was fifty rods wide, and was filled with floating ice; he had a very imperfect knowledge of the way, and, as the blazed trees were his only guide, it was doubtful whether he could find the way in the dark. It happened as he feared—he became lost, and he was soon so chilled that he could scarcely keep awake on his horse. Apprised of his danger, he dismounted and ran to and fro till he was warm. After several ineffectual efforts to find the way, he threw the reins on the horse's neck and allowed him to take his own course, thus wisely trusting to the instinct of the animal, and a little before midnight the horse brought him to the house he was seeking. The night was so cold, and the cabin of his friend was so open, that he and his family had not gone to bed, but were sitting by the fire. Never was a cheerful fire and a kind reception more welcome to a belated traveler's feelings. After recounting to them the adventures of the day, he called upon the family to unite with him in returning thanks to the Christian's God.

The expedition against Tipton was a failure. The party was routed, and learned too late that the preacher's advice, which they had repudiated, was wise.[1]

[1] "Sketches of the Life and Travels of Rev. Thomas Ware," pp. 132-150.

CHAPTER V.

The First Conference West of the Alleghanies.

The first Conference west of the Alleghanies was held at Keywood's, in Washington County, Va., May 13-15, 1788. The house in which it was held was the residence of Stephen Keywood, about a half mile north of Keywood's Gap, in Walker's Mountain, midway between Saltville and Glade Spring Depot, being about three and a half miles from either place, and fifteen miles east of Abingdon, Va. The house was an old-time log house, with only one chimney, a massive stone one, at the west end. For a number of years Mr. Solon Buchanan, a well-known and estimable citizen in his day, owned and occupied the Keywood farm. He did not live in the Keywood house, but in one built at a later period; but his father, Mr. Alexander Buchanan, before him lived in the old Keywood residence. Mr. Benjamin K. Buchanan took charge of the property in 1859, and the Keywood house was standing at that time. Sometime before the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Keywood Conference, this building was taken down; but a number of walking canes were made from the rafters and distributed among the preachers and people who were present at the anniversary exercises.

In the history of the first Conference, Keywood's and Huffaker's have been intimately associated, and sometimes confounded. The second Conference certainly known to have been held in the Holston Coun-

try was held at Huffaker's in 1792. It was held in the residence of Michael Huffaker, grandfather of the late Rev. J. N. S. Huffaker, of the Holston Conference, South. Michael Huffaker was an emigrant from Germany. His residence was an old-fashioned log house, with a massive stone chimney, and was a half mile south of where Mahanaim Church was afterwards erected, or three miles southwest of Saltville. The Huffaker place has for many years been known as the Greenfield place, and in 1888 was the property of James L. White, Esq., of Abingdon, Va. At that time this house, which had fared better than its sister, was still standing and in a tolerably good state of preservation. The writer had the honor of occupying a room in it, and of enjoying the hospitality of the occupant, during the three days of the Centennial Anniversary. The locomotive thunders over the soil of the Huffaker farm in its daily trips between Saltville and other points along the Norfolk and Western railway. The Saltville branch passes through Keywood's Gap, and daily awakens the echoes of the same hills that in 1788 resounded with the stirring sermons, buoyant songs, and joyful shouts of Asbury, his coadjutors, and their adherents.

Bishop Asbury, writing in his journal of the Keywood Conference, says: "Came to Halfacre's and Keywood's, where we held Conference three days, and I preached each day. The weather was cold, the room without fire and otherwise uncomfortable. We nevertheless made out to keep our seats until we had finished the essential parts of the business." The Bishop commits the not unusual blunder of spelling Huffaker *Halfacre*. He also calls the seat of the

Conference "Halfacre's and Keywood's." From this circumstance it is to be inferred either that Stephen Keywood and Michael Huffaker were the leading Methodists in the community, or that, at least, their families were connected with the Church and were the principal Methodist families in the neighborhood. A statement made to the writer by Mr. Buchanan, that there was but one chimney to the house, accounts for the fact that the Conference sat without fire. It met in an upper room; and evidently there was no fireplace in it, else in that wooded country this primitive band of Methodist preachers would not have sat shivering while transacting their business. It was a strange coincidence that the men and women who assembled in Mahanaim Church exactly one hundred years after the Keywood Conference—that is to say, May 13-15, 1888—to celebrate its centennial anniversary also sat shivering for three days. The not unusual mistake of prematurely taking down the stove had been made, and the celebraters sat shivering; but, like their prototypes at the other end of the century, they managed to get through "the essential parts of the business."

The lot upon which Mahanaim Church stands was deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church by Michael Huffaker. The first meetinghouse built on it was a log house—spacious for that day—with ample galleries. Galleries in the meetinghouses of that day furnished additional room for great occasions, and on ordinary occasions were set apart for the use of the negroes; for our Virginia forefathers were high-toned in their social ethics, and public sentiment in that State did not allow whites and negroes to min-

gle promiscuously in religious and other assemblies. I am here reminded of an anecdote of Father Catlett. Immediately after the war of the States he went to Reed Island Church, in Wythe County, Va., to preach. As the negroes had been freed, many of them supposed that all social barriers between the two races had been broken down; so when his congregation had assembled, a negro man was seen sitting far forward among the whites, and somewhat to the annoyance of the latter. Father Catlett, arising from his private devotions in the pulpit, looked over it, and saw the negro out of his place. He went down to where he was, and kindly said: "I suppose you are a stranger in these parts?" "No, sir," politely replied the negro; "I live in this neighborhood." "You have never been to meeting here before, I suppose," said the preacher. "Yes, sir," replied the negro; "I have attended here for many years." "Where did you use to sit when you came to meeting here?" inquired Catlett. "I used to sit in the gallery," said the negro. "Then," said Catlett, in a very kind and fatherly tone, "get up and go and sit where you sat before." The negro very cheerfully obeyed, to the relief of the people present.

The writer has often worshiped and preached in the old Mahanaim log meetinghouse, and it is yet well remembered by many preachers and laymen now living. It was taken down and supplanted by the present neat frame building, under the administration of the late Rev. A. J. Frazier, in the year 1884.

In Asbury's journal for Sunday, August 31, 1806, there is the following entry: "I preached at Mahanaim meetinghouse. I once thought that we should

scarcely ever have a tabernacle of our own in these parts. We now have three in a triangle of eight miles." As I was reared in the section where these three tabernacles were located, and have had since 1835 a tolerable acquaintance with that part of the country, I think I can safely attempt to name the three meetinghouses referred to by Bishop Asbury. They were, as I believe, first, Mahanaim, near Saltville; secondly, Rehoboth, near the residence, at that time, of Mr. Lewis Smith (some three miles east of old Glade Spring), whose bright and intelligent wife was a devoted Methodist and a Christian lady of rare piety and zeal, as well as of superior and attractive social qualities, and while she lived regular services were kept up at this place through her influence and largely by her liberality; lastly, Sulphur Spring Church, near what is now Chilhowee Depot, in Smyth County. These were all log houses with galleries. Sulphur Spring log meetinghouse was long the worshiping place of a number of prosperous and intelligent families, characterized by hospitality, liberality, and consistent piety—such as the Beattys, Saunderses, Akers, Tates, Leonards, Rectors, Senters, McPhetridges, Vances, and others like them. Especially was it for some years the worshiping place of that saintly woman whose praise is in all the Churches—Madam Russell.

Mahanaim and Sulphur Spring Churches have given place to neat modern structures. Rehoboth fell into decay, and was abandoned as a place of worship some time before the war between the States. In the same lot with the Sulphur Spring Church a camp ground was built, and camp meetings, largely attend-

ed and abundantly fruitful in spiritual good, were kept up many years.

Far-sighted as was the pioneer Bishop and buoyant as was his faith, he had no adequate conception of the magnitude and far-reaching influence of the work whose foundations he was laying. He was building not only more wisely but more grandly than he knew.

Ramsey, in the "Annals of Tennessee," mentions the opportune arrival of Bishop Asbury in East Tennessee in 1788, at a "moment of impending tumult and civil discord between the Old State men, led by Tipton, and the New State men, led by Sevier." He quotes from Asbury's journal in regard to the Keywood Conference, and adds: "This first Conference west of the mountains, the novelty of such an assemblage in the wilds of Watauga, its mission of benignity and peace, the calm dignity and unpretending simplicity of the venerable Bishop—all conspired to soothe, quiet, and harmonize the excited masses, and to convert partisans and factionists into brothers and friends." This testimony of the historian as to the benign influence of Bishop Asbury and his first Western Conference is interesting and valuable, but it is not a very complimentary comment on the accuracy of the history that it located the Keywood Conference in "the wilds of Watauga." Stevens, in the "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," commits the similar blunder of locating Halfacre's (Huffaker's) in Tennessee.

In the history of the date of the Conference there have been some confusion and contradiction. In the General Minutes for 1787, in answer to Question 21, "Where and when shall the Conferences be held next

year?" for answer three we find, "In Holston, on Tuesday, the 13th of May." Bishop McTyeire, in the "History of Methodism," speaking of Asbury and the Keywood Conference, says: "In due time he came to Keywood's near Saltville, in Southwestern Virginia." *Per contra,* Thomas Ware, in his "Memoir," says: "Our first Conference in Holston was held in 1788. As the road by which Bishop Asbury was to come was infested by hostile savages, so that it could not be traveled except by considerable companies together, he was detained a week after the time appointed to commence it. But we were not idle, and the Lord gave us many souls in the place where we were assembled." This statement, though probably incorrect as to the detention of the Bishop, is entitled to consideration for the reasons that the author of it was present at the Conference, and that he was a man of superior intelligence. But his "Memoir" shows in its make-up that he had not the aid of a regularly kept diary, and that he wrote from memory. McAnally, in the "Life and Times of Rev. Samuel Patton," evidently following Asbury's journal, says:

> In May of this year the Conference was held at Keywood's, in the neighborhood of King's Salt Works, Va. Bishop Asbury reached there from Burke C. H. (Morganton), N. C., passing across those terrible mountains. On his way he stopped at Cox's, one of the oldest Methodists of that country, who lived on one of the forks of the Holston River; thence on to the neighborhood where the Conference was to meet. But as several days would pass ere the Conference began, he turned and visited the brethren in the vicinity of Jonesboro, Tenn.; thence toward Kentucky in Powell's Valley, and then up that valley through Lee and Scott Counties, Va., to the place of holding the Conference. The session commenced on the 13th of May, and continued three days.

As bearing on the question of the date of the Conference, the route by which and the difficulties under which it was reached by the Bishop, I deem it proper to quote at some length from his journal. On the 28th of April, 1788, we find him on John's River, a river that flows through Burke County, N. C., and empties into the Catawba a few miles below Morganton. In his journal of that date he says:

After getting our horses shod, we made a move for Holstein, and entered upon the mountains—the first of which I called Steel, the second Stone, and the third Iron Mountain. They are rough and difficult to climb. We were spoken to on our way by the most awful thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain. We crept for shelter into a little, dirty house, where the filth might have been taken from the floor by a spade. We felt the want of fire, but could get little wood to make it, and what we gathered was wet. At the head of Watauga we fed, and reached Ward's that night. Coming to the river next day, we hired a young man to swim over for the canoe, in which we crossed, while our horses swam to the other shore. The waters being up, we were compelled to travel an old road over the mountains. Night came on I was ready to faint with a violent headache. The mountain was steep on both sides. I prayed to the Lord for help. Presently a profuse sweat broke out on me, and my fever entirely subsided. About nine o'clock we came to Greer's. After taking a little rest here, we set our next meeting for Brother Cox's, on Holstein River. I had trouble enough. Our route lay through the woods, and my pack horse would neither follow nor lead nor drive, so fond was he of stopping to feed on the green herbage. I tried to lead, and he pulled back; I tied his head up to prevent his grazing, and he ran back. The weather was extremely warm; I was much fatigued, and not a little tried. I fed at J. Smith's and prayed with the family. Arriving at the river, I was at a loss what to do; but providentially a man came along who conducted me across. This has been an awful journey to me, and this a tiresome day. I rest one day to revive man and beast.

Friday, May 2.—I rode to Washington, where I met Brother Tunnell on his way to C.'s. We have to put up in houses where we have no opportunity for retirement.

Virginia, Saturday, 3d. We came to Gen. Russell's, a most kind family, indeed and in truth.

Sunday, 4th.—I preached from Phil. xi. 5-9. I found it good to get alone in prayer.

These entries show that the Bishop reached the neighborhood where the Conference was to be held ten days before it was to begin, according to the minutes of the previous year. Exactly where he preached on Sunday, the 4th, we know not, but probably at Gen. Russell's. As he could not be idle, he made a detour into Upper East Tennessee. He was worried with riding a strange horse, having left his own to rest. Tuesday, the 6th, he preached at Easley's, on "Holstein." Afterwards he had a large congregation and a good time at "K.'s." He found the people in disorder in Tennessee about the new State of Franklin. Owing to the civil discord, he had a small audience at Nelson's. At Owens's he met the Kentucky brethren coming to Conference, and preached. Thence he rode to Keywood's.

Unfortunately for the historian, Asbury's journal, though replete with valuable information, was loosely and irregularly kept. We are left to conjecture who C. was and who K. was; and the Christian names and precise localities of Easley's, Nelson's, and Owens's would aid us greatly in identifying the men. In the journal there are no dates between Tuesday, the 6th, and Thursday, the 15th, though a number of events are mentioned as having occurred between these dates. He does not even date the beginning and close of the Conference. How little did he realize the importance

of the work he was doing, and the curiosity and pious concern with which the future historian would note every scratch of his pen! But the journal shows that the Bishop went to Gen. Russell's on Thursday, the 15th, evidently the day the Conference closed. At that time Gen. Russell probably lived at the Salt Works, upon Mrs. Russell's estate, inherited from her former husband, having recently removed from his former residence, Aspenvale, not far from Seven-Mile Ford. The late Col. Thomas L. Preston informed me some years since that Gen. Russell removed to the Salt Works in February, 1788. In 1888 Aspenvale was in the possession of Capt. Charles H. C. Preston, and the residence is about a thousand yards west of Seven-Mile Ford. The first house rotted down, and was supplanted by the building now there. While Gen. Russell lived at the Salt Works he occupied the old house, still standing, on the opposite side of the narrow valley from the residence of Col. George W. Palmer, and near the old Saltville depot. It is still known among the older citizens as the "Madam Russell house."

Before I leave the date of the Conference, let me add a few words in an attempt to reconcile the statement of Mr. Ware with that of Bishop Asbury. We may safely accept the following propositions as either certain or probable:

The Holston preachers reached the seat of Conference by the 6th, or one week before the actual beginning of the Conference. These preachers were John Tunnell, elder; Jeremiah Mastin and Nathanael Moore, from the Holston Circuit; and Thomas Ware and Micajah Tracey, from the Nollichucky Circuit.

THE MADAM RUSSELL HOUSE AT SALTVILLE, VA., BUILT IN 1778.

From the statement of Mr. Ware we learn certainly that Tunnell and Mastin were present. Now it is hardly likely that the Holston preachers would leave their several charges and repair to the seat of Conference a week before what they understood to be the date of the appointment. It is probable, therefore, that they expected the Conference to begin as early as the 6th. Again, it is hardly likely that Bishop Asbury would make hard rides to reach the seat of the Conference several days before its commencement; for his appointments were generally so arranged as to require expedition and economy of time to reach them. But his journal shows that he reached the Keywood neighborhood ten days before the session actually began. The presumption, therefore, is that he expected the Conference to begin earlier than the date published in the minutes of the preceding year—probably as early as the 6th. It is likely that this trip across the mountains was made a little more expeditiously than he expected, and that for this reason he reached Gen. Russell's three days ahead of time. At least he seems to have obeyed the dictates of prudence in giving himself ample time for scaling perilous heights to him hitherto untried. If he had expected the Conference to begin as late as the 13th, he probably would have spent a few days in evangelizing in Tennessee before coming to the Keywood neighborhood. The detour into Tennessee seems to have been an afterthought, and not a part of his original plan. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that he had changed the time of the appointment—not an unusual occurrence with him—and had attempted to notify the Tennessee, Kentucky, and pos-

sibly the Western North Carolina preachers. Whether the Western North Carolina preachers were present, or were expected to be present, we know not. Bishop Asbury probably learned at the Salt Works that the Kentucky preachers had not received notice of the change, and, therefore, determined to postpone the session, and that this change in his plans gave him the opportunity for the aforesaid detour. While the Bishop was making his evangelizing circuit through Jonesboro and Powell's Valley, Tunnell, Ware, Mastin, and others were conducting religious services at Keywood's with excellent results. The Bishop, meeting the Kentucky preachers on their way to Conference, returned with them.

Mr. Ware may have been mistaken as to when the Conference was to begin. He certainly was mistaken as to the matter of the detention of the Bishop, since the Bishop came to the neighborhood of Keywood's not only before the time fixed in the minutes, but before the time fixed in the mind of Mr. Ware.

It has been claimed that the first Conference west of the Alleghanies was held at Uniontown, Pa.; but that Conference began July 22, 1788, more than two months later than the Keywood Conference. So we see that Methodism, in its onward march into the Mississippi Valley and the great West, planted its first standard on Holston soil. Indeed, the Holston Country was the gateway to the Southwest, and through its elevated and charming valleys, as so many funnels, emigration flowed in that direction. Stevens says: "It was in these rugged and sublime heights that the itinerants began their movements westward into Tennessee."

The spirit and economy of Methodism have always constrained it to keep pace with the tides of emigration.

But something should be said in regard to the religious exercises which immediately preceded and those that were connected with the Conference. It appears, as already stated, that some of the preachers were on the ground at least a week before the beginning of the session, and that they held religious services every day. The God of all grace knew with perfect certainty the supreme importance of the occasion—this formal planting of an ecclesiastical tree in whose luxuriant shade millions of souls between the oceans were yet to take refreshment and delight, and doubtless the Holy Spirit gave unusual power to the heads, hearts, and tongues of the speakers. On Sunday, the 11th, there was a crowded audience, and Mr. Tunnell preached an excellent sermon with great effect. The fathers of Methodism relied much on exhortation, and the sermon on this occasion was followed by a number of powerful exhortations. Under this sermon and under these exhortations Mrs. Elisabeth Russell—known in history as Madam Russell, a sister of the illustrious Patrick Henry—was convicted, and her conviction led in a few hours to her conversion. When the service closed, Mrs. Russell came to Thomas Ware, and said: "I thought I was a Christian; but, sir, I am the veriest sinner upon the earth. I want you and Mr. Mastin to come with Mr. Tunnell to our house and pray for us, and tell us what we must do to be saved." Mr. Ware, in his autobiography, says:

So we went, and spent much of the afternoon in prayer, especially for Mrs. Russell. But she did not obtain a deliverance. Being much exhausted, the preachers retired to a pleasant grove near at hand to spend a short time. After we had retired, the General, seeing the agony of soul under which his poor wife was laboring, read to her, by the advice of his pious daughter, Mr. Fletcher's charming address to mourners as contained in his "Appeal." At length we heard the word "Glory!" often repeated, accompanied with clapping of hands. We hastened to the house, and found Mrs. Russell praising the Lord, and the General walking the floor and weeping bitterly, uttering at the same time the plaintive appeal to the Saviour of sinners: "O Lord, thou didst bless my dear wife while thy poor servant was reading to her. Hast thou not also a blessing for me?" At length he sat down quite exhausted. This scene was quite interesting to us. To see the old soldier and statesman, the proud opposer of godliness, trembling and earnestly inquiring what he must do to be saved was an affecting sight. But the work ended not here. The conversion of Mrs. Russell, whose zeal, good sense, and amiable character were proverbial, together with the penitential grief so conspicuous in the General, made a deep impression on the minds of many, and numbers were brought in before the Conference closed. The General rested not till he knew his adoption; and he continued a faithful member of the Church, and an official member after he became eligible to office, constantly adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour until the end of life.

The chief personalties of the Conference, so far as we now know them, were Asbury, Ware, Tunnell, Mastin, Gen. and Mrs. Russell. Of Bishop Asbury, Abel Stevens truthfully and eloquently remarks:

On the 31st of March, 1816, Francis Asbury fell on death at the head of the hosts of Methodists who had been marshaled and led on, chiefly by himself, over all the republic, for nearly half a century. If a distinct portraiture of his character had not been attempted in the outset of his American career, it would now be superfluous; for he has thus far been the most familiar actor in our story, the dominant hero in American

Methodist history. Though not the first, he was the chief founder of the denomination in the New World. The history of Christianity since the apostolic age affords not a more perfect example of ministerial and episcopal devotion than was presented in this great man's life. He preached almost daily for more than half a century. During forty-five years he traveled, with hardly an intermission, the North American Continent from north to south and east to west, directing the advancing Church with the skill and authority of a great captain. Beginning his itinerant ministry in England when but seventeen years of age, he came to America in his twenty-sixth year, was ordained bishop of the Church when thirty-nine years old, when it comprised less than fifteen thousand members and but about eighty preachers, and fell in his seventy-first year, commanding an army of more than two hundred and eleven thousand Methodists and more than seven hundred itinerant preachers. It has been estimated that in his American ministry he preached about sixteen thousand five hundred sermons, or at least one a day, and traveled about two hundred and seventy thousand miles, or six thousand a year; that he presided in no less than two hundred and twenty-four Annual Conferences, and ordained more than four thousand preachers. He was, in fine, one of those men of extraordinary, of anomalous greatness, in estimating whom the historian is compelled to use terms which would be irrelevant, as hyperbole, to most men with whom he has to deal. His discrimination of character was marvelous; his administrative talents would have placed him in civil government or in war by the side of Richelieu or Cæsar, and his success placed him unquestionably at the head of the leading characters of American ecclesiastical history.

No one man has done more for Christianity in the Western Hemisphere. His attitude in the pulpit was solemn and dignified, if not graceful; his voice was sonorous and commanding, and his discourses were often attended with bursts of eloquence which spoke a soul full of God, and like a mountain torrent swept all before it. With Wesley, Whitefield, and Coke, he ranks as one of the four greatest representative men of the Methodistic movement. In American Methodism he

ranks immeasurably above all his contemporaries and successors.[1]

Bishop Asbury was intimately associated with Holston Methodism to the time of his death, and I shall have occasion to refer to him again and again. If the above panegyric refers to Asbury's native intellectual endowments, educational acquirements, or his eloquence considered from an intellectual and literary point of view, it is overwrought; but so far as it is based upon Asbury's common sense, administrative ability, untiring energy, extraordinary prayerfulness, sublime faith, and his pathos and power in preaching, inspired by the Holy Spirit, it is a just tribute.

Mr. Mastin was noticed in the preceding chapter, and a fuller account of Mr. Ware is reserved for future chapters.

John Tunnell, "a name fragrant to the Methodists of that early day," was admitted into the traveling connection in 1777. "He was truly an apostolic man. His heavenly-mindedness seemed to shine in his face, and made him more like an inhabitant of heaven than of earth." "His gifts as a preacher," says Jesse Lee, "were great." Though comparatively forgotten, he takes historical rank among the founders of Methodism in the West. A contemporary of Mr. Tunnell writes:

Next to Asbury, in the estimation of many, stood the placid Tunnell, the philosophic Gill, and the pathetic Pedicord. It would be difficult to determine to which of these primitive missionaries, as men of eminent talents and usefulness, the preference should be given. Tunnell and Gill were both de-

[1] "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Vol. II., pp. 507, 508.

fective in physical strength; Pedicord was a man of much refined sensibility. They were all children of nature, not of art, but especially Tunnell and Pedicord. A sailor was one day passing where Tunnell was preaching. He stopped to listen, and seemed to be much affected, and on meeting with his companions after he left he said: "I have been listening to a man who has been dead and in heaven; but has returned, and is telling the people all about that world." And he declared to them that he had never been so affected by anything he had ever seen or heard before. True it was that Tunnell's appearance very much resembled that of a dead man, and when with his strong musical voice he poured forth a flood of heavenly eloquence, as he frequently did, he appeared indeed as a messenger from the invisible world.[1]

Mr. Tunnell died of pulmonary consumption near Sweet Springs, Va., in July, 1790. The minutes pronounce him "a man of solid piety and godly sincerity, well known and much esteemed by preachers and people." Stevens says: "Tunnell was one of the most eloquent preachers of his age." A relative of his, writing to me from Kansas, informs me that the place where he was buried has been discovered. His grave is without a monument. He scarcely needs a monument of brass or granite or marble; for his truest monument is the holy, spiritual structure of the Methodist Church in America, which he aided in rearing; yet it would be a pious and grateful movement that would place a neat slab over the sacred spot where his dust sleeps.

The conversion to Methodist Christianity of Gen. and Mrs. Russell was perhaps the principal feature of the Conference. It gave an impulse upward to a holy cause that had hitherto operated mainly among the

[1] "Life of Thomas Ware," p. 85.

poor and illiterate, and but few events have occurred in American Methodist history more interesting and more important. Elisabeth Henry was born in Hanover County, Va., July 10, 1749; and was married to Col. William Campbell, of King's Mountain celebrity, April 21, 1776. She became a widow August 22, 1781. She married Gen. William Russell in 1783. In 1788 Gen. Russell removed from Aspenvale to the "Salt Lick," as it was then called, in Smyth County, Va., afterwards known as "Preston's Salt Works," that he might give his personal attention to the manufacture of salt. Gen. Russell died January 14, 1793, and Mrs. Russell was again in the weeds of widowhood.

In 1812 Mrs. Russell removed to a comfortable and spacious log house near the residence afterwards owned and occupied by Col. Robert Beatty, and still later by his son, Claiborne Beatty, and known as Town House, because Abingdon could be seen from the balcony. Mrs. Russell's house was a short distance up the creek from Town House on the western side of the creek. Town House stands only a few hundred yards from Chilhowee Depot, on the Norfolk and Western railway, Smyth County, Va. Not a vestige of Mrs. Russell's residence remains, and even the beautiful trees that shaded the yard have been destroyed. There she had her "prophet's chamber," where ministers of the gospel of all denominations were always made welcome and comfortable; and in her sitting room, which was large, she always kept a movable pulpit, which visiting ministers were invited to use when congregations could be collected even on short notice. Preachers were never allowed to leave her house without prayer; and it was her rule to have all her friends who

visited her to pray with her before they left, or to kneel with her while she commended them to God in earnest supplication. The itinerants who visited her seldom went away empty-handed. A neat suit of clothes, a fresh horse, or money for necessary expenses were bestowed with a tact that never offended the most delicate sensibilities.

When James Madison was a candidate for the presidency of the United States, he made a visit to Gen. Francis Preston, son-in-law of Mrs. Russell, at the Salt Works. Mr. Madison was connected with the family by marriage, and was not so engrossed with his political aspirations as to be unmindful of the social claims growing out of these relations. He also called upon Mrs. Russell at her home. She gave him a hearty welcome, and as soon as he was fairly in the house she placed her hands on his shoulders, gently pressed him to his knees, and prayed for him as the prospective head of the nation. Speaking of this occasion afterwards, Mr. Madison is reported as saying: "I have heard all the first orators of America, but I never heard any eloquence as great as that prayer of Mrs. Russell."

A number of anecdotes illustrative of the character and peculiarities of this remarkable woman might be given, but let us be content with one more. It is given in the language of Dr. McAnally:

> On one occasion Judge Roane, in passing, paid her a short visit. She received him and entertained him with all that true dignity and urbanity for which she was so justly celebrated, but on his rising to take his leave she blandly remarked: "Judge, it has been long since we met, and we may not meet again. We have been preserved and blessed. It is right that we acknowledge our Heavenly Father and his providence. Will you please

pray with us before leaving?" The judge, who was a worthy member of the Episcopal Church, immediately clapped his hands on his pocket, and, finding it empty, replied: "Indeed, Madam Russell, I would do so with great pleasure, but I have forgotten my prayer book." "Well, then, Judge," said she, "if you will join me, I will try to pray without a prayer book." The Judge was too polite to refuse, if he had been otherwise disposed; so they both knelt, and solemn, fervent prayer was offered.[1]

MADAM RUSSELL.

Madam Russell is probably more eminent in the Methodist pioneer history of America than any other woman. I would not exchange her good name for that of her illustrious brother, of Virginia, or her illustrious grandson, Hon. William C. Preston, of South Carolina. Her good report grows as the years go by. The wonderful spiritual achievements of that form of Christianity which she, though wealthy, cultured, and honorably connected, espoused in its pov-

[1] McAnally's "Life and Times of William Patton," pp. 64, 65

erty and weakness, have excited inquiry and investigation into the facts connected with its rise and progress. Such inquiry and investigation are bringing names to the front that hitherto have been measurably forgotten; and the abrasion of research is rubbing the rust from the memory of one of the brightest and loveliest characters in Methodist history. Madam Russell was the Countess of Huntingdon of American Methodism, barring the fact that she was thoroughly Arminian in her views. A halo of glory emanating from the grace of God in her, not yet departed but rather increasing, rests upon the charming vales and beautiful hills of Southwestern Virginia. Where her character, habits, manners, deeds, and white-heat devotion to Christ are known, she is regarded with a reverence closely akin to adoration. May her sweet image ever rest upon our hearts, and may coming generations in this hill country glorify the grace of God that so conspicuously shone in her holy life and peaceful death!

After an exemplary life of seventy-six years, she fell asleep in Jesus on March 18, 1825, and was buried, by her own request, at Aspenvale. A few weeks subsequent to her death her funeral sermon was preached to a large concourse of people assembled at the grove where she was buried. The sermon was from Mark xiv. 9: "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." The sermon was preached by Rev. Isaac Lewis, one of the preachers at that time on the Abingdon Circuit, which embraced the section of country where Mrs. Russell spent her last years and died.

CHAPTER VI.

From 1788 to 1792.

In the year 1785 a class was organized in Sullivan County, Tenn., near where Blountville now stands; and the following year a house was built, probably the first Methodist church built in the State. It was called Acuff's Chapel. A part of the old wall was still standing in recent years. Asbury often preached in that church. The Society was composed chiefly of emigrants from Virginia, among whom were the Acuffs, Hamiltons, Vincents, and Crafts.

A Society was organized at Nelson's at an early day; and Nelson's Chapel was the third of which we have any account in the Holston Country, and the second in Tennessee. It was situated in the vicinity of the present site of Johnson City, Washington County, Tenn.

One of the first Societies in East Tennessee was organized in the residence of Benjamin Vanpelt, in Greene County, and a chapel named Vanpelt's Chapel was built before the year 1792. This was the fourth Methodist meetinghouse in the Holston Country, and the third in Tennessee, of which we have any account. Possibly it would fall lower on the list if we had the dates of erection of all the early meetinghouses in Southwestern Virginia. How long before the erection of Vanpelt's Chapel the Society existed at that place, we know not; but certainly not long. At an early date there was a camp ground at Car-

ter's Station, in the western part of Greene County, and possibly a Society and chapel.

In 1792 a Society was organized on the south bank of the Nollichucky, a few miles east of Greeneville. This Society consisted at that time largely of the families of Henry and Felix Earnest. Soon after the organization of the Society a meetinghouse was built and christened Ebenezer. The Society having been organized between July and September, 1792, it is possible that the meetinghouse was built that fall. The Society, as Mr. Burke states, was large, and it is hardly likely that it could be accommodated in a private residence. It is safe to say that the meetinghouse was erected either in 1792 or 1793.

County Line meetinghouse was on the north side of the Holston River, on the line between Hawkins and Jefferson (now Grainger) Counties. About the year 1792 a company of emigrants from Virginia settled here, and between 1792 and 1795 organized a Society. Among the original members were Martin Stubblefield and wife, Sallie; Richard Thompson and wife, Mary; White Moore and wife; and John McAnally and wife. These men were all able exhorters. Mr. Moore afterwards became an able and useful local preacher. From these men descended a number of preachers. Their wives also, "elect ladies" as they were, labored in the cause of the gospel. Prayer and class meetings were kept up regularly from house to house. Sometimes it happened that the men were absent holding meetings in other neighborhoods. In that event, Mrs. Sallie Stubblefield would lead the meeting, and would often deliver an exhortation. She was able in prayer and ex-

hortation. These families have been represented in the ministry to the present day.

Beth-car, one of the earliest chapels, was on the northern bank of the Nollichucky, about nine miles from where Morristown is now situated. The Hon. William Garrett, in "Recollections of Methodism in East Tennessee," published in McFerrin's "Methodism in Tennessee," names this church "Moore's Chapel;" but the name Beth-car, so far as I can learn, has always been attached to this church.[1] The Society at this place comprised a large and respectable membership: Col. Baldwin Harle, with his wife and several children; Jesse Moore, who lived near the church, and his family; Herndon Lee and his family; George, Isaac, and Robert Rogers, and their families, besides many others. John W. Harle, a son of Baldwin Harle, inherited and lived upon his father's farm. He married Miss Penelope Hamilton, half-sister to John, Hugh, and Samuel Inmann, men that have become renowned in the commercial world. He and his wife, both devoted Methodists, reared a Christian family, who are among the best citizens of the country. Mr. Baldwin Harle, grandson of the elder Baldwin Harle, an active Methodist, now owns and lives on the ancestral estate. The elder Baldwin Harle, one of the pioneers of East Tennessee, was modest and unpretentious, but as a citizen and Methodist he was a man of extensive influence. Just before he died, with his family and friends around him, he had the family Bible brought; and, laying his hand upon it, he testified to the truth of its doctrines, and

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., p. 448.

said that, as it had long been the foundation of his faith, so it was now, in its doctrines and assurances, his hope—his only, his sure hope.[1]

One of the first Societies organized in the Holston Country was at Pine Chapel, in Jefferson County, Tenn., on the south bank of the French Broad River, west of the mouth of the Big Pigeon, then in the Indian Nation. Emigrants from North Carolina and Virginia settled there about the year 1786, and the Society was organized about a year afterwards. It was composed of John Winton and wife, Arabella; Amos Lewis and wife, Mary; George Lewis and wife, Rachel; Arabella Cunningham and daughter, Charlotte. John Winton was a local preacher, and was very influential in establishing Methodism in central East Tennessee. He reared a large family, all of whom were members of the Methodist Church, and some of them became preachers. Arabella Cunningham was the widow of James Cunningham, who, before he emigrated from Ireland, was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. She was a lady of superior gifts, and she acted as class leader in the Society. Charlotte, her daughter, had for her day considerable advantages, and she was deeply pious. In 1791 she was married to George Turnley, a man of ability and promise in the settlement, but not a member of the Church. Discipline in that day was sometimes rigorously administered, and Charlotte was arraigned and put on her trial before the Church for marrying a man out of Society. When the day of

[1] Hon. William Garrett, in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. II., p. 522.

trial arrived, she was there, accompanied by her husband. After the case had been called and considered for some time, Mr. Turnley proposed that, if it would relieve the case and they would receive him, he would unite with the Church. This was agreed to, and he became a faithful member.

Such disciplinary rigor sounds strange to us of the present day; and, really, I thank God that, while we are too loose in many respects, Church discipline has relaxed some of its unnecessary rigor, and that in its administration there is more generosity, liberality, and humanity. The growth of humanity, indeed, is one of the best fruits of the gospel. It is a matter of rejoicing that the day has passed when in the State men are hanged for larceny or burned at the stake on a charge of witchcraft, and when in the Church men are excluded from love feast for wearing a cravat or for a buckle on the hat, and women for a ribbon or a flower. From Pine Chapel went the Wintons and the Cunninghams, who subsequently held prominent places in the Church. Rev. Wiley B. Winton, long known as one of the most useful preachers, was of the Pine Chapel Winton stock. Jesse Cunningham was of the Cunningham family at Pine Chapel, and William G. E. Cunnyngham, long a missionary in China and editor of Sunday school periodicals, was his son.[1]

Pine Chapel was situated upon the road leading form Newport to Dandridge. George Turnley, who was mentioned above, long headed the Pine Chapel

[1] Jesse Cunningham spelled his name with an *i*, while his son spelled his with a *y*.

Society with his family, worthy representatives of Methodism. His house was the home of preachers for many years. His son, William H. Turnley, became a Methodist preacher, and went to the Southwest. Several of his sons became members of the Church. His daughter, Elisabeth, known in those days as "Betsy," was noted for her devotion to all the interests of the Church, especially the entertainment of quarterly and camp meetings. She was held in high esteem. Here too were the Sickliters, Gigers, Gregorys, Dentons, Cowans, McAndrewses, and others. Pine Chapel was for many years an outpost of Methodism, and from this point went out an influence which resulted in the establishment of many Societies farther south and west.

A Society was organized at Zion about the year 1812, and some two years afterwards a chapel was erected. This Society will be noticed when we come to the year 1814.[1]

Harrison's Meetinghouse, as it was called, was another important point in the old Greene Circuit. It was on the south side of the Nollichucky, ten miles west of Ebenezer. This was a large, influential Society. Here lived Stephen Brooks, George Wells, the Harrisons, Balls, and many others. Brooks will be noticed in a future chapter. George Wells was his faithful companion in labor. He was a brother of Joshua Wells, who was for a long time connected with the Baltimore Conference. In size he was below the ordinary. His face was small but well formed, with a keen, restless eye, beaming with intelligence. When

[1] W. Garrett, in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. II., p. 488.

old he wore his auburn-gray hair long and parted in the middle, and it hung upon his shoulders. His style of preaching was practical, with some eccentricities, but withal fervent and forcible. He was held in high esteem, and in advanced life he was venerated for his age and sterling virtues. At one of the camp meetings at Clear Creek, Cocke County, James Axley presided, as it was a quarterly meeting occasion. The meeting began on Thursday, and on that evening the presiding elder announced an absolute fast for next day. There was to be no cooking, no eating. Late in the morning George Wells came to a camp and asked for something to eat. He was informed that Axley had prohibited cooking and eating that day; that it was fast day. Wells said that he did not care if it was fast day. Said he: "I fasted at home, and came here not to fast, but to eat and labor for good. Give me something to eat." He got what he asked for. He was a man of much prayer, and he approached the mercy seat with humble boldness; but, afflicted with asthma as he was, he could not labor with penitents at the altar, and when the altar was crowded with penitents he would retire to the grove and, prostrating himself upon the ground, wrestle with God in prayer for the conversion of souls and an increased influence of the Holy Spirit upon the people of God.[1]

A Society known as O'Haver's was organized at an early day. The church house there was the first Methodist chapel built in Cocke County. It stood

[1] W. Garrett, in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. II., pp. 486, 487.

beside the road leading from Newport to Greeneville, about nine miles from the former place, and it was built of hewn logs. It was near the residence of Mr. O'Haver, and was probably built on his land. Granade, who traveled Greene Circuit in 1801-02, preached there. Here the O'Havers, Easterlys, Harneds, Swaggertys, Reeves, and many others had membership. Mr. O'Haver was worthy of the name which the church bore. Jacob Easterly was a truly patriarchal man in his character and deportment. He gave two sons to the ministry. His son Isaac Easterly joined the Tennessee Conference in 1823, traveled a few years, married a Miss Mitchell in Sequatchee Valley, and located there. Another son, Christopher (or Christian) Easterly, joined the Holston Conference in 1825. Samuel Harned was an intelligent, well-read man from New Jersey. He accompanied Bishop Asbury in one of his journeys through the wilderness. Mr. Harned used to relate that while they were passing through the Indian country a false alarm was given, which created some excitement. When it was over, one of the preachers asked the Bishop if he did not feel for his faith when he thought the Indians were upon him. The Bishop replied: "I felt for my gun." The Bishop was no Antinomian; he held to the theory that faith without works is dead. He was like Cromwell, who was accustomed to exhort his soldiers before battle to trust in God and keep their powder dry; or like a pious sexton, who was employed to clean and renovate an old Scotch kirk. Upon being asked how long it would take him to finish the job, he replied: "By the help of *Gaud* and another woman, I trust I can finish it in two weeks." His trust in God did

not lead him to dispense with human means. An Irish priest was accustomed to pass through the fields of his parishioners in the spring and pronounce his fructiferous benedictions upon the germinating crops. Coming, however, to a field unusually sterile, he hesitated, and with a look of despair he remarked: "Blessing won't do this field any good; it will have to have a few loads of manure." Cromwell, the sexton, and the Catholic priest recognized the importance of human coöperation with divine agency, and so did Asbury.

At the Keywood Conference, in 1788, the appointments for the coming year were as follows:

EDWARD MORRIS, *Presiding Elder.*
Holston, Jeremiah Mastin, Joseph Doddridge.
French Broad, Daniel Asbury.
New River, Thomas Ware, Jesse Richardson.

Greenbrier was also included in the charge of Elder Morris.

The next Conference for the Holston preachers was held at McKnight's Church, in North Carolina, beginning Saturday, April 11, 1789. On his way to that Conference Bishop Asbury passed through New River Circuit, and took Mr. Ware with him. The North Carolina and Holston works seem to have been closely connected from the beginning. Methodism spread to the Holston Country from North Carolina, as well as from Eastern and Central Virginia. Hence two Conferences held in North Carolina were intended, in part, for the Holston preachers. Mr. Ware, in his autobiography, briefly describes the crossing of the Blue Ridge as follows:

In the spring of 1789 Bishop Asbury visited my circuit, and took me with him to North Carolina. From New River to the Flower Gap, a distance not exactly remembered, we gradually

ascended till we reached the summit of the Blue Ridge, on the border of North Carolina. When we arrived here, I was enchanted, and should have spent hours in surveying the scene below had I been alone; but it was all familiar to Bishop Asbury, who immediately dismounted and began to descend the mountain. I, of course, must follow him, which I did with a sublimity of feeling which I cannot describe. From this lofty eminence you see the world spread out below you, extended in one continued grove, excepting here and there a spot, until vision is lost in the blue expanse which limits its powers.[1]

McKnight's was in Yadkin (now Forsythe) County, about seven miles west of Winston-Salem. The building in which the Conference was held was in good repair in 1896, so I have learned from a letter of Rev. O. W. F. Doub of that date. At this Conference (1789) the report of numbers in Society was:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	411	9
New River	299	6
Total	710	15

Grand total, 725, a falling off of 18.

There was no report of numbers in Society from French Broad, and this fact may account for the falling off. Why no report was made from the French Broad Circuit, we know not. It is certain that Indian troubles were at that time on the increase in the French Broad country, and for this reason Asbury's circuit may have been practically disrupted. The circuit no more appears in the minutes till 1802. At this Conference the term *presiding elder* for the first time took the place of *elder* as the designation of the superintendent of a district. The appointments for the coming year were:

[1] "Life and Travels of Rev. Thomas Ware," p. 160.

JOHN TUNNELL, *Presiding Elder.*
Holston, John Baldwin, Mark Whitaker.
New River, Jeremiah Abel, Joseph Doddridge.

Greenbrier was still in the district.

In the list of appointments for 1790 there was a Conference appointed to be held in Holston on May 17; but if Asbury's journal is to be taken as authority, he did not attend the Conference at the time specified. But McAnally says that the Bishop "met the preachers in Conference sometime during the spring or early summer of the year." In a letter of the late Rev. George W. Miles to Dr. McFerrin, published in the first volume of "Methodism in Tennessee," he states that at one time a Conference was held at Edward Cox's, near what is now Bluff City, Sullivan County, Tenn. Mr. Miles learned this from the descendants of Mr. Cox. Also I have received letters from some of these descendants, who assert the same fact. The seats of all the Conferences held in or for Holston between 1788 and 1799, inclusive, are matter of record, except those of 1790, 1794, 1797, and 1798. No Conference was held in 1799. Asbury was certainly not present in 1794 and 1798. Hence if in these years Bishop Asbury held a Conference at Cox's, it must have been in 1790 or 1797. He made a protracted visit to the Holston Country in 1790. He spent two days at Nelson's, near Jonesboro, Tenn., in April of this year, but his journal says nothing about a Conference at this time. However, he remarks: "I found the poor preachers indifferently clad, with emaciated bodies, and subject to hard fare." This memorandum does not positively assert that a Conference was held, and does not locate it if held,

but it raises a strong presumption that the Bishop met the Holston preachers in Conference somewhere that season. As this remark was made in connection with the statement of his visit to Nelson's, it is natural to presume that the Conference was held there, although it may have been held at Cox's. Asbury may have held a Conference at Cox's in 1797. Conferences were very probably held in Holston in 1794 and 1798 in his absence. One of these Conferences may have been held at Cox's, and the recollection of the family as to the presence of the Bishop may have been a mistake. I can scarcely doubt that a Conference was held there. It would be natural for members of the family, after the lapse of years, to recollect the president of the Conference as the Bishop.

The Bishop (1790) entered the country from Burke County, N. C.; visited the settlements on the Watauga and Holston Rivers, going down on the latter as far as what he calls "the last house," and intending to visit Kentucky; but, being unwell and failing to meet the expected guides, he changed his purpose, and, turning eastwardly, he visited the settlements at different points, even as far as twenty or thirty miles east of Abingdon. Thence he proceeded through Moccasin Gap to the settlements on Clinch River, and later to those in Powell's Valley. On reaching Cumberland Gap he met with guides and an escort, and passed over the mountains to Kentucky, where Methodism was beginning to take deep root. After spending some time in Kentucky, he repassed the wilderness, and made his way through Southwestern Virginia and across the Blue Ridge into North Carolina. In all this travel he was visiting the differ-

ent settlements, preaching, holding prayer and class meetings, frequently stopping by the way to talk and pray with families. We can account for this wonderful activity only upon the hypothesis that the Bishop heartily believed the gospel which he preached; that he was not seeking wealth or ease or fame, but that he profoundly realized that he was engaged in the work of saving souls from sin and its consequences and glorifying God. His preachers were like him, and his contact and communion with them only inspired them for greater deeds of daring and greater patience under want, opposition, and hardship. He was sowing the seeds of future Societies, and paving the way for the future heralds of the cross, who were yet to constitute an army of invasion and later an army of occupation for this entire highland section. His particular object in visiting the Clinch country at this time was to see if a circuit could be formed there, and it was done.

In this trip the Bishop visited Easley's, a favorite stopping place of his. He had visited Mr. Easley once before, during his first trip to the Holston Country, in May, 1788. His journal for that year says: "Tuesday, 6. I had many to hear at Easley's."

Stephen Easley, a gentleman of English blood, came from Halifax County, Va., and in the year 1782 entered thirteen hundred and twenty acres of land lying on the waters of Horse Creek and Holston River, in Sullivan County, Tenn., but did not move his family there until the close of the war. About the year 1750 he had married Mrs. Burton, a widow, whose maiden name was Mary Anna David.

The home of Stephen Easley was called by Bishop

Asbury "Easley's on Holston." The children were Sarah, Robert, Thomas, Daniel, Stephen, and Peter. Peter was born in his mother's fiftieth year; yet she lived to see his grandchildren. She died about 1815 or 1817, having been born in 1715.

Peter Easley was the father of Vincent Easley, the father of Adaline Patton Easley, who became the wife of William Robeson, now one of the oldest preachers in the Holston Conference.

It seems, though there is no record, that the land was granted to Stephen Easley for services in the Continental Army. Upon this land he built a spacious and comfortable home on the bank, or rather bluff, of Horse Creek, in Sullivan County, Tenn., surrounded by wide fields rolling away in all directions, and approached by a drive bounded by silver maples, which facts made the house conspicuous for a long distance around. This is the house mentioned by Bishop Asbury.

The wife of Vincent Easley was Nancy Wilkerson Hamilton, daughter of Joshua Hamilton, who was a soldier in the Revolution. The wife of Joshua Hamilton was Elizabeth Acuff, daughter of Timothy Acuff and wife, Anna Leigh Acuff. Timothy Acuff was born in the colony of Virginia in the year 1735. In 1773 he entered land in Sullivan County, Tenn., and sent servants with stock and tools to plant crops and prepare for the coming of the family, who arrived in the fall. This land adjoins the present home of Rev. William Robeson. Timothy Acuff gave the land from his farm on which was built the first Methodist church in Tennessee. Bishop Asbury and many other pioneer ministers shared his hospitality and preached at

Acuff's. Timothy and his wife lie buried in the old graveyard at the site of the Acuff church, only a few rods from his home. Timothy seems to have been a Revolutionary soldier, having been granted land in Middle Tennessee (then North Carolina) in 1785 by military warrant. He was born in 1735, and died in 1823. He was the father of Francis Acuff, of precious memory, who will be noticed in this work.

From the above it will be seen that Mrs. William Robeson, wife of our venerable brother of the Holston Conference, is a great-granddaughter of both Stephen Easley and Timothy Acuff; and our distinguished layman of Johnson City, E. C. Reeves, Esq., married a great-great-granddaughter of both these ancient worthies—namely, Mrs. Alice Robeson Reeves.

From a letter of Rev. William Robeson I take the following additional items: Robert and Peter Easley settled on the Horse Creek lands, and reared large Methodist families. Stephen Easley's other children, Sarah, Thomas, Daniel, and Stephen, Jr., settled in Grainger County, a few miles north of Bean's Station. I have often passed the residence of one of the Easleys on Clinch River, in my journeys between Bean's Station and Tazewell.

In the early settlement of the country Edward Cox, Joshua Hamilton, Micajah Adams, Timothy Acuff, George Vincent, Esq., Rev. Charles Hilton, a local preacher, and many others in Sullivan County kept open doors for the entertainment of pioneer Methodist preachers. They were class leaders, stewards, and exhorters, and they kept the revival fires aflame in the absence of their preachers. Among the worthies of that day was Miss Mary Bacon, who subse-

quently married Jonathan Wexler, and became the mother of two sons, Daniel and Edwin Wexler. The latter became a member of the Holston Conference in 1850, and soon became one of her most promising and honored sons, but died during the Civil War. Mrs. Mary Wexler was gifted and pious, was appointed class leader, was a burning and shining light, and exerted a great influence for good; but, alas! she died comparatively young. If in that day a preacher failed to reach his appointment at Acuff's, one of the brethren would read one of Wesley's sermons and hold a class meeting. Timothy Acuff and Micajah Adams each gave a son to the ministry—namely, Francis Acuff and David Adams. The former died young. The latter lived to a good old age, reared an excellent family, and died at Strawberry Plains, Tenn. Stephen Easley, Edward Cox, Joshua Hamilton, Timothy Acuff, and Micajah Adams were all soldiers in the Revolutionary War. The Easleys were of English and French-Huguenot blood. The Acuffs, Coxes, Hamiltons, Adamses, Hiltons, Vincents, and Easleys intermarried, and their families were pronounced Methodists. Their houses were preaching places, and they were the main supporters of quarterly and camp meetings in their section. When an itinerant preacher entered their homes, they very soon inquired whether he had any washing or patching to do, socks to darn, or whether he needed anything in the clothing line. Many of those pioneer laymen, laywomen, and local preachers lived to be very old and to see the Church of their choice fully established on a firm and solid basis after it had passed through storms of persecution. Father Acuff's last words

were: "Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace," etc. Rev. David Adams, of the Holston Conference, preached his funeral sermon in the shade of a wide-spreading white oak that stood in the churchyard. Acuff had given one acre and contributed liberally to the cost of building the church, and it therefore took his name. It was the first Methodist church in Tennessee, and had a complete gallery.

The Holston Country reported to the Conference of 1790 numbers in Society as follows:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	450	14
New River	308	15
Total	758	29

Grand total, 787, an increase of 62.

The state of the country was unfavorable to great progress, and the powers of darkness were making vigorous resistance. The gospel as preached by Methodist preachers at that time not only had to contend with the greed of gain and the love of sin, but with the honest and conscientious opposition of Calvinistic Presbyterians and Baptists, who made an early start in this country. They made a show of fight at an early day, and the Methodists did not hesitate to accept the gage of battle. The introduction of Arminian preaching, which was not always on the defensive, into communities where the Christian people were thoroughly indoctrinated and imbued with Calvinistic sentiments was like the chemical combination of an acid and an alkali—it produced an effervescence. The war between Arminianism and Calvinism was inevitable. It came, it has continued to

the present day, and it will never be settled till it is settled right.

Methodism was from the beginning a providential institution; and its provisions were not preëlaborated in any brain, but came into being as necessity demanded. The presiding eldership became at first a necessity, because many of the preachers in charge had not been ordained, and it was an arrangement by which the ordinances might be furnished to all the pastoral charges; but in the course of time elders multiplied so that many of the preachers in charge of circuits and stations were elders, and the elders of districts were named presiding elders to distinguish them from the elders of circuits and stations. This change was made in 1789, but it seems to have been looked upon as an innovation and as an effort to create an office by executive action without the sanction of legislation. Hence at this Conference (1790) the former title was resumed and continued for seven years. This jealousy of anything like arbitrary action was a healthy sign; for two things are always, in their tendency, subversive of good government: resistance to rightful authority and wrongful usurpation of authority.

The appointments for the ensuing year (1790-91) were:

CHARLES HARDY, *Elder.*

New River, Daniel Shines.
Russell, David Lockett, John Pace.
Holston, Julius Conner.
Greene, John McGee, John West.

Some recollections contributed by Rev. Jesse Cunningham to the *Methodist Episcopalian* in 1850 in

relation to the Winton family and the Pine Chapel Society are so graphic—indeed, so poetic and life-like, and so imbued with the primitive Methodist spirit—that they would deserve to be copied bodily into this narrative but for lack of space. The Pine Chapel community was south of the French Broad River and west of the Big Pigeon, in Jefferson County, Tenn. Arabella Cunningham was happily converted under the Methodist ministry in Shenandoah Valley, Va., between the years 1770 and 1780; and she joined the Methodist Societies, greatly to the disgust of her mother, brother, and neighbors, who were Calvinistic in sentiment, and withal lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. The Methodists were at that time a sect everywhere spoken against, and were regarded in Arabella's community as fanatics and hypocrites; but her heart was fixed, and, amid opposition and ridicule, she was unmoved. John Winton sought her hand; and, though he was a nonprofessor, she believed that he would be a friend and protector, and she gave him her heart and her hand. Afterwards (about the year 1785) the couple, accompanied by several families, emigrated to Tennessee, and located in the above-named settlement. How lonely was this Arabella Winton in a wilderness of bears, panthers, and wolves, hostile Indians more savage than the beasts of the forest, with neighbors dead to religion and given to revelry, and, what was worse than all, with a husband who could not sympathize with her in her love and zeal for the Lord Jesus! But she was not wholly alone. God the Father and God the Son had made their abode with her. There was within a sweetness and a calmness the world knows

not of. The meekness of that face subdued opposition, her gentle words and kind deeds inspired confidence in her piety, and it was not many years till a Society had been formed and regular Methodist preaching established in the settlement. This happy change was brought about partly by accessions by emigration to the infant settlement, and largely through the influence of Mrs. Winton. The intelligent and pious conversation of this good woman made a deep impression upon Jesse Cunningham when he was a mere boy. His heart burned within him, and he often said within himself that when he grew up he desired to enjoy the religion which Mrs. Winton enjoyed, and he did. During the years 1790-91 John McGee and John West traveled the Greene Circuit, which at that time embraced the Winton settlement. McGee was long remembered at Pine Chapel as the chief instrument in arousing the careless and stirring up to increased diligence the faithful there. The little band of believers had held together and persevered in their work of faith and labor of love. McGee found them without a visible shepherd, organized them into a class, and appointed Amos Lewis leader, an office which he filled with honor and usefulness for many years. The prospect brightened. McGee was popular, and the anti-Arminian sons and daughters of this wild settlement would go to hear the "babbler." They looked serious and behaved orderly. The audiences increased in numbers from time to time. Tears occasionally trickled down the cheeks of the listeners, showing that the word was taking effect, and occasionally a shout of holy triumph was heard in the congregation. On such occasions some

would retire, muttering: "Disorder, disorder!" Others would remain as if chained to their seats. The result was that a blessed revival of religion began and spread among the people. In those days penitents were not invited to come forward. When persons were found under religious concern, the preachers and leading members would go to them where they sat and instruct them and pray for them. There was no long and loud singing, and very little noise; but earnest prayers, flowing tears, and groans indicated the depth of the work in the hearts of the seekers of salvation and in the hearts of those who labored with them.

Mrs. Arabella Winton was in this revival rewarded for her labor of love and patience of hope in the conversion of her mother, husband, other relatives, and her neighbors.

The Conference met again at McKnight's in 1791. The numbers in Society returned at this Conference for the Holston work were:

	Whites.	Colored.
West New River	320	16
Russell	79	5
Holston	140	6
Greene	340	3
Total	879	30

Grand total, 909, an increase of 122.

The appointments for the coming year were:

MARK WHITAKER, *Elder.*

New River, Charles Hardy, John West.
Russell, John Ball.
Holston, J. Sewell.

Greene Circuit was omitted from the minutes, the

entire work being assigned to three instead of four circuits. Bertie, Greenesville, Camden, and Portsmouth Circuits were added to the district. Bertie was in extreme Eastern North Carolina, while the other added circuits were in extreme Eastern Virginia.[1] This scattered and incongruous district seems to have been only a temporary arrangement.

Early in 1792 Bishop Asbury again visited the Holston Country. He crossed the mountains from North Carolina, passed by the Salt Works and Hawkins Courthouse to Cumberland Gap, and thence to Kentucky. This was about the first of April. Early in May he returned, and soon afterwards held another Conference in the Keywood neighborhood, but this time at the house of Michael Huffaker. I find the following entry in Asbury's journal: "Friday, May 12, rode to Halfacre's, about forty miles, and came in about eleven o'clock. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, 13th, 14th, 15th, we were engaged in the business of Conference at Holstein. I had a meeting with the men, a lively one with the women, most of whose hearts the Lord touched. Tuesday, 16, we came to Russell's old place at Seven-Mile Ford, and next day set out for Greenbrier."

According to the minutes, this Conference was appointed for May 15, but was actually begun on the 13th, which was the precise day of the month on which the Keywood Conference began four years before. At this Conference numbers reported in Society were:

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[1] McAnally commits the mistake of locating all the added circuits in Carolina.

	Whites.	Colored.
New River	278	17
Holston	214	13
Greene	266	8
Russell	115	2
Total	873	40

Grand total, 913, a decrease of 6 whites, an increase of 10 colored, and a net increase of 4.

This decrease among the whites was probably owing to Indian troubles and the consequent unsettled state of the country.

The appointments for the coming year were:

BARNABAS MCHENRY, *Elder.*

Holston, Salathiel Weeks, James Ward.
Greene, Stephen Brooks, William Barker.
New River, David Haggard, Daniel Lockett.
Russell, Jeremiah Norman.

The mention in a former chapter of Frank, or Francis, Munsey suggests a scrap of history relative to Rev. Nathanael Munsey. A letter from the late Rev. Francis A. Farley, published in the *Holston Methodist* in April, 1872, says of him:

The subject of this sketch was a native of that part of Montgomery County, Va., which is now Giles County. He was the son of Francis Munsey, whose house was the preacher's home, also one of the first preaching places in that country. Bishop Asbury preached there several times. Nathanael Munsey was employed by him at about the age of twenty, for one year, to travel with another preacher in the great bounds extending from New River to Cumberland Gap. This was about the year 1790. During this year he preached the first sermon in Elk Garden that was ever delivered in that community by a Methodist preacher. He traveled regularly in the Holston Country up to 1797. His name appears in the General Minutes for only two years (1795-96, 1796-97). In these years his name is connected with the Greene Circuit. The Western

Conference was so large, embracing a part of Indiana, that in prosecuting his ministerial calling his lot was cast in that young and growing State for several years. On his return to Virginia he was united in marriage with Mrs. Hannah Anderson, a widow lady of Elk Garden, Russell County, Va. After his second marriage he spent his time on his farm pleasantly and quietly, preaching in his neighborhood and adjoining ones on Sabbath days, thereby promoting the interests of Methodism in a part of his first field of labor. He sleeps in death not far from the very spot where he was the first Methodist preacher to deliver the message of Christ's gospel to dying men.

Mrs. Hannah Anderson, the lady alluded to above, who became the wife of Nathanael Munsey, was the oldest daughter of Richard Price, and sister to the late John W. Price, of Glade Spring, Va. The author, in a personal conversation with Mrs. Nancy Wagner, daughter of Rev. David Munsey, learned from her that of the elder Munsey brothers John, the oldest, lived in Lee County, Va., and was a layman of the Church; Zechariah Munsey, a local preacher, lived and died in Giles County, Va.; David Munsey, also a local preacher, and Jeremiah Munsey, a layman, lived and died in Russell County, Va. Nathanael Munsey was first cousin to these four brothers. Zechariah Munsey was the father of Rev. Thomas Kennerly Munsey, long an able and honored member of the Holston Conference, and the grandfather of the late William Elbert Munsey. I have by diligent inquiry fixed these relationships with certainty, being the more careful to do so because the fame of that prodigy of pulpit and platform eloquence, Dr. W. E. Munsey, has brought the Munsey family into great prominence and excited inquiry in regard to it.

Richard Price was born of Quaker parents in Philadelphia near the middle of the eighteenth century, and together with his brother, Thomas Price, came to the wilderness of Russell County near the year 1770. He was, in a short time after his arrival, married to Miss Priscilla Crabtree, daughter of William Crabtree, who was then owner of the "Salt Lick" at the place now called Saltville, Va. A cabin was erected on the Elk Garden lands, which had been entered by him, and the happy couple began housekeeping in a wilderness infested by wild beasts and savage Indians. There he reared a large family. He and his wife attended preaching occasionally in the Keywood neighborhood, near the Salt Works, in Washington County, which were some twenty miles from their home. In order to be present at the love feasts, beginning at nine o'clock A.M., they were sometimes known to start two or three hours before day. While at one of these meetings Mr. Price invited the preacher to preach at his house, and the invitation was accepted. At his first appointment he opened the door of the Church and enrolled members enough to organize a class. The preacher proposed that if as many as six would form a Society he would make a regular appointment. Richard Price, not then a professor of religion, arose and said: "Now, neighbors, we have an opportunity to bring preaching into our midst; let us avail ourselves of it." They replied: "We will, if you will be our leader." He consented, was appointed, and became a useful member and class leader. The requisite number was obtained, and a Society was started then and there which subsequently grew into a flourishing Church. After that

the preacher preached there only at long intervals, but as the population became more dense and the circuit smaller in territory the appointments at that place became more frequent. This class is believed to have been the first class organized in Russell County. The name of the preacher that preached the first sermon at Elk Garden is not certainly known; but if Mr. Farley was correctly informed, it must have been Nathanael Munsey, and the date must have been about 1790, seven years after the beginning of circuit work in the Holston Country.

Nathanael Munsey was not a man of great talent, but, though somewhat grum in spirit and demeanor, he was an honest man and a devoted Christian. Rev. Jacob Young, D.D., who traveled Clinch Circuit in 1803-04, visited portions of Russell County during the year. He thus speaks in his "Autobiography" of his visit to Elk Garden:

> From Dickinson's I rode to a place called Elk Garden, where I found a very large Society of Methodists of the right sort. Mr. Price, the principal man, was dead before I went there; but his widow and a large family of sons and daughters remained, and I could form some idea of what kind of a man he was—a self-taught, practical man; and, after all that is said about refinement and education, these are the most efficient men in the world.

For some years after his settlement in Elk Garden Mr. Price was under the necessity of carrying his grists to mills in Washington County, some fifteen or twenty miles. On one of these trips he met a party of Indians, who attempted to rob him of his mare and colt. He quickly dismounted, took the bridle from the mare's head, gave her a rap with it, and sent her away in a gallop. They then seized the colt by its

hind feet, but it kicked loose and followed the mare. Mr. Price then cocked his gun and walked backward till he was out of reach of gunshot from the Indians, and then made good his escape.

Dr. Young remarks that at Elk Garden he met with "another distinguished man," Francis Browning, and in this connection we are indebted to him for the following story:

Mr. Browning was a man of considerable wealth and influence in State and Church affairs. He was a sensible, practical, matter-of-fact man. A distinguished lawyer, Gen. Smyth, was in the habit of putting up with him in going to and from Russell Courthouse. The General was a man of wit, and he was fond of displaying it in criticising religious people, especially in making sarcastic remarks about preachers and sermons and public prayers which he had heard. These criticisms were mostly humorous, without any real malice. On one occasion, while at the house of Mr. Browning, he was teasing him about his uneducated preachers and illiterate members. Browning, having borne his sallies of wit, as he thought, long enough, determined to turn the tables on him. So one day, in conversation with him, he said: "Mr. Smyth, you appear to be well versed in theology, and I suppose that if you were to attempt to preach and pray we should have something like perfection." The lawyer replied that he would be very sorry if he could not greatly excel many that he had heard. Browning said no more. Smyth was full of hilarity, not knowing the trial that awaited him. Supper over and the family having been called into the parlor, Mr. Browning laid the family Bible on the stand, and, with an air of solemnity, said: "Squire Smyth, will you have prayers with us?" Smyth looked embarrassed, It was as much as the young people could do to suppress their risibles. There sat the dignified lawyer with his face buried in his hands. The family waited some time, but the squire made no move toward the stand, and Browning was too full of mischief to pray himself. As good luck would have it, a poor and shabbily dressed man was at the time working for Mr. Browning, and was present, who occasionally prayed in

public and was gifted in this exercise. Mr. Browning said to him: "Brother Reeve, will you lead our devotions?" Reeve at once dropped to his knees, and prayed with great fervor. The force of the prayer was felt by all, but by the witty lawyer more than by any other person. He retired early, but before the time for morning devotions he made his escape. In speaking to his friends at the courthouse of the occurrence, he said that he had never heard such a prayer.[1]

This story evidently relates to Gen. Alexander Smyth, who was a learned and brilliant lawyer and father of Mrs. Col. James Piper, later Mrs. John M. McTeer. She was a first-class woman—talented, cultured, polite—and a devoted Methodist and consecrated Christian. I hope to mention her again in the course of this history. The man with whom Gen. Smyth lodged, and who, as above related, retaliated so disastrously on him, was born in Culpepper County, Va., in the year 1753, and removed to Elk Garden, Russell County, Va., in 1781. He died in 1855, after having resided on the same farm upward of seventy years, and was over a hundred years old at his death. Bishop Asbury used to stay with him when he visited the Clinch country. Mr. Browning has a numerous posterity scattered over the West and Southwest, some of them prominent men, and the members of the family have generally been pronounced Methodists. Mr. Jesse Browning, of Washington County, Va., is a great-grandson.

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 500, 501.

CHAPTER VII.

From 1788 to 1792 (Continued).

Jeremiah Mastin was admitted into the traveling connection in 1785, and located in 1790. He labored two years in Holston. Owing to his having located, he failed to have a biographical notice in the Minutes. The only sketch of him that has met my eye is a short reference to him by Dr. Shipp. The appointments for Pedee Circuit, in South Carolina, in the year 1786 were Beverly Allen, elder; Jeremiah Mastin and Hope Hull. Mastin was in charge of the circuit; and Hope Hull, who afterwards became distinguished as a preacher, was his assistant. Of this year's work, Mr. Allen says: "I was appointed to take charge of Pedee and Santee Circuits, in the former of which we had a blessed ingathering of souls, and in the latter God set a few seals to my feeble labors." This blessed ingathering was on the circuit where Mr. Mastin traveled. His successful work on that charge was long and gratefully remembered by the people, and Mastin became a household word in the families awakened and converted through his instrumentality.[1]

Mark Whitaker seems to have had a short itinerant career, but as a preacher he made a considerable impression upon the Church and country. He was admitted into the traveling connection in 1785, and located in 1793. He was appointed to the Hol-

[1] "Methodism in South Carolina," p. 165.

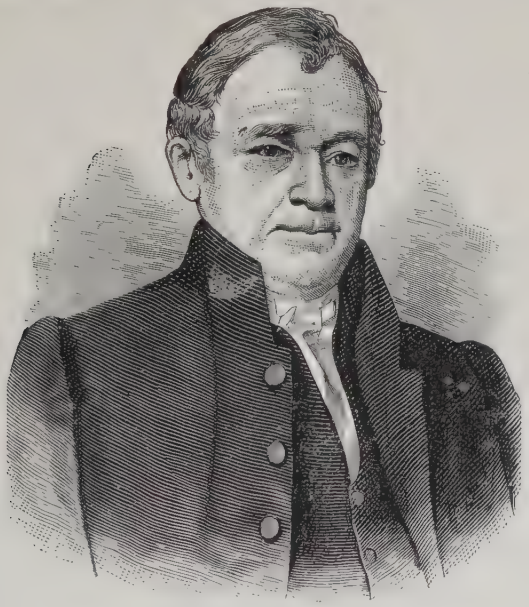
ston Circuit in 1786 and 1789, and was in 1791 appointed elder of a district of seven charges, embracing West New River, Russell, Holston, and extending as far east as Portsmouth, a district which stretched from East Tennessee to the Atlantic seaboard. Rev. Francis A. Farley, in a communication to the *Holston Methodist* in 1872, says:

> In the lower end of Russell County, Va., in a beautiful valley on Clinch River, known at this time as Castle's Woods, stood Bickley's Station. When the Indians were in the habit of committing depredations upon the frontier settlements of this country the people went into fort at Bickley's Station. Among the people of that fort appeared Mark Whitaker as the first itinerant Methodist preacher of that immediate section. He established a society there which at this time numbers one hundred members, though the grandparents and most of the parents have joined the sainted Whitaker in heaven. Whitaker traveled all over the part of the Holston Country that, in his day, was inhabited by a white population, as preacher in charge of circuits and as presiding elder. From what I can gather from those yet lingering on earth who remember hearing him preach, I judge that he was one of the most substantial and practical preachers of his day. He wore himself out in the ministry, and died triumphantly in the faith of Jesus Christ at his home in Castle's Woods, a few miles from Bickley's Station.

Castle's Woods is a fertile and beautiful section of one of the most fertile and at the same time picturesque counties in the State of Virginia. It is now a community of wealth, intelligence, and refinement, a place where Methodism has flourished.

At the Conference of 1789 the pastoral connection of Thomas Ware with Holston ceases. An account has already been given of his labors and hardships in the Nollichucky and French Broad country. This account has doubtless awakened in the reader a de-

sire to know more of the man. He was born in Greenwich, Cumberland County, N. J., December 19, 1758. He was blessed with pious parents, who trained him up in the way he should go. He early



THOMAS WARE.

took an active part in the struggle of the Revolution. At the age of twenty-three he was converted to God through the instrumentality of Caleb Pedicord. Before his conversion he was persuaded by false representations to embark as steward in what afterwards proved to be a Tory vessel, but he was providentially rescued from the disgrace and disaster which would have followed. Impatient for the hour to arrive when he was to enter upon this enterprise,

he wandered to a neighboring grove to meditate more minutely on the subject of the adventure in which he was about to engage. While he was attempting to find arguments to justify his contemplated course, a stranger passed; but Mr. Ware was concealed from his view by the thicket. As the stranger passed he began to sing:

Still out of the deep abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace
And see my Redeemer and die.

I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home;
O when shall my spirit be there?
O when will the messenger come?

Mr. Ware was deeply affected both by the melody of the stranger's voice, which was among the best he had ever heard, and the sentiment of the words he uttered, especially of the couplet:

I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home.

Mr. Ware followed the stranger some distance, hoping that he would begin his song again. He, however, dismounted at the house of a Methodist. This led Mr. Ware to believe that he was a Methodist preacher, and he wished to hear him preach. He knew very little of the Methodists. His mother, who was prejudiced against them, had charged him to refrain from going after them; and he had heard many things against them, especially that they were Tories. Meeting with a Methodist living in town, to whom he was under some obligation, he learned from him that Mr. Pedicord would preach that night, and was

requested by him to go to hear the sermon. Mr. Ware told him he presumed that he had seen the preacher, and mentioned the lines he had heard him sing, and inquired of him whether he knew such a hymn. He replied in the affirmative, and immediately sang the hymn for him and to the same tune which the preacher had used, and sang it beautifully and tenderly. Mr. Ware was affected to tears, and promised to hear the sermon. The text was Luke xxiv. 45-47: "Then he opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures," etc. Mr. Ware was soon convinced that all men were redeemed and might be saved, and saved at once, from the guilt of sin. With this view of the scheme of redemption and of its universal scope he was greatly affected, and he could scarcely refrain from exclaiming aloud: "This is the best news I ever heard!" When the services were closed, he hastened to his room, fell upon his knees, and spent much of the night in penitential tears. The next day he went and told his sea-bound companions that he had abandoned all thought of going to sea.[1]

A few days after this Mr. Ware found peace in believing, and joined the Methodist Society. Three years after his conversion he was employed by Bishop Asbury as assistant on Dover Circuit, in the State of Delaware. His name appears for the first time in the Minutes of 1784. It was the first Conference he ever attended. It is likely that at this Conference he was admitted into the traveling connection, although the minutes of that Conference

[1] "Life and Travels of Thomas Ware," pp. 52-56.

mentioned him as remaining on trial. This was either a mistake of the secretary, or employment by the Bishop was regarded as admission on trial. This was the historic Christmas Conference, at which occurred the formal organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Mr. Ware held, during his long ministerial career of more than fifty-seven years, some of the most important stations in the Church. He was stationed in the cities, was presiding elder for many years, and was missionary to Jamaica in 1816. He was elected one of the editors and Book Stewards in 1812, and he continued in that office four years. He was for some time before his death the oldest Methodist preacher in the country. He died at his home in Salem, N. J., March 11, 1842.

Charles Hardy labored as a traveling preacher in Holston two years. He was appointed elder of West New River Circuit and other charges in 1790, and in charge of West New River in 1791. He was admitted in 1788, and located in 1792. He located in Southwestern Virginia, very probably near the head waters of the middle fork of Holston River, in Smyth County. In 1802 Bishop Asbury, after passing Wytheville, and before reaching the Salt Works, stopped with Mr. Hardy, found the people of that community praising God, and stated in his journal that a blessed revival had taken place there. There can be but little doubt but that Mr. Hardy labored in this revival, and that he was one of the principal instruments in promoting it. The local preachers of that day were not nonpreaching prelates, and to maintain their standing in the Church it was necessary that they should devote a portion of their time to evangelistic work.

John Pace spent only one year in Holston, having been appointed to Russell Circuit in 1790. He was a revolutionary soldier, and was distinguished for his bravery. He was converted in 1788, and in 1790 entered the itinerant ranks. After traveling five years, he located, removed to Kentucky, and settled in Madison County, where for some forty years he was an active and able local preacher. Five years before his death he removed to Missouri and settled near Fulton, where he died November 15, 1839. On his deathbed he took leave of his family one by one, exhorting them to be faithful in God's service. His last words were: "Praise, praise, O help me to praise!"

John Sewell was admitted in 1791, and located in 1794. He labored his first year on Holston Circuit. He was a native of North Carolina. He professed religion in early youth. He was of one of the best families in the State, being a son of Col. Benjamin Sewell. He removed to Middle Tennessee. He accompanied Bishop Asbury, in 1790, on his first visit to Kentucky, in company with that noted preacher Hope Hull. Mr. Sewell was regarded by some of his contemporaries as a man of the first order of talents. He settled in Sumner County. Though his career as a traveling preacher was brief, he was, when he located, worn down by excessive preaching, which bore heavily on a constitution predisposed to consumption. He labored faithfully as a local preacher, and took an active part in the revival of 1800. About 1801 his health had so far failed that he seldom preached. He died near the year 1805, exact date not known. His physician was Dr. Hamilton, who was reputed to be a deist. When he visited Mr. Sewell

for the last time, he saw that he was dying, and was for hastening away immediately. But his patient said: "Stay, Doctor, and see a Christian die." The remark struck the Doctor with terror, he became dejected, and had very little to say to anybody. When his friends asked him what was the matter, he replied that the words of that good man, Mr. Sewell, were continually ringing in his ears.[1]

In John McGee, who labored but one year in Holston, we meet with a man who has made history. His name is associated with the origin of camp meetings in the West, and with one of the greatest revivals that ever swept over the country. He was born and educated in Guilford County, N. C. His parents were Presbyterians, and he was brought up in the Calvinistic faith. His father was an officer in the colonial army in the struggle for American independence; and, although John was rather too young to make a soldier, he preferred the exposures and dangers of military service to the persecutions of the Tories, and he entered the service. At the close of the war he returned home, and was dutiful to his parents and affectionate to his brothers and sisters. By the will of a deceased uncle, his brother, Andrew McGee, and himself inherited a handsome legacy, which they invested in a ship, and sailed upon the high seas until the vessel was wrecked and lost, and they barely escaped. They returned home, and Andrew married and settled in Maryland. Making a visit to his brother, John became acquainted with the Methodists, and heard them preach. Their matter and manner were new to him. Under

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 83-85.

this preaching he was convicted and converted. Feeling called to preach, he for a short time accepted license as an exhorter, and later as a preacher. When he returned to his relatives they were surprised at the change that had been wrought in him, and some were mortified that he had become a Methodist. He joined the Conference, and was very useful as a traveling preacher. About 1791 he was happily married to Miss Martha Johnson, daughter of Col. William Johnson, of South Carolina. She was indeed a helpmate to him in every sense of the word. Mr. McGee was under the medium size, but formed for activity and durability. He was a model of industry and economy. He provided bountifully for his own household, helped to sustain by his means the institutions of the Church, and cheerfully heeded the calls of charity. He had a vigorous intellect, well equipped with useful knowledge. He was mighty in the Scriptures, was well versed in the doctrines and usages of his Church, and was well prepared to defend them. His manner in the pulpit was mild, plain, and methodical. He never attempted embellishment; but when he warmed up he sometimes rose to the sublime, and his applications and exhortations were overwhelming.[1] He joined the itinerant ranks in 1788, and located in 1793. He remained in the local ranks till 1815, when the minutes show that he was received into full connection in the Tennessee Conference and appointed presiding elder of Cumberland District, which embraced several charges in Middle

[1] Letter of Rev. Thomas Joyner, in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 298-300.

Tennessee and Kentucky, and continued on the district two years. In 1817 he located again. His being received the second time into full connection shows the informality with which Conference business was transacted in those days. Anent McGee's connection with the revival of 1800, I will allow him to speak for himself. In a letter to Rev. Thomas L. Douglass, dated June 23, 1820, he says:

Dear Sir: In compliance with your request, I have endeavored to recollect some of the most noted circumstances which occurred at the commencement of the work of God in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and which came under my observation in 1799 and the two following years.

I suppose I am one of the two brothers referred to in "Theophilus Arminius's account of the work of God in the Western country." My brother, William McGee, is fallen asleep in the bosom of his beloved Master. We were much attached to each other from our infancy, but much more so when we both experienced the uniting love of Jesus Christ. I was the oldest, and, by the mercy and grace of God, sought and experienced religion first. With great anxiety of mind he heard me preach the unsearchable riches of Christ before he felt or enjoyed peace with God. After he obtained religion he thought proper to receive holy orders in the Presbyterian Church; and, after preaching some time in North Carolina and in the Holston Country, he came to Cumberland (now West Tennessee) about the year 1796 or 1797, and settled in a congregation in Sumner County about the year 1798. Several reasons induced me to remove, with my family, from North Carolina to the Western country, and in the year 1798 I settled in Sumner (now Smith) County. The differences of doctrines professed by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches were not sufficient to dissolve those ties of love and affection which we both felt. We loved and prayed and preached together, and God was pleased to own and bless us and our labors. In the year 1799 we agreed to make a tour through the barrens toward Ohio, and concluded to attend a sacramental solemnity in Rev. Mr. McGready's congregation, on

Red River, on our way. When we came there I was introduced by my brother, and received an invitation to address the congregation from the pulpit; and I know not that ever God favored me with more light and liberty than he did each day, while I endeavored to convince the people they were sinners and urged the necessity of repentance and of a change from nature to grace, and held up to their view the greatness, freeness, and fullness of salvation which was in Christ Jesus for lost, guilty, condemned sinners. My brother and the Rev. Mr. Hodge preached with much animation and liberty. The people felt the force of truth, and tears ran down their cheeks; but all was silent until Monday, the last day of the feast. Mr. Hodge gave a useful discourse, an intermission was given, and I was appointed to preach. While Mr. Hodge was preaching, a woman in the east end of the house got an uncommon blessing, broke through order, and shouted for some time, and then sat down in silence. At the close of the sermon Messrs. Hodge, McGready, and Rankin went out of the house; my brother and myself sat still; the people seemed to have no disposition to leave their seats. My brother felt such a power come on him that he quit his seat and sat down on the floor of the pulpit (I suppose not knowing what he did). A power which caused me to tremble was upon me. There was a solemn weeping all over the house. Having a wish to preach, I strove against my feelings. At length I rose up and told the people I was appointed to preach, but there was a greater than I preaching, and exhorted them to let the Lord God Omnipotent reign in their hearts, and to submit to him, and their souls should live. Many broke silence. The woman in the east end of the house shouted tremendously. I left the pulpit to go to her, and as I went along through the people it was suggested to me: "You know these people are much for order; they will not bear this confusion; go back and be quiet." I turned to go back, and was near falling. The power of God was strong upon me. I turned again, and, losing sight of the fear of man, I went through the house, shouting and exhorting with all possible ecstasy and energy, and the floor was soon covered with the slain. Their screams for mercy pierced the heavens, and mercy came down. Some found forgiveness, and many went away from that meeting feeling unutterable agonies

of soul for redemption in the blood of Jesus. This was the beginning of that glorious revival of religion in this country which was so great a blessing to thousands, and from this meeting camp meetings took their rise. One man, for the want of horses for all his family to ride and attend the meeting, fixed up his wagon, in which he took them and his provisions and lived on the ground throughout the meeting. He had left his worldly cares behind him, and had nothing to do but attend on divine service.

The next popular meeting was on Muddy River, and this was a camp meeting. A number of wagons loaded with people came together and camped on the ground, and the Lord was present and approved of their zeal by sealing a pardon to about forty souls. The next camp meeting was on the Ridge, where there was an increase of people and carriages of different descriptions and a great many preachers of the Presbyterian and Methodist orders and some of the Baptists; but the latter were generally opposed to the work. Preaching commenced, and the people prayed and the power of God attended. There was a great cry for mercy. The nights were truly awful; the camp ground was well illuminated; the people were differently exercised all over the ground, some exhorting, some shouting, some praying, and some crying for mercy, while others lay as dead men on the ground. Some of the spiritually wounded fled to the woods, and their groans could be heard all through the surrounding groves, as the groans of dying men. From thence many came into the camp, rejoicing and praising God for having found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. At this meeting it was computed that one hundred souls were converted from nature to grace. But perhaps the greatest meeting we ever witnessed in this country took place shortly after, on Desha's Creek, near Cumberland River. Many thousands of people attended. The mighty power and mercy of God were manifested. The people fell before the Word like corn before a storm of wind, and many rose from the dust with divine glory shining in their countenances, and gave glory to God in such strains as made the hearts of stubborn sinners to tremble, and, after the first gust of praise, they would break forth in volleys of exhortation. Amongst these were many small, home-

bred boys, who spoke with the tongue, wisdom, and eloquence of the learned—and truly they were learned, for they were all taught of God, who had taken their feet out of the mire and clay and put a new song in their mouths. Although there were converts of different ages under this work, it was remarkable that they were generally the children of praying parents. Here John A. Granade, the Western poet, who composed "The Pilgrim's Songs," after being many months in almost entire desperation, till he was worn down and appeared like a walking skeleton, found pardon and mercy from God, and began to preach a risen Jesus. Some of the Pharisees cried *disorder* and *confusion,* but in disorderly assemblies there are generally dislocated and broken bones and bruised flesh; but here the women laid their sleeping children at the roots of the trees, while hundreds of all ages and colors were stretched on the ground in the agonies of conviction and as dead men, while thousands, day and night, were crowding round them and passing to and fro. Yet there was nobody hurt. This shows that the people were perfectly in their senses, and on this chaos of apparent confusion God said "Let there be light," and there was light. And many emerged out of darkness into it. We have hardly ever had a camp meeting since without his presence and power to convert souls. Glory to God and the Lamb forever and ever!

Yours respectfully. JOHN MCGEE.[1]

I shall have occasion to refer again to this revival: its causes, instruments, peculiar features, and results. Evidently the Rev. Mr. Hodge, a Presbyterian minister, and the Rev. John McGee, a local Methodist preacher, were the chief human instruments in inaugurating this wonderful work of grace.

We of the present day can now very clearly see the mistake made by the brethren in not protracting the services at McGready's Church. A meeting carried on there, under the circumstances, for two or three

[1] *Methodist Magazine,* Vol. IV., pp. 189-191.

weeks would, doubtless, have resulted in a great upbuilding of the people of God in the faith and in the salvation of hundreds of sinners. God had heated the iron to red heat; and if the preachers had acted wisely, they would have hammered vigorously and perseveringly. Possibly there were at that day Pharisees, decency and order brethren, who thought it best to close the meeting for fear of too much excitement.

In Chapter V. John Tunnell was briefly noticed as one of the celebrities of the first Conference west of the Alleghanies; but a man of such talent, such angelic piety, so intimately connected with the introduction of Methodism into the Holston Country, and so conspicuous as an instrument of good in it, deserves a more particular notice.

William Tunnell, father of the subject of this sketch, was born in France in the first decade of the eighteenth century—it is believed in the year 1703. He was the oldest child of his parents, and the only one born in France. The parents of William Tunnell were stout Calvinists, godly people. Removing to Yorkshire, England, when William was an infant, the family soon became thoroughly Anglicized. The religious faith of the family was pronouncedly, pugnaciously Calvinistic. There are yet "John Calvin" Tunnells. Anne Howard, wife of William Tunnell and mother of John, born in Yorkshire, England, in 1710, was the daughter of a gentleman. The title "Lady Anne" clung to her to the day of her death. William and Anne Tunnell were married in England, but the date of their marriage is not known. They emigrated from Yorkshire, England, to Virginia, and

settled in Spottsylvania County, two miles below Fredericksburg, about the year 1736, and they resided in that vicinity some years. William Tunnell died, it is believed, in Loudoun County, Va., December 28, 1787. Anne Tunnell died at the house of her son, Rev. William Tunnell, near Robertsville, Anderson County, Tenn., February 18, 1814, at the advanced age of one hundred and four years.

Rev. Robert M. Tunnell, a great nephew of John Tunnell, and a Congregationalist minister of the gospel in Manhattan, Kan., to whom I am indebted for most of the information contained in this sketch not hitherto published, writes:

> Two of John Tunnell's brothers—Revs. William Tunnell, a Baptist preacher, born 1751, and Stephen Tunnell, my grandfather, a Methodist, born 1753—removed from Virginia to Tennessee. William settled near Robertsville, Anderson County, brought up a family of thirteen children, and died in August, 1814. My grandfather, Stephen Tunnell, settled in Washington County, Tenn., in 1789. He brought up a family of nine sons and one daughter. Three of his sons (Perry, born in 1787; Stephen, born in 1790; David, my father, born in 1800) were Methodist preachers. Another brother of John Tunnell, Robert, emigrated from Virginia to North Carolina, and settled, I think, in Buncombe County. My father's birthplace was Washington County, Tenn. I have relatives in Washington, Sullivan, Hawkins, and Greene Counties.

John Tunnell was born near Fredericksburg, Va., in the year 1755, but his parents removed to Fairfax County when he was a child. He was the youngest of a large family. His literary education was not neglected, though he was not sent to college. His religious training differed somewhat from that of the average Virginian of his day. After the straitest

sect of the Protestant faith, he was brought up a Calvinist. Under a strict and thoughtful tutorage, such as was usually bestowed by Calvinistic parents in that day, he gained in his boyhood a familiar acquaintance with the Word of God. In his nineteenth year he became the subject of a powerful spiritual awakening, and thenceforward his Bible knowledge, under the guidance and illuminating power of the Holy Spirit, became as "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Though there was coincident with his new birth a development that lifted him out of the hardness and narrowness of the creed of his inheritance, he retained his faith in the sovereignty of God, in his Word and covenants, as firmly as any of his ancestors who, through a century and a half of storm and battle, fought under the Huguenot flag. Though he became a Wesleyan, he was never a bigot or a partisan.

Mr. Tunnell's older brothers were soldiers in the revolutionary war, but the delicacy of his health would have prevented his taking an active part in the struggle.

He was awakened and regenerated under the ministry of Rev. William Watters (the first native Methodist traveling preacher in America), in Fairfax County, Va., in the summer of 1776. Reliable family tradition points to William Watters as Mr. Tunnell's spiritual father, and the fact that Mr. Watters traveled the Fairfax Circuit in 1776 confirms the tradition. The approximate date of Tunnell's conversion is clearly settled by a sentence in Asbury's journal. In the brief notice of the funeral of Mr. Tunnell, which occurred in 1790, Asbury says: "It is fourteen

years since Brother Tunnell first knew the Lord, and he has spoken about thirteen years." This places his conversion in 1776, and shows that he was admitted into the traveling connection about a year after his conversion. The General Minutes show that he was admitted into the traveling connection on trial "at a preaching house near Deer Creek, in Harvard County, Md.," at a Conference which began "May 20, 1777."

Bishop Asbury, in his journal, boasts of the increase in the number of the preachers within the few years preceding this Conference, saying: "We now have twenty-seven who attend the circuits, and twenty of them were present."

To this heroic little band John Tunnell joined himself. The parting of the preachers was heartrending, as the English preachers were expecting to return to England during the year. Asbury says: "When the time of parting came, many wept as if they had lost their firstborn sons. They appeared to be in the deepest distress, thinking, as I suppose, they should not see the faces of the English preachers any more." With the prospect of losing the English preachers, whose loyal hearts turned to the mother country in the revolutionary struggle, it was a Godsend that fourteen recruits joined the itinerant ranks at this Conference, some of them afterwards men of mark. Among those who started abreast with Tunnell were: Caleb B. Pedicord, William Gill, John Dickins, and Reuben Ellis. Abel Stevens says: "The Conference was held at the preaching house of John Watters, at this time one of the chief rural centers of Methodism in the State." Mr. Tunnell was sent from this Con-

ference to the famous Brunswick Circuit in Virginia, with William Watters and Freeborn Garrettson, where he labored efficiently. The Brunswick Circuit had been the theater of wonderful pentecostal scenes under the Methodist ministry since 1774, and was therefore an excellent school for the youthful, ardent, and gifted Tunnell. Here he must have caught the holy flame and become imbued with that zeal and aggressiveness that very soon put him in the forefront of American pioneer preachers. His appointments after were as follows: Berkeley, 1779-80; Kent, 1781; East Jersey, 1782; Kent, 1783; Dorchester, 1784; Charleston, S. C., 1785; elder of a district embracing East Jersey, Newark, New York, and Long Island, 1786; elder of a district embracing Holston and Nollichucky, 1787; elder of a district embracing Tar River, Bladen, New River, Roanoke, Caswell, New Hope, Guilford, Salisbury, Yadkin, and Halifax, 1788; presiding elder of a district embracing Holston, West New River, Greenbrier, and Botetourt, 1789. The last-mentioned district, embracing portions of Western Virginia and East Tennessee, was Mr. Tunnell's last appointment. In the minutes of 1790 he appears as a superannuate with an appropriation of £19 8s. 10d. In the same minutes his name appears among the obituary notices. These facts show that the Conference at which his relation was fixed was held before his death, and the minutes were published after it. Where and when the Conference for the Holston preachers for this year was held, there are no published records to show.

When, in 1790, Mr. Tunnell saw that his end was approaching, he rested to await his Master's call at

the house of a friend near Sweet Springs, in Monroe County, now in West Virginia. While his friend and commander, Bishop Asbury, was far away holding Conference at Charleston, S. C., and superintending the work in the Carolinas and Georgia, Mr. Tunnell told his anxious friends that he was confidently praying that his life might be spared till the Bishop should come and he could inform him of the condition of the work committed to him, bid him farewell, and then die in peace. As his friends knew not where the Bishop was, they thought that his constant expectation of seeing him was the hallucination of a sick man's brain. But on the last day of May a tired-looking man rode up to the house where the invalid lay, and asked: "Is Rev. John Tunnell in this house?" Being answered "Yes," he dismounted and walked in. It was Bishop Asbury. The dying young missionary's prayer was answered. Strength was left to tell of his work, to set things in order, and to join with his honored and beloved chief in prayer and thanksgiving to God. I find the following in Asbury's journal:

Monday, May 31.—Rode to New River, forty or fifty miles. Here I saw John Tunnell, very low, a mere shadow, but very humble and patient under affliction.

This was Bishop Asbury's last sight of Tunnell till he saw him pale in death. I find the following entry in the Bishop's journal for July, 1790:

Friday, 10.—We had a tedious, tiresome journey over hills and mountains to Pott's Creek. After a melting season at Brother C.'s [probably Cox's], we came to Brother W.'s, where we were informed of the death of dear Brother Tunnell.

Saturday, 11.—Brother Tunnell's corpse was brought to

Dew's Chapel. I preached his funeral sermon. My text: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." We were much blessed, and the power of God was eminently present. It is fourteen years since Brother Tunnell first knew the Lord, and he has spoken about thirteen years and traveled through eight of the thirteen States. Few men as public ministers were better known or more beloved. He was a simple-hearted, artless, childlike man. For his opportunities, he was a man of good learning; had a large fund of Scripture knowledge; was a good historian, a sensible, improving preacher, a most affectionate friend, and a great saint. He had been wasting and declining in health and strength for eight years past, and for the last twelve months sinking into consumption. I am humbled. O let my soul be admonished to be more devoted to God!

Mr. Tunnell died aged thirty-five years. He was never married. He was characterized by Ware as "the placid Tunnell;" but his placidity was not the placidity of intellectual and moral weakness, nor of the lack of passion and emotion, but the placidity of power.

Probably neither Asbury nor Coke had a stronger purpose or a firmer will than the "placid" John Tunnell. He was loftily solemn, too, but with no traces of gloom or acidity, and few knew that he had an enjoyment of mirth, a sense of humor that was deep and exhaustless. If the oak and hickory forests of the Holston Country could tell their secrets, they would whisper of many a hearty laugh awakened among them as he journeyed with some friend from one preaching place to another. Of course those woods listened also to many a sweet hymn poured forth on the ambient air and many a fervent prayer addressed in solitude to the Father of Spirits. Those forests also heard the first delivery of some of the sermons which God used to kill and make alive again

so many souls; for the saddle was his study, and from his saddle he was accustomed to rehearse his sermons as he rode from appointment to appointment.

Tunnell was a man of strong faith. The following story has come down to us as from eyewitnesses: Once he was preaching to a considerable company in the woods, when a terrible storm suddenly swept down upon them, frightening even the bravest. The forests crashed before it, and it came straight toward the worshiping assembly. Mr. Tunnell, lifting his voice above the roar of the tempest, shouted to the people to sit still, every one, for their lives. He then knelt and calmly asked God to take care of them. The hurricane veered just before it reached them, passed round them, hurled back again into the original line, and swept on. Of man and beast not one was hurt. This story serves at least to show the great confidence placed in Mr. Tunnell by the people who knew him. If true in all that it implies, it illustrates the omnipotence of his faith and the availability of the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man.

CHAPTER VIII.

From 1792 to 1795.

Stephen Brooks and William Burke were on Greene Circuit, 1792-93, Brooks being in charge. Mr. Burke gives the following account of the conversion of Felix Earnest and the establishment of a Society in the Earnest settlement:

A peculiar circumstance took place some time in July. On Nollichucky there was a rich and thickly settled neighborhood, which afterwards went by the name of the Earnest neighborhood. There was but one Methodist in the neighborhood, the wife of Felix Earnest, who attended preaching when she could, being about five or six miles from the appointment. Felix was a very wicked man. Being one day at a distillery, and partially intoxicated, the Spirit of God arrested him. He immediately went home and inquired of his wife if she knew of any Methodist meeting anywhere on that day. It happened to be the day that Brother Brooks preached in the adjoining neighborhood, and he immediately put off for the meeting. He arrived there after meeting had begun, and stood in the door with his shirt collar open and his face red and tears streaming down his cheeks. He invited Brother Brooks to bring preaching into his neighborhood. He did so, and in two weeks I came round and preached to a good congregation. The Word of God had free course and was glorified. The whole family of the Earnests was brought into the Church, with many others, and by the first of September we had a large Society formed. I left the work in September, but the work continued. In a short time they built a meetinghouse, and in the spring of 1795 the Western Conference had their annual sitting at the meetinghouse, and Felix Earnest was a local preacher.[1]

[1] "Sketches of Western Methodism," as quoted by McFerrin in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 90, 91.

The establishment of this Society was an important event in Holston Methodist history. It became a flourishing Church, and exerted a great influence in East Tennessee. The Earnest family has been financially, socially, and religiously one of the most prominent families in the State of Tennessee. It has retained to the present day the Methodistic bias given to it in 1792. The principal families in the organization of the Ebenezer Society were those of the brothers, Henry and Felix Earnest. According to a statement of the late Felix Earnest, Esq., Henry Earnest, his grandfather, was born in 1732, and Felix in 1762. The brothers removed to what is now Greene County, Tenn., and located on the south side of Nollichucky River, a few miles east of Greeneville, in the year 1788 or 1789. At that time there were very few families north and west of the Alleghany Mountains, and these were often compelled to flee from their homes to avoid massacre by the Indians, who were still troublesome in this section. The faithful and ubiquitous itinerant soon visited the settlement. Among the first to preach to these people was Jeremiah Lambert, of whom an account was given in a former chapter. According to Mr. Burke, a solitary Methodist woman, a faithful and persevering soul, was the prime instrument, under God, of bringing Methodist preaching into the neighborhood, and thus of laying the sure foundations of a large and influential Methodist Church. Great events often turn on little pivots, and individual men and women often give direction to the mighty and far-reaching current of events of great importance.

The younger brother seems to have preceded the

older into the kingdom. Ebenezer Church was built on Henry Earnest's land. Henry Earnest and wife and most of their eleven children became members of the Society at its first organization. The meeting-house was located in one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in East Tennessee. The original house, which was of logs, was in after years displaced by a more modern structure. In the old house some six sessions of the Annual Conference were held between the years 1795 and 1821. Felix Earnest was licensed to preach shortly after his conversion. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, at Ebenezer, September 16, 1806, and elder by Bishop Soule, at Jonesboro, October 3, 1825. He died in 1842 at the ripe age of eighty years. He had a son, Stephen W. Earnest, who joined the Holston Conference in 1827. The five sons of Henry Earnest all raised large families, and nearly all of them joined the Methodist Church in early life. Four of the six daughters married Methodist preachers. Stephen Brooks married Anna Earnest; George Wells married Mary Earnest; Charley Warren married Sarah Earnest; and a Rev. Mr. Evans, whose Christian name I have not learned, married Elizabeth Earnest. Two granddaughters of Henry Earnest, daughters of Lawrence Earnest, married Methodist preachers. James Axley married Cynthia Earnest, and Enoch Moore married Elizabeth Earnest. These men did as much, perhaps, to plant and foster Methodism in East Tennessee as any other two men.

Stone Dam Camp Ground was established about a mile and a half north of Ebenezer Church, near what is now Afton, a depot and village on the Southern

Railway, six miles east of Greeneville. President Johnson owned in his lifetime a large farm embracing the present village of Afton, and gave the name of "Home" to the post office. He was accustomed to rusticate at this place.

Among the first to erect tents at this camp ground were the five Earnest brothers just mentioned, and for forty years they left their comfortable homes annually to enjoy the feast of tabernacles on this historic ground. Thousands were brought to Christ at this camp ground, among whom were nearly all the children of the Earnest families. The name of the place originated from a stone dam across a creek in the vicinity, and the name touches many a tender chord in the older Methodists of the section. An old class-book of Ebenezer shows that up to 1843 sixty-nine Earnests had belonged to the Church at that place, to say nothing of those who married and thereby changed their names before joining the Church.

Henry Earnest, Jr., married Kittie D. Reeve, who, with nearly the entire family of her father, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Felix Earnest, Esq., a learned lawyer of Jonesboro, was a son of this Henry Earnest, and in his day was an honest and useful citizen and a working Methodist. He was honored more than once with a seat in the General Conference. Kittie Reeve was a daughter of Jesse Reeve, of Cocke County, Tenn., who will be mentioned again. Jesse Reeve's wife joined the Methodist Church at an early day, and lived to an advanced age. Col. Earnest says that his most distinct recollection of his grandmother Reeve was that

of seeing her happy at camp meeting. Two of her daughters married Methodist preachers.[1]

The Conference of 1793 was held at Nelson's, near Jonesboro. This was the third Conference certainly known to have been held in the Holston Country, although there are some statements in Asbury's journal that seem to indicate that a Conference was held there in 1790. The sessions of this Conference were held in Nelson's Chapel, which had been built some time before 1790, for the Bishop mentions Nelson's Chapel in his journal for April 7, 1790. The Conference began April 2, 1793. The Bishop says: "We have only four or five families here. We had sweet peace in our Conference."

William Nelson is the man that used to entertain Bishop Asbury near Jonesboro, as is shown by his journal for March 29, 1797. It was a favorite stopping place for him. The chapel was not a great distance from his house. In a letter to the writer, in answer to inquiries, E. C. Reeves, Esq., says:

> The William Nelson farm, on which Mr. R. T. Carr now lives, and which he owns, where Bishop Asbury used to stop, and where Methodist meetings were held, is two and a half miles northwest of Johnson City public square. That is the place where the said William used to entertain the Bishop, and the house over whose ruins I used to play when a boy. William Nelson's farm adjoined the farm of James Nelson, most of which latter farm lies within the corporate limits of Johnson City. Brush Creek Camp Ground was carved from the eastern side or end of the James Nelson farm, and the camp ground land, now owned by Horton, Yocum & Co., is within the corporate limits of Johnson City, on West Market Street.

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[1] Letter of Col. F. W. Earnest, in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 96-102.

Mrs. Carr, a daughter of that pioneer Methodist preacher, James King, is authority for the facts given as to the site where William Nelson's house stood, of its being a preaching place, and of the entertainment there of Bishop Asbury. She was born about 1810, married in early life, commenced to housekeep on that farm, and died there at an advanced age. By referring to the records of the register's office, we see that in 1811 John Hoss conveyed the land from which Brush Creek Camp Ground was carved to James Nelson; hence the unerring conclusion that it was James Nelson who conveyed the ground to the Church. But the deed was never recorded, and is lost.

William and James Nelson were probably brothers. It is likely, but not certain, that Nelson's Chapel was built on William Nelson's farm, near his residence. The residence was evidently a preaching place before the erection of the chapel.

Brush Creek Camp Ground was a few hundred yards northwest of what is now the public square of Johnson City, and the spot is within the corporate limits of the town. This encampment was standing during the war between the States, but has since disappeared. It was for a number of years a rallying point for the clans of Methodism; and at the annual feasts of tabernacles many powerful sermons were preached, hundreds of sinners converted, and the people of God refreshed and invigorated.

McFerrin quotes William Burke as saying that the Conference of 1793 was held at McKnight's, but Mr. Burke was mistaken. He was evidently writing from memory. Bishop Asbury reached this session from Burke County, N. C., by his usual route across Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. After Conference he evangelized in Greene County and the section be-

tween that and Cumberland Gap, and crossed into Kentucky. On his return he visited Abingdon, Va., and went thence to the Valley of Virginia.

On the 25th of March he and two companions—who, we know not—started in Burke County, N. C., for the journey across the mountains. On the crest of the Ridge they found themselves in a snowstorm, and the sharp atmosphere gave the Bishop an influenza. Walking up the rooflike steeps was trying to the Bishop's asthmatic lungs, and man and beast leaped from step to step as they descended the stairlike declivities. The Bishop was much disordered by an intermittent fever added to his influenza. As they descended Roan Creek, crossing and recrossing it, the round, rolling rocks in the fords tested the qualities of his sure-footed horse. Little congregations of the rude inhabitants along the route were gathered together, and the Bishop broke to them the bread of life. At one place a Presbyterian fed their horses gratis, and this elicited from the Bishop the well-merited compliment: "I must give the Presbyterians the preference for respect to ministers."

The hardships and privations of the journey did not deter the Bishop from reading "The Principles of Politeness," imitated from Chesterfield, of which he observes: "It contains some judicious remarks, and shows the author to have been a man of sense and education, but no religion."

The Bishop's journal says:

Tuesday, April 2.—Our Conference began at Nelson's, near Jonesborough, in The New Territory. We have only four or five families of Methodists here. We had sweet peace in our Conference.

There was a melting time among the people. The numbers in Society returned at the Conference of 1793 were:

	Whites.	Colored.
Greene	345	9
Holston	271	18
Russell	125	4
New River	184	15
Total	925	46

Grand total, 971, an increase of 58.

The appointments for the coming year were:

JOHN KOBLER, *Elder.*
New River, Jacob Peck.
Holston, John Simmons, Stith Mead.
Greene, Samuel Rudder, John Ray.

For some reason Russell was not in the list of appointments for this year. The territory of that circuit was, no doubt, annexed to one or more of the other charges. But the General Minutes show no break in the statistical tables, and Russell is reported at the Conference of 1794 with one hundred and forty-nine members. Such inconsistency as this in the early minutes was not uncommon. The minutes of 1792 contain an appointment for the "New Territory, Nelson's, April 3, 1793." East Tennessee was, therefore, a part of the new territory. The reason for applying this term to the section in the minutes was, no doubt, the fact that from 1790 to 1796 Tennessee was known as "The Territory of the United States South of the Ohio."

The Bishop had a happy time at his old friend Cox's, but was pained to see that his children were still unconverted. He preached to about two hun-

dred hearers at Squire Earnest's, on Nollichucky, and found that a Society of thirty-one members had been organized there. This Society, as I have already stated, was organized under Brooks and Burke in 1792. The Bishop's journal says:

Saturday, 6.—Rode to Greene, and crossed the Grand Island ford of Nollichucky. The lowlands are very rich, the uplands barren. Stopped and fed at Greene Courthouse. Here was brought a corpse to the grave in a covered carriage drawn by four horses. Solemn sight! Be instructed, O my soul! A whisky toper gave me a cheer of success as one of John Wesley's congregation! I came on alone through heavy rains, over bad hills and poor ridges, to Brother Vanpelt's, on Lick Creek. He is a brother to Peter, my old, first friend on Staten Island. I was weary, damp, and hungry; but had a comfortable habitation, and kind, loving people, who heard, refreshed, and fed me. We had a large congregation at Brother Vanpelt's chapel, where I had liberty in speaking. I left the young men to entertain the people a while longer, and returned and read Mr. Wesley's sermon on riches.

On Tuesday, April 9, accompanied by seven persons, the Bishop started to Kentucky, not without consciousness of the perils of the journey, for Indians had recently committed some atrocities in the wilderness.

After a short absence in Kentucky, the Bishop returned to Holston. I copy again from his journal:

Tuesday, May 8.—We rode down to the Crab Orchard, where we found company enough, some of whom were very wild. We had a company of our own, and refused to go with them. Some of them gave us very abusive language, and one man went up on a hill above us and fired a pistol toward our company. We resolved to travel in our order, and bound ourselves by honor and conscience to support and defend each other, and to see every man through the wilderness. But we could not depend upon wicked and unprincipled men, who

would leave and neglect us, and even curse us to our faces. Nor were we at liberty to mix with swearers, liars, drunkards; and, for aught we know, this may not be the worst with some. We were about fourteen or fifteen in company, and had twelve guns and pistols. We rode on near the defeated camp, and rested there till three o'clock under great suspicion of Indians. We pushed forward, and, by riding forty-five miles on Wednesday and about the same distance on Thursday, we came safe to Robinson's Station about eight o'clock.

The record of the journeys and labors of Asbury in the Holston Country, as found in his journal, would perhaps be more interesting to the reader than any summary of these jottings which I could give, if he had given the full names of the places he visited and the people with whom he came in contact, instead of contenting himself, as he has unfortunately done, in most cases, with simply recording the initials.

After returning to Holston, he crosses what he calls the "Holstein," and comes to E.'s (either Easeley's or Earnest's). On Saturday, May 12, he arrives at Vanpelt's, with whom he spends the Sabbath. In the last four weeks he has traveled from five hundred to six hundred miles, and rested from riding fifteen days at Conferences and at other places. Taking the minimum distance mentioned, this would make thirty-eight miles a day while he was actually traveling. These tiresome journeys over mountains and hills, through swamps and bogs and pathless forests, evidently involved an activity and endurance which seem amazing to us of the present day. In his journal he complains of being much distressed with the night work which he had to do, with no regular meals or sleep. He was especially afflicted with the lack of opportunities for private and social prayer on the

journey in the rude companies with which he had been associated. Besides all this, he had had distressing bodily ailments all the while.

At one place in East Tennessee he came near being cremated through the carelessness of the family with which he was stopping. At this point in his journal he politely omits even the initials of the man of the house. At his next stopping place kind sisters busied themselves in making clothing for him and repairing his fire-damaged raiment. This statement will probably provoke a smile in the reader, for even hardships and misfortunes have their humorous and ludicrous side.

In these rapid marches the jaded prelate found time to preach to congregations by the way. At Abingdon, Va., on the 17th, he preached in the courthouse to a very genteel people. Aristocratic Abingdon has never known anything else but to be genteel. The following note in his journal is worth copying word for word:

Saturday, 19.—Came to Sister Russell's. I am very solemn. I feel the want of the dear man who, I trust, is now in Abraham's bosom, and hope ere long to see him there. He was a general officer in the continental army, where he underwent great fatigue. He was powerfully brought to God, and for a few years was a living flame and a blessing to his neighborhood. He went in the dead of winter on a visit to his friends, was seized with an influenza, and ended his life from home. O that the gospel may continue in this house! I preached on Hebrews xii. 1-4, and there followed several exhortations. We then administered the sacrament, and there was weeping and shouting among the people. Our exercises lasted about five hours. I have little rest by night or day. Lord, help thy poor dust! I feel unexpected storms within from various quarters. Perhaps it is designed for my humiliation. It is a

sin in thought I am afraid of. None but Jesus can support us: by his merit, his Spirit, his righteousness, his intercession—*i. e.*, Christ in all, for all, through all, and in every mean and word and work.

Steeped in rain, he reaches Edward Cox's on the 21st, and there writes a plan for a district school. Was this a school for an elder's district or for the territory represented by an Annual Conference? Possibly the latter. Although Asbury stressed the work of converting sinners and developing the spiritual interests of the Church, he was too wise to ignore the importance of the cause of education as an adjunct of Christianity, if not an essential part of it. That saving souls consists wholly in preaching, exhorting, and pastoral labor is a very narrow view of the work of the Church. The Christian teacher who teaches "the young idea how to shoot," who forms and fashions the plastic and developing youth of the country intellectually and morally, is saving souls. Where would Christianity be to-day if there had been no scholars to write the Scriptures and translate them? What would Christianity now do if she had no learned men to expound and defend the Scriptures and to prepare the literature necessary to the work of the Church and to the intelligent instruction of the people in the principles of our holy religion?

The Bishop speaks above of Vanpelt's Chapel. This, therefore, must have been one of the earliest chapels built in the Holston Country, erected, no doubt, about the time of the erection of Ebenezer meetinghouse in the Earnest settlement. The principal man of the settlement was Benjamin Vanpelt,

a local preacher, who lived on Lick Creek, in Greene County, Tenn. The meetinghouse was situated on the north side of Lick Creek, on what is now the road from the mouth of Lick Creek to the village of Mosheim, and about four miles north of the present village of Warrensburg. It was named for Benjamin Vanpelt, whose house was one of Bishop Asbury's favorite stopping places. His free and disinterested hospitality has become the means of transmitting his name to posterity, along with the name of the chief founder of Methodism in the New World. About the year 1790 Mr. Vanpelt removed from Alexandria, Va. He was a local preacher, and well adapted to the country and the times, being, as he was, well versed in the Bible and the Methodist Discipline, and being a Christian in experience and practice. He was, therefore, able to guide those who were seeking salvation, to instruct and encourage new converts, and to edify those who were more advanced in the divine life. He was a plain, unostentatious man. In gifts and usefulness he compared favorably with the preachers of his day. In his private deportment he was calm and cheerful. As a preacher he exhibited much ingenuity in his efforts to interest his hearers, and he seldom failed. He was lucid in argument, apt in illustration, and his conclusions were generally irresistible. He had no affectation of learning, and his sermons were not embellished with gems of science and literature, but were plain, matter-of-fact discourses. He appealed to the understanding, leaving the passions unmoved, except so far as argument and facts were calculated to arouse them. He studied the subject matter of his sermons, and knew

beforehand what he intended to say. He did not repeat, and made it a rule to quit when he was done. He seldom preached over thirty or forty minutes, and never went beyond an hour. When he was done preaching, he had said something worth remembering, something upon which his hearers might ruminate for some time to come. He not only preached near home, but he exercised his gifts in adjoining counties with acceptability and usefulness.[1]

The minutes of 1793 appointed a Conference for "The New Territory," to begin April 2, 1794; but no place is designated. McAnally declares that a Conference was held in the Holston Country that year, but cannot say where. There is no evidence that Bishop Asbury made his usual visit to Tennessee and Kentucky in 1794. It is more than probable that he did not. But the Conference was held in the absence of the Bishop; a President was doubtless elected and the business transacted as if the Bishop were present, ordinations only excepted.

The numbers in Society reported at this Conference (1794) were:

	Whites.	Colored.
Greene	300	7
Russell	145	4
New River	255	18
Holston	257	18
Total	957	47

Grand total, 1,004; increase, 33.

The surprise is not that the increase was so small, but that there was any increase at all. For some

[1] Jesse Cunningham, in the *Methodist Episcopalian*, 1850.

time before this date Indian hostilities had been very active. The people were in constant jeopardy. Some had been murdered by the savages, and others driven from the country. The people were under the necessity of concentrating at or near the stations or forts for mutual protection. This state of affairs was unfavorable to emigration and to successful ecclesiastical operations. Yet the preachers adhered to their fields. None of them fled for safety. They went from settlement to settlement, sometimes attended and at other times unattended; and yet not one of them was harmed—a fact that evidenced the wise and merciful providence constantly exercised over them and the gracious cause which they were promoting.

The appointments for the coming year were:

JOHN KOBLER, *Elder.*

Holston, Francis Acuff, John Lindsey.
New River, Samuel Rudder, John Ray.
Russell, Jacob Peck.
Greene, Williams Kavanaugh, Lewis Garrett.

The minutes of 1794 make no appointment of a Conference to be held in Holston the coming year; but a Conference is appointed for Kentucky, to begin May 1, 1795. Evidently the Holston preachers were expected, as far as possible, to attend this Conference; but as a matter of fact a Conference was held at Earnest's, on Nollichucky River, a few miles east of Greeneville, Tenn., beginning April 27, 1795. Bishop Asbury was present. In his journal he states that six preachers from Kentucky met the Holston preachers there, and that he opened Conference with twenty-three preachers, fifteen of whom were members of the Conference. The Bishop reached the Con-

ference from North Carolina, and after Conference proceeded to the Valley of Virginia. Felix Earnest, a local preacher, entertained most of the preachers at his house, which was large and well furnished. An account of his conversion, which occurred less than three years before, has been given.

The numbers in Society returned at the Conference of 1795 were:

	Whites.	Colored.
New River	190	9
Holston	269	15
Russell	130	5
Greene	300	15
Total	889	44

Grand total, 933, a decrease of 71.

In the early records I see no cause stated for this decrease.

The appointments for the coming year were:

JOHN KOBLER, *Elder.*

Greene, Benjamin Lakin, Nathanael Munsey.
Holston, Tobias Gibson, Aquila Jones.
Russell, Lewis Garrett.
New River, Richard Bird.

Kobler's district was increased at this Conference by the addition of Botetourt, Bedford, and Sussex Circuits.

CHAPTER IX.

From 1792 to 1795 (Continued).

James Ward spent his first year as traveling preacher on Holston Circuit. He labored in Virginia, Middle Tennessee, and Kentucky. He served as presiding elder nine years. He joined the itinerancy in 1792, and located in 1813. In 1808, upon the election of William McKendree to the episcopal office, he was assigned to the Cumberland District as McKendree's successor. His field embraced portions of Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri. He was a useful minister of Christ. He continued to labor in the itinerant and local ranks as long as he had physical strength for the work. He died a member of the Baltimore Conference, near Floydsburg, Ky., in April, 1855, in his eighty-fourth year, having been a preacher over sixty-three years. He left the savor of a good name. His son, Rev. James G. Ward, was for some time a member of the Little Rock Conference, M. E. Church, South.

Stephen Brooks was admitted on trial in 1789, and located in 1793. His last work was Greene Circuit, in the bounds of which he located and spent the remainder of his useful life as a local preacher.

Dr. John H. Brunner kindly furnishes the following notice of Mr. Brooks:

It was quite understood in the reign of Asbury, the bachelor bishop, that location followed the marriage of an itinerant preacher. Hence there was no surprise at the location of

Stephen Brooks, though a prince in our growing connection. He settled a short distance southeast of Greeneville, Tenn.

He was held in esteem by the people, by whom he was chosen as a delegate to the convention that formed the State constitution in 1796.

Well-authenticated tradition tells us that it was Stephen Brooks that introduced and carried through that clause which forbids atheists from holding office in the State, and that thereupon a skeptical member retaliated by securing the enactment of a clause which excludes preachers from our legislative halls.

I knew Stephen Brooks personally, often heard him preach, and visited him at his home. He was a man of fine appearance and easy manners. His mind was of superior mold and burnished by extensive reading. Hence he was often put forward on camp meeting and other popular occasions. He kept abreast of the discussions of his day, and punctured with his polished lance the skeptical theories that came into vogue then, as such notions have been coming and disappearing all along the ages.

At his home he was a model conversationalist, never frivolous but interesting to the last degree. His good sense and sincerity gave weight to all he said. Taking him all in all, he was a man of great moral excellence, and so were his children after him. A better example of citizenship and piety it were hard to find in any age or clime.

I can add my testimony to that of Dr. Brunner. I once enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Brooks in Greene County for a short time, and I was struck with his intelligence, affability, and good spirit. He had the confidence of his neighbors, and was very useful in his section as a local preacher.

Stephen Brooks was born on Cape Hatteras, N. C., February 18, 1764. When he was quite young his father, Stephen Brooks, removed to Hyde County, N. C., and settled near Mattamuskeet. He was brought up a high-churchman, was educated for a

seafaring life, spent some time at sea, and obtained a captain's commission. In his young manhood he was convicted of sin through the instrumentality of a Methodist preacher, and one night while at prayer alone in his father's cornfield he obtained the evidence of pardoned sin, but concealed the fact at the time. A few nights afterwards, at a prayer meeting held at his father's house, he was observed to be under religious concern, and, being called on to pray, he took up the cross; and while he was praying, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters were awakened and converted and afterwards joined the Methodist Church. He soon after abandoned the sea, and was licensed to preach. He was admitted into the Conference at Newbern, N. C., in 1789, and immediately set out for Kentucky with Bishop Asbury, passing through Upper East Tennessee and Cumberland Gap to Lexington Circuit. In 1790 he was appointed to Danville Circuit. For some reason not known his name does not appear in the list of appointments of 1791. In 1792 he was appointed to Greene Circuit, in East Tennessee. His location in 1793 was evidently occasioned by his marriage; for he was happily married to Miss Anna Earnest, a sister of Henry and Felix Earnest, of whom mention was made in Chapter VIII., March 26, 1793. After his marriage he settled in Greene County, Tenn., on a small stream near where Stone Dam Camp Ground was afterwards erected. His wife died November 1, 1797, and on the 6th of January, 1800, he was married to Miss Margaret Whittenberg, who was of a staunch Methodist family of Greene County. In 1801 he removed to a farm on Nollichucky River, some five miles south of

Greeneville, where he spent the remainder of his days as a successful farmer and an active and useful local preacher. His second wife died January 20, 1854, and he died January 1, 1855, in the ninety-first year of his age and the sixty-sixth of his ministry.

When the Conference at Newbern, N. C., at which he was admitted on trial, was coming to a close, he approached the Bishop and asked him where he was to go. The Bishop inquired his name, and, on hearing it, put his arms around his neck and said, "You will go with me to Kentucky," and asked him if he was not afraid the Indians would kill him. He replied: "If they kill one part, they cannot kill the other." While he traveled in Kentucky the Indians were very troublesome, killed many people, and did other mischief. He was often guarded from fort to fort to preach; but God mercifully preserved him, so that he never came in contact with the savages and never saw one. During the brief period of his itinerant work he was most of the time on the frontier, was much exposed, often camped out at night or slept in open houses. Hard labor and much exposure laid in his system the foundation of much suffering in after life. He was very laborious as a local preacher, and preached with great acceptability. Great numbers were brought to Christ in East Tennessee through his instrumentality. The traveling preachers often stopped at his hospitable residence. In the autumn of 1833 the wife of the Rev. Creed Fulton died at his house. Mr. Brooks gave a lot for a meetinghouse and burying ground, and his dust reposes in this graveyard.

The Whittenberg family, into which Mr. Brooks

married, were among the first settlers in Greene County. This family furnished three local preachers: Christopher, Wesley, and Isaac.

Mr. Brooks had twelve children—two by his first wife, and ten by his last. Henry was drowned at the age of fifteen. The others lived to be grown, were examples of early piety, and all became members of the Methodist Church. Harrison died triumphantly at the age of thirty-one. Mary married John K. Harris, brought up eight children, and lived to see them all converted. Two of the sons of Mr. Brooks became preachers. Asbury was a member of the Holston Conference several years, and was acceptable as a preacher, but he became mentally deranged. Jacob F. Brooks was a local elder, and did effective work for a considerable number of years. All of Mr. Brooks's grandchildren—and the number was large—became pious, with a single exception. Among the grandchildren three were preachers: Joshua S. Brooks, who traveled a few years in Holston; Stephen H. Brooks, a Baptist minister; and Stephen J. Harrison, at one time a member of the Holston Conference.[1]

The Hon. William Garrett, in his published "Recollections of Methodism in East Tennessee," says:

> Stephen Brooks had traveled extensively, but in my day was local; and for ability in all the constituents of a Methodist minister, for profound theological reading and extensive attainments, he stood at the head of the list of ministers in all that country. At all the camp meetings his age and character gave him the popular hour, and he seldom failed of success.

[1] Letter of Rev. Jacob F. Brooks to Dr. McFerrin, "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 119-123.

for with his sound and clear arguments there was coupled a fervid zeal and earnest pathos that moved his congregations in a wonderful manner. Regarded as truly a father in our Israel, deeply pious, and consistent in his walk, he exerted a good influence in all the country where he was extensively known.[1]

Barnabas McHenry, son of John McHenry, was born in the State of North Carolina December 6, 1767. When Barnabas was about eight years old his father removed to Washington County, Va., and settled in Rich Valley, not far from the Salt Works. He professed religion and joined the Methodist Church at the age of fifteen, and in the twentieth year of his age he became a traveling preacher. He was admitted into the traveling connection in 1787; received into full connection, 1789; ordained deacon, 1790; located, 1795; was readmitted into the Tennessee Conference, 1818; died June 16, 1833. He preached his first year on Yadkin Circuit, N. C. The major part of his itinerant work was done in Kentucky. His only work in Holston was as presiding elder of Holston, Greene, New River, and Russell Circuits—enough to make him a Holston man, if he had not been reared, as he was, in the Holston Country. The Methodist historian rejoices when he strikes the name of such a man as Barnabas McHenry. Talent, piety, preaching power, and a long and useful life have put music into the name.

Mr. McHenry had a commanding personal appearance, attractive manners, an intellect of the highest order, and a voice strong and well trained. By the

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. II., p. 486.

probity of his life, his sterling moral integrity, a great singleness of purpose, and superior preaching power, he wielded in his life a great influence for good.[1]

Rev. Jacob Young, speaking in his autobiography of meeting at a certain time with several distinguished men, says: "The most distinguished man I met was Barnabas McHenry. I may truly say that he was a man by himself." Rev. Lewis Garrett, referring to his death, says: "In him the Church lost a tried and able minister, and the cause of Christianity an efficient and firm advocate."

Dr. Bascom, whose opinion of any man is worth much, said:

> His preaching was mainly expository and didactic. The whole style of his preaching denoted the confidence of history and experience. All seemed to be real and personal to him. The perfect simplicity, and yet clear, discriminating accuracy, of his manner and language made the impression that he was speaking only of what he knew to be true. He spoke of everything as of a natural scene before him. There was an intensity of conception, a sustained sentiment of personal interest, which gave one a feeling of wonder and awe in listening to him. You could not doubt his right to guide and teach. One felt how safe and proper it was to follow such leading.
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> His style was exceedingly rich without being showy. There was no effervescence. It was not the garden and landscape in bloom, but in early bud, giving quiet but sure indication of fruit and foliage. His language was always accurate, well-chosen, strong, and clear. All his sermons, as delivered, were in this respect fit for the press—not only remarkably free from error on the score of thought, but from defect and fault of style and language. His whole manner, too, was natural, dignified, and becoming. Good taste and sound judgment were his main mental characteristics. Of imagination proper he had

[1] "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., p. 51.

but little, and still less fancy. Reason, fitness, beauty, were the perceptions by which he was influenced. The intrinsic value of things alone attracted him. The outward show of things made little or no impression upon him, under any circumstances. The inner man, the hidden things of the heart, controlled him in all his judgments and preferences.[1]

Previous to McHenry's location, in 1775, he was married to Miss Sarah Hardin, a pious and accomplished lady, a daughter of Col. John Hardin. After locating, he settled in Frankfort, Ky., where he taught school two years. He lived awhile in Danville, also in Richmond, but eventually settled on his farm in Washington County, Ky., where he remained till called from labor to reward. He devoted much of his time, while local, to preaching. He never on any occasion compromised his profession as a minister of the gospel.

When McHenry was on the Salt River Circuit, Kentucky, he stopped to spend the night at a tavern. As it happened, four sprightly young lawyers, on their way to Bardstown from Louisville, where they had been attending court, stopped to spend the night at the same place. They were acquainted with the reputation of the young minister, and really had a profound reverence for his talent and piety; but they ventured beyond the limits of solemn respect in their sportive allusions to the subject of religion. To this part of their conversation he made no reply. When bedtime came, the landlord, as was the habit in that country, placed the Bible before the preacher and politely invited him to lead the devotions of the evening. He read a chapter, and then all knelt. After praying

[1] *Quarterly Review,* Vol. III., pp. 421, 422.

earnestly for the usual objects of prayer, and especially for the company present, he said in the sweetest, kindest accents, for which he was remarkable: "O Lord, thou hast heard the conversation to-night; pardon its folly." The young lawyers felt the merited rebuke, and retired in silent respect. The next morning they greeted the preacher cordially, and with a manner that said plainly: "We honor you and your religion." The preacher and the lawyers were friends ever afterwards.[1]

McHenry was appointed to Cumberland Circuit, in what is now Middle Tennessee, in 1791. While on that charge he narrowly escaped assassination by Indians. There is, I believe, truth in the adage that a man is immortal till his work is done. God exercises a special providence over the instruments by which his cause is to be promoted. While Mr. McHenry was on this circuit the Indians were very active in plundering and murdering. At one time he yielded to persuasion to remain at the house of a friend longer than he had intended, and it was well that he did; for that very evening the Indians fired upon four persons going the way he had to go, and killed one of them. Also Maj. George Winchester was killed near where Gallatin now stands while McHenry was on that part of his circuit. In one case the special providence of God appeared very evident in his preservation. Clarksville, a little hamlet, was the extreme point of the circuit down the Cumberland River. He had put up there with a Mr. Denning,

[1] "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. II., pp. 479, 480, where Dr. Redford quotes from a letter of the Hon. John Pirtle.

who lived near the bank of the river, and his house was some fifty yards from any other. After the family had retired he was reading a book; but, observing that the door near which he was sitting was not closed, he closed it. He learned afterwards that he probably saved his life by closing the door, as Indians had approached the house; and if he had not closed the door, he might have been killed. He had intended to stay another night at Mr. Denning's, but, as good luck would have it, a young gentleman had come some distance to escort him to another settlement; and, changing his purpose, he went with him, and that night a man was shot and killed by the savages in the very place where he sat the night before. Surely the hairs of his head were numbered! Surely the angel of the Lord encamped round about him and delivered him![1]

In June, 1833, the country where he lived was visited with a scourge of cholera. It reached the village near where he lived in the month of June; and he went there the day after its appearance, and spent the day in visiting the sick and praying with them. He was taken ill on the 14th, and died early next morning. His wife was attacked by cholera about the same time he was, and followed him a few hours afterwards. He suffered no pain, and he died as if a small vein had been opened and his life had leaked out. He seemed to wish to take as little attention as possible—did not talk at all, except to inquire how his wife was doing. He said nothing about dying

[1] A letter of Mr. McHenry to the Rev. Lewis Garrett, published in "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 81-83.

but quietly whispered to his daughter that he wished to be buried by the side of Susanna (a daughter who had died some years before). He and his wife were buried in the same grave. The next day a daughter and a granddaughter fell victims to the same destroyer, and a common grave received their uncoffined forms; and three days after that yet another victim, the youngest daughter, followed.[1]

What a beautiful death was the death of this man! At the end of a brilliant career of preaching and soul-saving, of lifelong consecration to the divine service, there is nothing theatrical in the manner of his departure, no boasting or words of triumph, no message to the Conference, no dying-bed testimony to assure his brethren of his readiness to depart: his life was testimony enough. The battle had been fought, the victory had been won, and now he quietly and unobtrusively departs in peace. He

> So lived that, when the summons came to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> He went not, like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approached the grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

I cannot willingly withhold from the reader the characterization of this good man by the pen of that eloquent historian, Abel Stevens:

> His superior natural powers, improved with the utmost as-

[1] Stevens's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Vol. III., p. 298.

siduity, gave him almost immediately a commanding influence, and, after traveling two years, he was made an elder, and in two years more a presiding elder. Bishop Bascom, who knew him long and intimately, says: "He was early remarkable for an admirable acquaintance with theology and a felicitous use of language in the pulpit. In both his excellence was beyond dispute, and so conversant was he with the whole range of theology as usually taught in the pulpit, and so accurately acquainted with the laws and structure of the English language especially, that his judgments, with those who knew him, had the force of law on these subjects. In the Greek of the New Testament he subsequently became quite a proficient, while his less perfect knowledge of Hebrew and Latin enabled him to consult authorities with great facility."

His first circuit was on the Yadkin, and extended from the eastern slope of the mountains down into North Carolina; but in 1788 he was sent to the Cumberland Circuit, comprising a great range of country in Southern Kentucky and Tennessee. He became a chieftain of Western Methodism, braving its severest trials and leading, on immense districts, bands of its ministerial pioneers. His excessive labors broke him down in 1795, and he retired to a farm near Springfield, Washington County, Ky., whence, however, he continued his ministry, as he had strength, in all the surrounding country and sometimes to remote distances. He also established a school, in which he successfully taught, for he appreciated the importance of education to the young commonwealth rising around him. "In this way," says his episcopal biographer, "he continued steadily to wield a most enviable influence in every circle in which he was known, and it was during this period that he contributed so largely to the establishment and reputation of the Church in Kentucky. His character commanded universal respect. His influence was felt wherever he was known personally or by reputation. It was generally conceded that no minister in the State, of whatever denomination, occupied higher intellectual or moral rank. Many of the most influential men in the State were his friends, associates, and correspondents. From the period of his location until he again joined the traveling connection, the ministry of the Church especially, in all its grades,

largely shared his hospitality, counsels, and confidence; and in his quiet retirement and unobtrusive habits of life at Mount Pleasant he continued to devote himself to the great interests of practical godliness and the common weal of all about him. Whether in the bosom of his family or a circle of friends, in the pulpit or schoolroom, on his farm or in his study, he was the same uniform example of devotion to the best interests of humanity." His superior self-culture enabled him to wield a powerful pen for his people, and in 1812 he vindicated them against the printed attacks of two Western clergymen in a pamphlet of marked ability, containing "passages worthy of the pen of Horseley." . . . The great theme of his ministration for several years before his death was holiness of heart and life, essential and attainable, as the proper finish of Christian character and the only preparation for the rewards of immortality. And how beautifully did his life exemplify his faith! His death, too, how calmly peaceful under circumstances the most appalling! . . . . . .

Our Western biographical and historical books abound in allusions to McHenry as a champion of the ministry. A distinguished Kentucky statesman says: "I have known and admired many ministers of different denominations, but the only man I have ever known who even reminded me of my ideal of an apostle was Barnabas McHenry."

In his advanced life, mature in character and generally revered, he was one of the most influential men of his Church and State. He was low in stature, "square built, with a Grecian rather than a Roman face," with heavy eyebrows, a sallow complexion, and a singularly frank, generous, and noble physiognomy. His mind was remarkably well balanced. Though characteristically modest, he was always intrepidly self-possessed. "Indeed," says a high authority, "if I were to mention any trait in his character as more strongly marked than any other, it would be the perfect self-possession which he always evinced under the most vexatious and disturbing circumstances. You could not place him in any situation which would be an overmatch either for his composure or his sagacity; however difficult the case might seem, you might be sure that he would betray no trepidation or embarrassment,

and that he would be ready with some suggestion that was fitted to give to the point in debate a new and better direction. He was, no doubt, indebted for this uncommon and very valuable facility partly to the original structure of his mind and partly to habit of long-continued and vigorous self-discipline.[1]

Barnabas McHenry had three brothers: Andrew, William, and David. Andrew and David settled in Scott County, Va. The former was at one time proprietor of Holston Springs, a watering place; the latter was at one time Sheriff of Scott County. William was the maternal grandfather of Rev. Frank Richardson, D.D., of the Holston Conference. He married a Poston at Broad Ford, Va., and was one of the first superintendents at King's Salt Works.

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[1] "History of the M. E. Church," Vol. III., pp. 294-299.

CHAPTER X.

From 1792 to 1795 (Continued).

Stith Mead was admitted in 1792, and disappears from the minutes in 1814, after an itinerant career of twenty-two years, spent wholly in Virginia, except the year on Holston Circuit, to which he was appointed in 1793. He was born in Bedford County, Va., September 26, 1767. His father, Col. William Mead, was a wealthy farmer, and served with distinction as a soldier in the Revolution. His parents were Episcopalians, his father being a vestryman in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He had serious religious convictions at an early age; but, although taken to church regularly, he found in the services of that Church very little food for his hungry soul and very little stimulus for his pious inclinations. Worldly amusements, called at that time "civil entertainments," were patronized as heartily by Church people as by the avowedly sinful. Church people of that kind were in no spiritual condition to give encouragement and guidance to a soul feeling after God if haply it might find him. Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, they were too blind to find the right way themselves, much less to guide safely a soul in quest of peace and purity. Dancing, card-playing, chicken-fighting, running, jumping, and wrestling formed the staple of the "civil entertainments," not always as civil as they ought to have been. In all these, except card-playing, young Mead became proficient. This he wisely regarded as a detestable sport, and he resolved never

to learn it. Wisely, I say, because he doubtless had learned that cards had always been the favorite tools of the gambler, furnishing no physical exercise for purposes of health and no intellectual exercise beyond that of cunning and trickery; that, being a game of chance, it must necessarily lose interest without the stimulus of a wager and fraudulent sharpness. In spite of the deleterious influence of worldly companions, his mind was deeply impressed with the religious conversations of his father's servants. For hours he would sit in their cabins at night and listen to their talks about heaven and hell, evil spirits, and the punishments that would be inflicted on the wicked. He would then creep off to bed, where his impressions were deepened by horrible dreams. In this state of mind he resolved to lead a moral life. He broke off from many evil practices, and ofttimes felt elated at the idea of going to heaven. He was especially comforted by the reflection that he was not as bad as many others.

In his eighteenth year, his father having removed to Georgia, he was put to school in Augusta. Here his religious distress increased. Hearing that one of the teachers had studied divinity, he applied to him for instruction. The teacher advised him to pray. He committed to memory a form of prayer which he found in a spelling book, and, getting on his knees, for three successive evenings he repeated this prayer. This, according to his own statement, was the first time he ever prayed under the conviction of his unreadiness to stand at the judgment bar of God. These good spiritual symptoms, however, soon disappeared, and he fell again into a state of religious apathy.

In 1789 he visited Virginia on business. He reached Bedford when the community was in the midst of a great revival. He set himself against the work, but at length conviction seized him. He struggled against it, but in vain. The preachers of the circuit were Richard Pope and Christopher S. Mooring. They were assisted in the meeting by John Ayers, a local preacher. Mead attended one of their meetings, and felt hard under Ayers, a slight impression under Mooring, but under Pope the power of God came upon him and cast him out of his chair to the floor. He was like the man spoken of by St. Mark, who was rent by the evil spirit before it came out of him, and was left as one dead. The conscious burden of his sins was so great, and he had such a plain discovery of his lost estate, that if he had known that he was dropping into hell he could not have uttered more doleful cries and horrid shrieks than he did. He did not find peace at this meeting; but at a subsequent meeting, while Mr. Pope was preaching, he fell among the slain, and they were many. On his first recollection he found himself on his back on the floor groaning for deliverance. He was carried out of the house by friends and laid in the shade of a tree, the house being crowded. Soon after this his burden was rolled off, and he gave himself wholly to the work of the Lord.

Mead was a faithful and efficient preacher. Though not a great preacher, he was uniformly successful. His faith was strong, and his power in prayer was remarkable. After seven years in some of the hardest fields in Virginia, he was transferred to the South, and stationed in Augusta. Here, in the face of oppo-

sition and indifference, he organized a Society and built a church. Augusta, when he first went there, was a seat and nursery of infidelity. The apostate Beverly Allen had greatly injured the cause of Methodism. He could find no place to board even among his own kindred, many of whom had removed from Virginia and settled in and near the city. He was permitted to preach once in the Protestant Episcopal Church; but his plain, searching sermon gave so much offense that on the following Sabbath they refused to allow the bell to be rung for service. His most violent opponents having threatened to pull him out of the pulpit, and to impale him on a stake and carry him out of town, he deemed it prudent to withdraw from the building altogether. He found a refuge in the house of Ebenezer Doughty. Here he preached and organized a class of six persons. Having labored here two years, he was appointed presiding elder of Georgia District. On this vast district he had success. In conjunction with Hope Hull, Nicholas Snethen, and others, he held many camp meetings, at which thousands were converted. After laboring many years in Georgia, he returned to the Virginia Conference and did effective work for a long time. He at length became unfortunate in his financial affairs, and with a large family he keenly felt the pinchings of poverty. But his faith never failed, and he labored for the salvation of souls to the last. He left a journal containing much valuable historical information.[1]

John Ray appears for the first time in the minutes of 1792 as remaining on trial. His memoir says that

[1] "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia," pp. 301-305.

he joined the traveling connection in 1790. He was admitted into full connection in 1795, located in 1801, and was readmitted (in the Kentucky Conference) in 1819. He was born January 21, 1768. Reared on the frontier, he was familiar with the hardships of frontier life. He lacked early educational advantages, but he learned readily from observation. Under what religious influences, if any, he was brought up, we know not. He spent his boyhood and youth in the frivolities usual among young people of that period. He was a ringleader in worldly sports and amusements. But when the Methodists first visited his neighborhood he was one of their first converts. The buoyant and irrepressible nature which caused him to excel in worldly pastimes made him a ready subject of that earnest and enthusiastic Christianity which characterized the Methodists of his day. He at once forsook his gay and trifling companions. Impressed that it was his duty to preach the gospel, he soon offered himself to the Conference, and was cordially received. His first and second years were spent in Kentucky. He was appointed to Greene Circuit in 1793, and to New River Circuit in 1794. These were his only years in Holston. He traveled extensively and labored diligently and effectively in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and Ohio. His zeal knew no bounds but his wasting strength. In 1801 he located, and settled in Montgomery County, near Mount Sterling, Ky.; but on account of his antislavery sentiments he removed, in 1831, to Indiana, where the political atmosphere was to him more comfortable. In his local relation he was not idle. He took an active part in the revival work with which the West

was blessed at that period. He had regular appointments, and was punctual in meeting them. He was preëminently successful at the altar. He returned to the effective list for a brief period, and labored with success. He was then superannuated, and in 1836 his name disappears informally from the minutes. In the following year, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, he calmly passed away at his residence in Putnam County, Ind., where he had spent his last years, esteemed and loved by all who knew him.[1] The *Home Circle*, Vol. II., states that he died of a painful affection of the bronchia.

Mr. Ray, with all his meekness and courtesy, was a positive man, and he sometimes used very emphatic language. In speaking of a wealthy man who had dealt dishonorably with him he applied the term *rascal* to him. The man so complimented threatened to thrash him if he did not recant. A short time afterwards Mr. Ray was passing by where the gentleman had hands at work. The man accosted him, and demanded that he recant under penalty of personal abuse. This Mr. Ray declined to do. "Well, sir," said the offended man, "I said that I would thrash you the first time I saw you." "That," said Ray, "would not change your character or alter my opinion of you. But if you want to settle the question of manhood, let us lift separately at that log; and if you can raise it higher than I can, then I will admit that you are the stronger man, and I do not think you can do it." At this the gentleman flew into a rage, and repeated the threat of giving him a flogging, whereupon Ray coolly

[1] "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 123-125.

replied: "I think that you are a little rash. If you were to attempt that, you would not succeed." "What?" said the man. "You a preacher and threatening to fight?" "I don't know what I might do," said Ray, "but I am not going to submit tamely to a beating from you." "Ah, well," said the man, "let us make it up and quarrel no more."

Mr. Ray was a stranger to fear. He, in company with three other persons, was once pursued by a party of five armed men bent on having his heart's blood. "If you think," said he to them, "you can intimidate me, you are mistaken. I know you are a set of cowards or you would not come armed against an unarmed man." The gentlemen who were with Ray told the party that if they touched him it would be at their peril. They were thus dissuaded from their purpose, but through the whole incident the intended object of their vengeance remained perfectly unmoved.[1]

Mr. Ray was a man of marked individuality. He was a man of large stature, tall and symmetrical, erect, portly, and commanding in appearance. He had regular, masculine features. Kindness, humor, independence, boldness, firmness, and sarcasm were written on his physiognomy. His step was elastic. His movements were graceful. His complexion was dark, but not swarthy. His hair, originally a deep brown, was in his advanced years a beautiful iron gray, standing nearly erect on his forehead and hanging down in bushy curls upon his shoulders. A man of such appearance, we may reasonably suppose, was a man of

[1] The Rev. Jonathan Stamper, in *Home Circle*.

marked and decided character; and such he was. As a preacher he often drew the bow at a venture, but he seldom failed to send the arrow to the heart of the King's enemies. He was not a bookworm, though he studied the Bible and the standard works of the Church. He was a careful observer of men and things. He thought closely, his ideas were clear, his reasoning vigorous and logical, his methods natural, his voice strong and melodious, his emphasis correct and impressive, and his manner manly and earnest. Without a knowledge of the theory of grammar, he was in the use of language, in the main, a practical grammarian. Mother wit supplied in him, in a considerable degree, what culture had denied him. In the pulpit and the social circle he abounded in pithy, epigrammatic remarks. His illustrations were usually taken from the common affairs of life, and were pointed and forcible. He was witty and ready at repartee. He was noted in Kentucky for his opposition to slavery. He would seldom lodge at the house of a slaveholder if he could avoid it. Often when invited home by a stranger he would ask: "Have you any negroes?" When a preacher was proposed for admission into the Annual Conference, every eye would be turned to Father Ray, as it was expected that he would rise and say: "Mr. President, has he any negroes?" Mr. Ray was not as good as his Master, who received sinners and ate with them. One would have thought that a man who loved negroes so intensely would have desired to visit them and minister to them. But inconsistency has always been a characteristic of fanaticism. In former years it was difficult to decide which the more fanatical abolitionists hated the more,

the master or his slave. Mr. Helper, the author of that infamous work, "The Impending Crisis," which, just before the war between the States, so much inflamed the public mind in the North against African slavery, and so successfully hissed on the dogs of war, confessed to me that his object in that book was to free the black man; and, thus having taken from the whites of the South one of the strongest motives for his protection and preservation, to secure his extermination. In pursuance of this idea, as he claimed, he wrote and published after the war that equally infamous book, "No Joque," in which he boldly advocated the extermination of all the swarthy races. Possibly Helper's leading motive was money; but Ray, with all his narrowness, was doubtless an earnest man and a saint, conscientiously opposed to an institution whose evils were obvious to all and in his eyes monstrous.

Once a young preacher was boasting of his popularity with a certain denomination within the bounds of his circuit, when Father Ray, with his usual candor, replied: "It is a bad sign. That only shows that you are both impudent and ignorant, for these are the passports in that quarter."

He often had a friendly sparring with a certain Baptist minister in his neighborhood, a Mr. S. One day they met in the road, Ray returning from a camp meeting and S. from an Association. "How do you do?" said S. "You seem to be returning from a camp meeting, and I suppose you had the devil with you as usual." "No, sir," replied Ray; "he had no time to leave the Association."

Mr. Ray usually rode a fine horse One day, as

he was riding into town, a group of young lawyers and doctors, who were chatting, plotted to "stump" him when he came up. On his arrival, their chosen spokesman said: "Father Ray, how is it that you are so much better than your Master, who rode upon an ass, while you are mounted on a fine horse? You must be proud. Why don't you ride as did your Master?" "Just because," said Ray, "there are no asses now to be obtained; they have all been turned into lawyers and doctors."

Ray was distinguished for his tact in keeping order during divine service and taming ruffians who sometimes infested camp meetings. On one occasion some young men took the seats set apart for the ladies. He politely requested them to vacate the seats, but they did not obey; whereupon he left the stand, and as he was approaching them he heard one of them say: "If he comes to me, I'll knock him down." Ray very coolly replied, "You are too light, young man;" and, taking him by the hand, he led him quietly to his appropriate seat, and he misbehaved no more.[1]

Francis Acuff was admitted on trial in 1793; and died in August, 1795, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. His appointments were Greenbrier, Holston, and Danville. His itinerant career was exceedingly brief. He traveled only three years, but in three States. He was born in Culpepper County, Va., and brought up in Sullivan County, Tenn. He died on his last work, Danville Circuit, Kentucky. His obituary notice in the General Minutes represents him as "a young man

[1] Dr. Ralston, in "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 128-133.

of genius and improvable parts and apparently of firm constitution." The nature of the sickness that carried him off is not stated. Acuff's Chapel, probably the first Methodist meetinghouse built in Tennessee, was named after Francis Acuff's father, near whose residence the church was erected. Asbury speaks of visiting the family at Acuff's Chapel in May, 1796, and finding them in tears on account of the death of Francis Acuff.

Acuff was a man of genius, greatly beloved in life and lamented in death. His extraordinary gifts and thorough consecration to the service of the Lord won for him universal esteem and affection. A historian of the Church has said that he left a name which will be gratefully remembered while Methodism shall continue to live in this country. An instance is related illustrative of the strong attachment for him entertained by those who were best acquainted with him. An Englishman named William Jones, on his arrival in Virginia, was sold for his passage. He faithfully served his time, and was converted to God through Methodist preaching. He had been greatly blessed under the ministry of Acuff, and when he heard of his death he resolved to visit his grave. He had to travel a great distance through the wilderness, exposed to danger from Indians and wild beasts; but his affectionate desire to see the grave of his friend and benefactor impelled him forward. When he came to rivers he would wade them, if they were not too deep. If ferriage was necessary, the ferrymen would set him over free of charge. When he was hungry, travelers would give him a morsel of bread. When he reached the house of Mr. Greene, in

Madison County, he inquired for the grave of his dear Brother Acuff. The people looked astonished, but kindly directed him to it. He went to it, felt happy, kneeled down, shouted, and praised the Lord.[1]

Williams Kavanaugh was admitted into the traveling connection at a Conference held in Jessamine County, Ky., in 1794; ordained deacon and received into full connection, 1795; and located, 1798. His first appointment was Greene Circuit, as assistant to Lewis Garrett. He was only nineteen years old when he entered the itinerancy. At that time there were few white settlers south of the French Broad River, and it was necessary that these should be protected by forts, or houses with strong doors barred at night; for their neighbors, the Cherokees, were at that time in a state of hostility to the whites. But the two preachers visited the forts and broke the bread of life to the settlers. To reach this field Mr. Kavanaugh had to make a perilous journey through the wilderness between the settled portions of Kentucky and Tennessee. In company with sixty men he left Crab Orchard. The first night after they started they camped in the woods near a fort, with no covering but the canopy of heaven. At their camp fires they worshiped God, their devotions being led by the intrepid John Ray. There were six preachers in the company, including Garrett and Ray. On the second day they passed a gloomy spot where a short time before a number of persons, including two Baptist preachers, had been murdered by the Indians. The third

[1] Stevens's "History of the M. E. Church," Vol. III., pp. 352, 353.

day they crossed Cumberland Mountain and reached the settlement on Clinch River. Kavanaugh did a faithful year's work on the circuit; and his colleague, Mr. Garrett, always remembered him with respect and affection. His circuits after this were Brunswick, Cumberland, and Franklin, all in Virginia, and Salt River, in Kentucky; six months on Franklin and six months on Salt River.

On the 29th of March, 1798, he was happily united in marriage to Miss Hannah Hubbard Hinde, daughter of Dr. Hinde, a prominent physician, who had emigrated to that country the year before. The Conference was held at Bethel Academy, in Jessamine County, in the fall of 1797. It is probable that Dr. Hinde and family attended the session, that at that time Mr. Kavanaugh became acquainted with this beautiful and gifted young lady of twenty, and that her attractions at that time kindled in his heart the tender passion which eventuated in their happy union.

Mr. Kavanaugh was then one of the most gifted young preachers in the West, with a handsome person and fine conversational powers. The charming and susceptible young woman readily accepted his proposals, and Dr. Hinde was too intelligent not to know that he then had an opportunity of making a valuable acquisition to his family. After proper consultation by Mr. Kavanaugh with Mr. Kobler, his presiding elder, the marriage was consummated.

A brief biographical notice of this lady would not be out of place at this point. Hannah Hubbard Hinde was born in Hanover County, Va., March 6, 1777. In her childhood she was characterized by candor and firmness. At that age she became awakened to a

sense of the fact that she was a sinner, under Methodist preaching. She divulged the exercises of her mind to her mother, who at that time was not religious; and she became interested in her own salvation, and both were soon happily converted to God, the daughter preceding the mother into the kingdom of grace. At the time of her conversion Hannah was only twelve years of age. Her profession of religion aroused the wrath of her father, and he presented a strong opposition to her religious pretensions as well as to those of her mother. But his opposition only strengthened the daughter's determination to serve God. He refused to furnish a horse to his wife to enable her to attend Methodist preaching, but she went on foot. Believing that she was losing her mind, he, doctor-like, applied a blister plaster to the back of her neck; but she suffered the pain caused by the blister and the greater pain caused by his opposition, with such patience and sweetness of spirit that his hard heart relented, and he became a happy subject of the grace which he had hitherto despised. It was now a happy family, and its happiness was not diminished by the subsequent marriage into it of Mr. Kavanaugh.

At that day the marriage of a Methodist traveling preacher usually meant location. No allowance was made to the wife, and the maximum which a preacher could receive was sixty-four dollars a year, and that maximum was seldom reached.

Kavanaugh located in 1798, and taught school; but, feeling powerfully impressed that it was his duty to devote himself to the vocation of preacher, he was not satisfied out of the pastoral work. In a short time he was offered a pastoral charge in the Episcopal

Church, if he would take orders in that Church. After examining the thirty-nine Articles and the rules and regulations of the Church, with prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he accepted the invitation, and preached in that denomination to the day of his death, which occurred October 6, 1806.

During the entire connection of Mr. Kavanaugh with the Methodist Episcopal Church his talents and his piety shone resplendently. As a preacher he was not boisterous, but ready and fluent. His style was perspicuous, every word suited to the idea, and his sermons were smoothly and gracefully delivered. It need only be added that he was the father of the late Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and that giving such a son to the Methodist Church has given him a stronger title to historical recognition than his own personal abilities and usefulness, which, however, were great.[1]

Samuel Edney was admitted in 1791, located in 1794, was readmitted in 1795, and then disappears from the minutes. He was appointed to Swannanoa Circuit in 1793.

Samuel Edney was born in Pasquotank County, N. C., in 1768. At an early age he became a convert to Christianity under the preaching of the then despised and persecuted Methodists. His first serious impressions were from a dream in which he found himself and all his brothers exposed to a raging fire, from which he alone escaped. This led him to serious reflections on his future state. In 1790 he received license to exhort and preach. After he joined

[1] Redford's "Life of Kavanaugh," pp. 40-47.

the Conference his charges were: 1791, New Hope; 1792, Bladen; 1793, Swannanoa; 1795, Yadkin.

The Swannanoa Circuit was afterwards called the Black Mountain Circuit, and embraced all the western part of the State and a portion of Tennessee. While on this circuit he married Eleanor, daughter of William Mills. After his location he settled at a point in Buncombe (now Henderson) County, which was afterwards named for him, Edneyville. He continued to preach up to the last week of his life. He died September 17, 1844. He was ordained elder by Bishop Asbury in 1813. He was the father of twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, eleven of whom grew to maturity.

In making his trip from Wilmington to Buncombe in 1793 he filled an appointment on the way, made for him with this high-sounding announcement: "Rev. Samuel Edney, an eminent Methodist minister from the North, will preach here," etc. This was without his knowledge till he reached the place. He found a large audience gathered together to hear him; and his effort to preach under the circumstances was one of the most trying ordeals of his life, as he was young and inexperienced. But he prayed to his Master, who had never forsaken him. While before his audience his knees smote together and his hands trembled, yet it was reported that his sermon made a powerful impression for good.

At a later day, while preaching a funeral sermon of one of a large family named Stepp, he unintentionally gave great offense to the family by exclaiming with great emphasis: "Yes, after all these warnings from God, you will go on step by step till you all

go down to hell!" An explanation afterwards was necessary to assure the family that no insult was intended.

Mr. Edney had through life his regular Sunday appointments for preaching. For a number of years he preached monthly at Newton Academy, near Asheville, a distance of twenty miles from his home. He was a regular attendant at camp meetings, and his family claim that the first camp meeting ever held in North Carolina west of Blue Ridge was held on his land. His house was always a preacher's home. He lived at peace with his neighbors. Like Paul, he labored with his own hands, and ate his bread in the sweat of his brow. He was an acting justice of the peace for forty years, and it is thought that he disposed of more cases than any justice in the State. He was the first postmaster at Edneyville, and continued in the office for twelve years. He inherited and reared a number of slaves; but, not being able to govern them without chastisement, he parted with them. It is claimed that he was the first preacher who preached west of the Ridge in North Carolina. In his old age he often said: "I have served God over fifty years, and have never seen the moment when I regretted it." His last text was 1 Peter iii. 15: "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." He lived a life of consecration to the service of God, and died in triumph.[1]

Among the children of Samuel Edney were James

[1] Sketch of Samuel Edney by his son, James M. Edney.

M. Edney, Baylis Edney, and Mrs. Isaac B. Sawyer, people well and favorably known in Western Carolina. James M. Edney was for many years editor of the Asheville *Messenger,* afterwards *Highland Messenger.* I knew him personally, and his paper sparkled with wit, humor, and sometimes biting sarcasm. He was a good singer, and generally led the singing in the Methodist Church in Asheville. He was also a consistent and devoted Christian. He removed to New York City, and lived there a number of years, and died there.

Gen. Baylis Edney was a lawyer of ability, a man of portly person, and a popular orator, a speaker who drew largely on his fancy, and whose speeches abounded in wit and humor. Gen. Edney was a man of temper. It is related of him that when, during a session of the court in Asheville, he was about to take his seat in a chair a man took the chair from under him, causing him to fall to the floor. He immediately arose and kicked the offender out of the court room, downstairs, and out on to the pavement. It is related that he and Thomas L. Clingman were riding in a stagecoach together, and on Clingman's remarking that there was not a pure woman on earth, Gen. Edney opened the door and kicked him out into the road, thus compelling him to walk some twenty miles.

Gen. Edney was Consul to Palermo, Sicily, in 1851. He was captain of the "Edney Grays" during the war between the States, and equipped the company at his own expense. He had a good deal of coin buried near Edneyville; and on April 4, 1865, some bushwhackers compelled him to reveal the place of

the coin, and then murdered him. Some of his murderers were deserters from his own company.

James P. Sawyer, Miss Mary E. Sawyer, Miss Maria Edney, and Mrs. Lou E. Benson are some of the surviving grandchildren of Samuel Edney. Rev. Levin (Leavenworth) Edney, who was stationed in Nashville, Tenn., in 1802 and in 1803, was a cousin of Samuel Edney.

CHAPTER XI.

From 1795 to 1798.

In the minutes of 1795 a Conference was appointed for "The New Territory," to begin April 20, 1796. The Conference was held at Nelson's, in the vicinity of Jonesboro. The Bishop, in his journal, says: "Tuesday evening the preachers came in from Kentucky and Cumberland. Wednesday, 20, our Conference began in great peace, and thus it ended. We had only one preacher for each circuit in Kentucky, and one for Greene Circuit, in Tennessee. Myself being weak and my horse still weaker, I judged it impractical to attempt going through the wilderness to Kentucky, and have concluded to visit Nollichucky."

At the same date a Conference was held also at Masterson's Chapel, in Kentucky, Francis Poythress presiding in the absence of the bishop. This arrangement was probably made to save the preachers the expense and danger of traveling through the wilderness.

William Burke, who was on Cumberland Circuit, 1795-96, however, attended the Conference at Nelson's. Accompanied by James Campbell and Joseph Dunn, preachers, his wife and a nephew of his wife, he began the journey through the wilderness, a distance of a hundred miles, without a house to stop at. They had to pack on their horses the provisions necessary for themselves and horses for three days and nights, and to camp at night in the open air. Apprehensive that Indians would attempt to rob them the last night of the wilderness journey, a guard was kept

out all night, but they were not interrupted; and the next day they reached the settlement where Knoxville now stands, and the following day they reached the bounds of Greene Circuit, where Mr. Burke had traveled in the year 1792, and he was among his old friends. The company arrived at Nelson's the day before the Conference assembled, and met Bishop Asbury. The business of the Conference was transacted in peace and harmony. While the examination of character was going on, and before Mr. Burke withdrew from the room, the Bishop remarked that Brother Burke had during the past year accomplished two important things: he had defeated the O'Kelleyites and married a wife. It was understood in those days that Bishop Asbury did not approve of the marriage of the traveling preachers, and that he expected them to locate if they did marry; but, in spite of the opposition of preachers and people, Mr. Burke felt it to be his duty to continue in the itinerant work as long as providence opened the way. It was well that some man was found of sufficient courage to break the record on that subject and to refute the false notion of the necessity of celibacy in an itinerant clergy. At this Conference Mr. Burke was appointed to Guilford Circuit, in North Carolina; and, in company with his wife, he immediately proceeded to his work.[1] This circuit was financially and socially an improvement on the circuits he had traveled in the West.

In the appointments the Bishop did better than he feared, giving two men to Greene. The appointments were:

[1] Finley's "Sketches of Western Methodism," pp. 49, 50.

JOHN KOBLER, *Elder.*
Greene, John Page, Nathanael Munsey.
Russell, Joseph Dunn.
Holston, Obadiah Strange.
New River, James Campbell.

This year, for the first time, the membership is reported in the General Minutes by States. The Holston charges reported as follows:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	272	18
New River	127	13
Russell	130	7
Greene	313	13
Total	842	51

Grand total, 893, a decrease of 40.

The decrease reported in 1795 and 1796 cannot be certainly accounted for. At the Conference of 1794 an increase of 33 was reported for the whole district, while on New River alone the increase was 74, showing greater prosperity on New River Circuit than on the other circuits; but in 1795 the whole work reported a decrease of 71 and New River alone a decrease of 74, seeming to show that New River was that year below the average in prosperity. In 1796 the whole work reported a decrease of 40 and New River a decrease of 59. This falling off on the whole work, and especially on New River, may have been due to the giving off of some Societies to a circuit farther east. Possibly the prevalence at that time of Thomas Paine's views may have checked the growth of Methodism in the Holston Country, and especially in the New River section. Moreover, the New River country was, in a measure, settled by men of prop-

erty who owned slaves, and an avowal of abolition sentiments on the part of the preachers may have created a repugnance to Methodism among the wealthier and more influential classes. This is quite likely. Another probable cause of this falling off should, perhaps, not go without mention. In Chapter I. it was stated that, owing to the O'Kelley agitation, the figures representing the membership of the entire Church in 1791 were not reached again till 1801. This paralysis was probably felt throughout the Church, affecting the zeal of the preachers in Holston and the acceptability of Episcopal Methodism among the masses. The fact that the Church was at a standstill in membership for ten years shows the deep and wide sympathy with the views of O'Kelley which prevailed throughout the country. Nothing overcame this paralysis and reinstated the Church in the confidence of the people but the almost superhuman energy and activity of Bishop Asbury, his persistent prudence, his ardent love for humanity and affection for his brethren in Christ, his meekness and patience under opposition and criticism, together with the heroic self-denial and untiring perseverance of his preachers. The great revival of 1800, in which the Methodists were largely participants, also came to the rescue of the hesitating cause.

It is not difficult to divine where on Nollichucky the good Bishop went for the purpose of seeking rest. He had fared too well at Felix and Henry Earnest's not to wish to enjoy their hospitality and Christian converse again. It appears that the Kentucky preachers accompanied him after Conference to the same place, where doubtless some of them preached; for at that

early day the preachers preached every day when it was practicable.

On Monday, the 25th, on the banks of the Nollichucky, the Bishop parted with his dear suffering brethren, who were starting to pass through the howling wilderness to Kentucky and Middle Tennessee; and, although sinners appeared to be hardened and professors cold, he was happy in God. The young preachers appeared to him to be solemn and devoted to God, and doubtless to be depended on. This gave him comfort.

After leaving his comfortable quarters on the Nollichucky, the Bishop proceeded to Sullivan County. On Sunday, May 1, he came to Acuff's Chapel, and found the Acuff family sorrowful and weeping on account of the death of Francis Acuff, "who," as he remarks, "from a fiddler became a Christian, from a Christian a preacher, and from a preacher a glorified saint." Acuff had died in the work in Kentucky. The Bishop had liberty as he preached from Ephesians ii. 1, 2. The house was crowded. The Bishop's mind was variously exercised as to the future. He debated whether it was his duty to continue to bear the burdens he was then bearing or to retire to some other land. He says: "I am not without fears that a door will be opened to honor, ease, or interest; and then farewell to religion in the American Methodist connection, but death may soon end all these thoughts and quiet all these fears."

The Bishop's piety was of the severe, ascetic sort—deep and intense rather than broad. In his eyes there was a contrast between being a fiddler and a Christian. If he were suddenly to return to the earth now,

he would doubtless be horrified to see violins and other musical instruments used in public worship in the Methodist churches of the day. The use of organs and other musical instruments in church worship has probably improved church music, considered from an æsthetic standpoint; but I am not right certain that it has not also militated against congregational singing, and against spontaneity, freedom, and emotional power in congregational music. The Bishop would also discover that a door has been "opened to honor, ease, or interest," indeed to all of them; but he would perhaps also discover that honor, ease, and interest are not necessarily inconsistent with piety; that a man is not obliged to occupy a humble position in life, to have a hard time of it, or to live in poverty in order to love God and keep his commandments. Yet while all this is true, it must be conceded that honor, ease, and interest have their peculiar dangers; that the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the desire of other things often choke the word and render it unfruitful. Many of our chief spiritual foes infest the highway of worldly prosperity. On the other hand, poverty, want, persecution, and affliction have their peculiar dangers, and it is probable that more men fail to be fruitful in the knowledge and love of God from despair than from pride. The progress of civilization and refinement is not unaccompanied with peculiar spiritual perils; but on the whole they are really conducive to noble manhood, and, under proper influences, favorable to the development of Christian character.

In the Bishop's journal for May 5, 1796, he says that an appointment had been made for him to preach

in Abingdon; but he supposed that he would have no opportunity to preach, as the court was then in session, and therefore determined to proceed at once to what he calls "Clinch," by which he means Russell County. He was informed, however, that the judges had adjourned court for preaching. He therefore went and preached at three o'clock, and had for an audience the judges, some of the lawyers, and very few of the citizens. The fact that sentence had that day been passed on a poor criminal, and two more had been burned in the hand, he judged that he ought to meet the solemnities of the day, and accordingly spoke on: "Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." But, according to his own account, he was "shut up in his mind"—that is to say, he lacked liberty. I think it likely that the audience had a better opinion of the sermon than the preacher had himself. A preacher does not always know when he is failing or when he is succeeding. He escaped, as he says, from Abingdon as out of a prison, and rode to Clinch. He passed by the home of Rev. Charles Cummings. He found him in good circumstances, with a good house and an excellent farm, evidence that he had not served God for naught. The Bishop had a conversation with him, and seems to have alluded to his worldly prosperity. Mr. Cummings's plea was that when he came into that country he "put his life in his hand;" and in his journal the Bishop comments by saying: "And so have I every time I have crossed the wilderness and mountains. I expect a crown for my sacrifice. Were I to charge the people on the Western waters for my services, I should take their roads, rocks, and mountains into the account, and rate my labors at a very

high price." The Bishop's remarks in regard to the minister were evidently not dictated by envy; but he seems to have had as much faith in the necessity of clerical poverty as he had in that of clerical celibacy.

Methodism seems to have made a bad beginning in Abingdon; but it afterwards became a stronghold of Methodism, and is yet such. The Mr. Cummings to whom the Bishop refers as prospering in worldly affairs was a Presbyterian minister. The Presbyterians were probably the first who worshiped in houses erected for worship, with regularly appointed pastors, in Washington County, Va. Rev. Charles Cummings is the first pastor in that section of whom we have any account; but there was at least one other before him, as there were two houses of worship, with their membership of staunch Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, when he came to the county in 1773. These were Sinking Spring and Ebbing Spring, the first on the highest ground near the center of the old cemetery at Abingdon, and the other in the vicinity of Ebbing and Flowing Spring, on the middle fork of the Holston. Mr. Charles B. Coale, in the *Abingdon Virginian,* locates the latter church near the site of the present Gladespring Church; but as the spring that gave the church its name is some two miles southeast of this, it is not improbable that the church was near the spring, or at least somewhere between the Gladespring Church and the spring. In 1772 Mr. Cummings received a call from the two congregations mentioned. This call he immediately accepted, removed with his family, purchased land near where Abingdon now stands, and settled upon it; and it is

now owned, I believe, by his descendants.[1] I am well acquainted with a number of the posterity of Mr. Cummings, and a more honest and noble people I never knew. The Ebbing Spring, a natural curiosity, is some two miles southeast of old Gladespring, and some four miles south of Gladespring depot. This spring, a short mile above where I was reared, I have often visited. A portion of the stream having a number of years since during a rainy season forced an outlet above Ebbing Spring, it has ceased to ebb and flow as it had probably done for ages.

On the 9th of May, 1796, the Bishop finds himself in Russell County, Va. The prayers of the preachers were requested in behalf of Mrs. Scott, who was at the point of death. In the Bishop's journal she is called "F. D." As Mrs. Scott's maiden name was Dickenson, and as she was a widow, it is likely that she was known by her maiden name. She died; and John Kobler, presiding elder, was requested to perform her funeral solemnities. The following thrilling scrap of history was substantially taken by Mr. Kobler from her own lips sometime before her death:

She married a Mr. Scott, and lived in Powell's Valley, where the Indians were very troublesome, often killing and plundering the inhabitants. On a certain night after the family had retired, nine Indians rushed in, murdered Mr. Scott, killed and scalped all her children before her eyes, plundered the house, and took her prisoner. The savages spent the remainder of the night around a fire in the woods, drinking, shouting, and dancing. They divided the plunder with great equality. In the captured property was a

[1] "History of Southwestern Virginia," pp. 246-247.

Wesleyan hymn book. They gave it to Mrs. Scott at her request; but when they saw her reading it, they called her a conjurer, and took it from her. It took them several days to reach the Indian towns. Mrs. Scott's grief was so great that she could scarcely believe that her situation was real, but she seemed to herself to be only dreaming. It is one of nature's compensations that great and sudden misfortunes usually so shock us as to render us partially insensible to them, their very violence bringing its own palliation. To aggravate her grief, the heartless wretches arranged that one of their number should walk immediately before her with the scalps of her husband and children hanging upon his back. In walking up and down the hills and mountains she was frequently exhausted by fatigue and sorrow; but the brutes would laugh when they saw her almost spent, and mimick her panting for breath. But, as a kind Providence would have it, there was one Indian who was more humane than the rest. He would get water for her, and cause the others to stop when she desired to rest. At the end of an eleven days' tramp the savages were greatly distressed with hunger; and they then committed their prisoner to the care of an old Indian at the camp, while they went in search of game. While the old man was busily engaged in dressing a deer skin, Mrs. Scott sauntered backward and forward through the woods, until she saw that he took no notice of her. She then slipped off, and, running a considerable distance, securely hid herself in a canebrake. Through the larger part of the night she heard the Indians searching for her and signaling to each other with an imitation of the voice of an owl.

They did not find her; and now she was alone in a savage wilderness, far from civilized inhabitants, without a morsel of food or a friend to lend a helping hand except the blessed Saviour and Friend of all. To him she poured out her soul in fervent prayer that he would not forsake her in this hour of danger and distress. This prayer was not in vain. God exercises a special providence over his children, and his ear is always attent unto their cry, especially in the hour of calamity. She then set out in what she supposed to be the direction of Kentucky, with very little expectation of seeing a human face again, unless it was the faces of savages, whom she looked upon as so many fiends from the bottomless pit, and her greatest dread was that of meeting some of them whilst she was wandering in the wilderness.

One day in her lonesome journey she heard human voices and a great noise like that of horses running. She hid herself, and saw a company of Indians furiously driving a lot of horses which they had stolen from the whites.

She had nothing to subsist upon but roots, young grapevines, sweet cane, and such like produce of the wild woods. She chanced to come upon a bear feasting upon the flesh of a deer. She drew near, hoping to enjoy bruin's hospitality; but he looked angry, and with a selfishness almost human he growled a refusal to share his venison with his fair visitor. So she passed on. At night she would lie down, but she never fell asleep without dreaming of eating. One day she came to a large shelving rock, under which was a bed of leaves. She crept in upon them, and determined there to end her days. She lay there sev-

eral hours, till her bones ached in such a manner that she was obliged to stir. The attractions of home then came to her mind, and she started again and traveled several days, till she reached the Cumberland River where it breaks through the mountains. She went down the cliffs a considerable distance; but, becoming affrighted, she attempted to retrace her steps. The descent, however, down which she had come was so steep that in her weakness she was unable to return. There was but one way by which she could leave her present position, and that was a considerable perpendicular distance down to the bank of the river. She seized the top of a little bush, and for half an hour prayed to God for assistance; then let herself down by the bush till it broke, and she fell violently to the ground near the river. She lay there some time, resolved to go no farther; but in a few hours she grew so thirsty that she summoned strength enough to crawl to the water and drink. The delightful beverage so revived her that she was able to rise and walk. She was four days in descending from the hill tops to the river, and afterwards it was discovered that the distance was only two miles. She traveled on till she came to a path, one end of which led to the settlements and the other back into the wilderness. She knew not which end to take; but, after standing and praying a few minutes, she turned to take the end that would have led her back into the wilderness. Immediately there came a little bird of a dove color near to her feet and fluttered along the path that led to the settlements. She paid no special attention to this till it was repeated the third time. Then she took this as a monition of Providence; and

she took the direction indicated by the strange maneuver of the bird, and found, to her great joy, that the path led her to the settlements. She soon reached home; and in a short time after her arrival she embraced religion, and lived and died a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.[1]

But what about the mysterious providence by which Mrs. Scott learned the right direction to take to reach home? Did her guardian angel materialize in the shape of a bird to give her the proper direction, or did this angel possess a real bird for that purpose? or did the Holy Spirit inspire the little creature to cause the maneuver that saved her from a fatal mistake? or did God prearrange, in his inscrutable natural providence, that such influences and motives should control the bird at that moment that it should act as it did, and thus unconsciously carry out his merciful design? At all events, God was in the affair. It was evidently a fulfillment of the Scripture: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Bishop Asbury visited the Holston Country again in 1797, but his journal does not speak of a Conference held in it that year. The minutes of 1796 name no appointment for the Holston section, but one to be held in Kentucky at Bethel School, beginning May 1. It was doubtless expected that some of the Holston preachers would reach this Conference.

The Bishop had his usual tribulations in crossing the mountains from North Carolina to Tennessee. The rough ascents and descents, bad roads or no

[1] Asbury's Journal, Vol. II., pp. 251-253.

roads, storms of rain and hail, miry soil, swollen streams and dangerous fords, lack of accommodations for man and beast along the route, and his own feebleness and sickness are some of the troubles which he chronicles in his journal. A gleam of sunshine falls upon his journal when he meets Kobler, Burke, and Page. He doubtless felt as Paul felt when the brethren met him at the Three Taverns, and "thanked God and took courage." After meeting the brethren, he rested and took two things that seemed to be indispensable to his existence: "breath and medicine." Wednesday, 29th, he reached William Nelson's; and there, on account of his feebleness, he determined to abandon his contemplated trip to Kentucky. He sent Kobler to take charge of Kentucky and Cumberland, placed Jonathan Bird over Holston District, sent to Poythress in Kentucky a plan for stationing the preachers, and began his journey toward Baltimore. These facts would indicate that he held a Conference at Nelson's.

It would be interesting to quote at length from the Bishop's journal, but lack of space forbids. Suffice it to say that, sick and weary, he continued traveling and preaching. He visited Mrs. Russell and went up "Walker's Valley," in Virginia. His fever did not leave him from Monday till Friday; but, though very weak, he kept cheerful. His diet, by his own choice, was chiefly tea, potatoes, Indian meal gruel, and chicken broth. He could not think much, and could write only a few letters. He rode from eighty to a hundred and twenty miles in a week. He sometimes had to ride thirty miles to get to a house.[1]

[1] Asbury's Journal, Vol. II., pp. 285-288.

Perhaps no preacher of the Christian era, not excepting Paul or Wesley, was more industrious and indefatigable than Asbury. He was constantly going, rain or shine; constantly preaching in chapels, in courthouses, in schoolhouses, in private residences, outdoors, teaching publicly and privately, praying with families, sitting in Conference and making the appointments; and yet all this time he was an invalid. When he should have been in bed he was riding from thirty to forty miles a day in inclement weather over hills and mountains, through pathless forests, exposed to savage beasts and more savage men. His journal is a perpetual round of complaints of bodily weakness, fatigue, exhaustion, pain, asthma, low spirits, and medicine-taking; and with all these bodily discomforts he was always ready to go, to preach, to work, and always happy in the God of his salvation.

The numbers in Society reported in 1797 were:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston and Russell	390	23
New River	94	6
Greene	333	16
Total	817	45

Grand total, 862, a decrease of 31.

As has been remarked before, the principal falling off was on the New River Circuit. In 1794 it reported 273 members, and now it reports only 100, a falling off in three years of 173.

The appointments for the coming year were:

JONATHAN BIRD, *Presiding Elder.*
Greene, John Buxton, Robert Wilkerson.
Holston, William Burke, William Duzan.
Russell, John Watson.
New River, Joseph Dunn.

A careful examination of Asbury's journal shows that he did not visit Holston in 1798. In the minutes of 1797 Holston is booked for a Conference to begin May 1, 1798. McAnally says that the Conference was held, and Burke says that Bishop Asbury was present. Burke was on Holston Circuit in 1797-98, and ought to have known whether the Bishop was at the Conference or not. But Asbury's journal makes his presence in Holston during this season exceedingly improbable, and at the date mentioned impossible, as he was in Maryland at that time. But where was the Conference held? Who presided? These questions remain unanswered.

The numbers in Society reported for the past year were:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	245	13
Russell	133	9
New River	103	11
Greene	322	18
Total	803	51

Grand total, 854, a decrease of 8, in spite of an increase of 14 on New River.

The appointments for the coming year were:

FRANCIS POYTHRESS, JONATHAN BIRD, *Presiding Elders.*
New River, Thomas Allen.
Russell, Obadiah Strange.
Holston, Thomas Wilkerson.
Greene, Henry Smith.

Here we have the remarkable phenomenon of two presiding elders in charge of one district. There was, no doubt, a good reason at the time for this arrangement, which is now not certainly known. McAnally says:

The writer of this recollects to have once heard Mr. Bird say that sometime during the year he was sent to supply this district, because Mr. Poythress had either failed in health or had been removed to some other field of labor, but does not remember which. The impression is that Mr. Bird was traveling with Bishop Asbury when Poythress's health failed, and he was sent to take his place on the district.[1]

Poythress was supernumerary the year before on the district in Kentucky traveled by John Kobler. The supernumerary was expected to do some work. In this case Poythress was appointed, as it appears, to assist the presiding elder, and not to assist one of the preachers in charge. When Poythress was appointed to Holston District it is likely that the Bishop was not certain that he would be able to do full work; and, wishing to have Mr. Bird as a traveling companion, he doubly supplied the district, so that in case Poythress could do full work he could keep Bird with him, and in case of the failure of Poythress's health Bird could relieve him or at least supplement him.

[1] "Life of S. Patton," p. 122.

CHAPTER XII.

From 1795 to 1798 (Continued).

Lewis Garrett was admitted into the traveling connection in 1794, located in 1805, and was readmitted, in the Tennessee Conference, in 1823. He was broken to the harness on Greene and Russell Circuits, being appointed to the former in 1794 and to the latter in 1795. He was born in Pennsylvania April 24, 1772; but while he was yet a child his parents removed to Botetourt County, Va. In 1779 his father sold his possessions in Virginia and began removing his family to Kentucky, but died on the route, leaving a widow and eight children in the wilderness. The winter after their arrival in Kentucky was long remembered as "the hard winter." The Indians stole the horses of Mrs. Garrett, her funds were in depreciated Continental money, breadstuffs were scarcely purchasable at any price, and, having to camp until a log house could be erected, she found herself in trying circumstances for a woman who had been reared in the vicinity of Philadelphia, amid its advantages. Two of her sons were captured by the Indians, one of them never to be heard of afterwards. Amid the indescribable hardships and dangers of this frontier life grew up Lewis Garrett, with sinews inured to toil and privation and a courage developed by constant jeopardy. His mother was converted in a revival conducted by a Baptist preacher. She joined the Methodist Church about the year 1786. In 1790 a great revival prevailed in the settlement under the

ministry of Benjamin Ogden, James Haw, and Barnabas McHenry; and in this revival young Garrett was awakened and converted, and he entered the traveling connection four years afterwards.

In April, 1794, the Western Conference convened at Lewis's, near where Bethel Academy was then building. The whole Conference consisted of only seven preachers. The Bishop not being present, Francis Poythress presided. At this Conference Mr. Garrett was admitted and appointed to Greene Circuit. In company with sixty men, whom he joined at Crab Orchard, he braved the dangers of the wilderness, crossed the Cumberland Mountains, and reached the settlement on Clinch River. Accompanied by his colleague, Williams Kavanaugh, he then proceeded to the circuit. But there was not yet an end of difficulty and danger, for this circuit was frontier territory. It lay along the Holston and French Broad Rivers. There were very few white settlers south of the French Broad, and they either lived in forts, cooped up in constant dread, or in strongly built houses, with thick puncheon doors, carefully barred by night. The Cherokees, who were their near neighbors, were at this time in a state of hostility to the whites. The preachers visited these forts and rude dwellings in quest of perishing souls. The presiding elder, John Kobler, in returning from one of his preaching excursions, rode up to a cabin and saw the family lying bleeding, just butchered by the savages. Alone and defenseless, he passed on, and was mercifully preserved.[1]

For twelve consecutive years Mr. Garrett preached

[1] "Recollections of the West," pp. 5-9, 21-25.

in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. He was presiding elder of Cumberland District in 1804, and, worn down with toil and exposure, he located in 1805. He reëntered the traveling ministry in 1823, and traveled some years in the Tennessee Conference. His appointment in 1823 was Nashville Town, the station being thus named to distinguish it from Nashville Circuit. He was presiding elder of Nashville District for a number of years, all told. He was a leading member of the Tennessee Conference.

Preachers of the present generation can hardly form an adequate conception of the difficulties our preachers encountered a hundred years ago. Mr. Garrett tells a story of himself which portrays hardships that were only samples of the frequent experiences of the hardy pioneers. He returned in 1804 from the Conference at Mount Gerizim to Cumberland District and to Williamson County, where he then had a little family. After several smaller excursions, he set out to attend a quarterly meeting near Hartford, above the mouth of Greene River. It was late in December. He had to travel along a small pathway, where no human being resided. He lost the path. Night came on. It was a cold but moonlight night. He soon found his progress impeded by swamps and briers, became bewildered and benumbed with the cold, and thought for a time that his case was hopeless; but, thanks to a gracious Providence, by using effort to keep warm and by persevering in traveling, he reached a cabin where there was a fire about two o'clock in the morning. Having warmed and rested till daylight, he pursued his journey and reached his appointment in due time on Saturday, having fasted from

sunrise the preceding day. This experience was trying to a constitution already impaired by exposure and excessive labors.[1]

I have sometimes thought that the baptism of fire spoken of in the New Testament means purification through suffering; for "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." If so, the hardships through which the Methodist pioneers of this Western country passed account in part for their sturdy piety, sublime faith, joyful experience, and extraordinary power in the pulpit. It is one of the paradoxes of Christianity that the things which we most dread and are most careful to avoid are often the things most necessary to our spiritual welfare and usefulness.

In connection with John Newland Maffitt, Mr. Garrett began the publication of the *Western Methodist,* a weekly Methodist paper. He also established a bookstore, where he for a number of years did a considerable business. He became involved in serious strife with some of his brethren, which led to his severance from the Church for a number of years; but he returned to the bosom of his mother, and became a member of the Mississippi Conference, where he preached with popularity and usefulness till the tired wheels of nature stood still.

Mr. Garrett was a little under the medium size, slender but handsome. His features were finely chiseled, indicative of a strong and sprightly intellect. He had a dark-brown, penetrating eye. His voice was full and melodious, his accent and articulation were

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 481-483.

distinct, his manner was self-possessed and deliberate, and his sermons were at times masterful and overpowering.[1]

Mr. Garrett was a man of more than ordinary intellectual force. He possessed deep and undissembled piety, was a man of few words, was zealous and industrious in the work of the Lord, and characterized by unwavering devotion to the ancient landmarks of Methodism. In the latter part of his life he was employed as a missionary among the colored people in Mississippi. He had located in that State, near Vernon, Madison County. He preached to these sable sons of Africa, and labored zealously among them as long as he had strength to do so. At last, after having preached the gospel for sixty-three years, it was apparent to all that he was sinking apace. The last time he attended church he was very happy in the Lord. M. Garrett, Esq., his son, seeing the low state of his health, removed him to his own house, where he shortly afterwards died in great peace. In his last hours he used the language of the dying Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us." He assured his visiting friends that all was "well with Lewis Garrett." To a brother, inquiring if he knew him, he replied: "To be sure, brother, I know you; and I know the Lord Jesus Christ too. His blood and righteousness I make my only plea." These were his last words. He died April 28, 1857, in his eighty-sixth year.[2]

Benjamin Lakin was born in Montgomery County, Maryland, August 23, 1767. The family from which

[1] Sketch of Garrett, by Dr. McFerrin, in "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 401-403.

[2] General Minutes of 1857.

he descended were originally from England. In 1793 his mother, then a widow, removed to Kentucky. He was converted to God under the preaching of Rev. Richard Whatcoat in 1791. He joined Conference in 1795, and was sent to Greene Circuit, in East Tennessee. In 1797 he married; and, according to the custom of the times, he located in 1798. Finley, in "Sketches of Western Methodism," remarks: "Such was the prejudice that existed in the Church at that day against married preachers that it was almost out of the question for any man to continue in the work if he had a wife." He was readmitted in 1801. In 1817 he was placed on the supernumerary list in the Ohio Conference, and the following year on the superannuated list, and he retained this relation till his death, which occurred February 5, 1849.

For a few years after the failure of his health he remained in Kentucky, but at a later period removed to Ohio and settled in Clearmont County, near Felicity. He never spent an idle Sabbath unless providentially prevented from preaching or attending divine service that day. He had regular appointments at accessible points. He stood shoulder to shoulder with other preachers in that great revival which swept like a cyclone over the West in 1800 and later. In the greatest excitement his clear and trumpetlike voice could be heard above the din and roar of battle directing the penitent to the Lamb of God and warning the careless of their danger. His seat in the class and praying circles was never vacant. He was there to lead the blind, carry the lambs in his bosom, urge the laggard professor to duty, and warn the impenitent in tones of thunder to flee from the wrath to

come. In the religious controversies in Kentucky, which at an early day threatened the peace and even the existence of the Church, he stood among the foremost in vindication of the polity of the Church, repelling with giant power the attacks of all assailants. He was often fluent and at times truly eloquent. He held as warm a place in the affections of the Methodists of his day as did any of the good men with whom he was associated.

He preached his last sermon in McKendree Chapel, Brown County, O., January 28, 1849. He returned home at Point Pleasant the following Tuesday complaining of indisposition. He, however, started on the succeeding Friday to a quarterly meeting in Felicity. He rode about six miles, and reached the house of his niece, Mrs. Richards, in usual health and in a happy frame of mind. About eight o'clock that night he was attacked with a chill and nausea. On Saturday and Sunday he continued quite unwell. On Monday he was better, and after eating his supper he sat some time by the fire conversing pleasantly. About seven o'clock he arose, looked at his watch, and walked out of the room toward the front door. A noise being heard in the hall, the family went to him and found that he had fallen to the floor. Supposing that he had only fainted, they endeavored to revive him, but death had done its work.

Lakin was in the ministry fifty-four years, part of the time in the local ranks. After his year in Holston his itinerant service was divided between Kentucky and Ohio. He was a very effective preacher, and had the honor of being instrumental in the con-

version of such men as John P. Durbin and Bishop Kavanaugh.[1]

Tobias Gibson was born in Liberty County, S. C., November 10, 1771. He traveled only one year in Holston. He was in charge of Holston Circuit, 1795-96. He became a traveling preacher in 1792, and died April 5, 1804. With the exception of his Holston year he preached in South Carolina till he was sent as a missionary to Natchez, Miss. He was sent there in 1799, and was connected with that work till his death.

Bishop Asbury was evidently directed by the great Head of the Church in the selection of Gibson for the Natchez Mission. The fact that some of his relatives had preceded him to that country rendered this appointment peculiarly fortunate. When he left South Carolina for his new field he traveled in a northwesterly direction, and six hundred miles of horseback travel brought him to the Cumberland settlements, near where Nashville now stands. Here he sold his horse, procured a canoe, then alone slipped his cable, shot out into the current, and rapidly descended Cumberland River. It is much to be regretted that he left no journal of this long and lonely voyage. Of his fears and hopes, his spiritual enjoyments, his narrow escapes in running the rapids and evading the lurking savages, we have no account and no knowledge except that which is supplied by the imagination. He entered the Ohio, and then the Mississippi. Tradition has it that he was taken up by a boat (what kind, tradition saith not), and was conveyed by it

[1] Redford's "Life of Kavanaugh," pp. 71-73.

to his destination at Natchez, where he arrived about the last of March, 1799. He immediately entered upon his work. He found there an intelligent, wealthy, and influential family connection of his who had preceded him by many years from South Carolina, and who cordially received him. He soon supplied himself with a horse, and visited and reconnoitered all the settlements of note between the thirty-first parallel of latitude and where Vicksburg now stands. The only Protestant church in all that country was a small log house that had been recently built by the Baptists. All his public services were at first held in private dwellings. The younger natives had never seen a Methodist preacher, and curiosity drew together good congregations eager to hear the stranger. Rev. James Griffing, who for a half century or more was one of the leading local preachers of Mississippi, used to speak of Gibson's first visit to his father's house. He was then a youth of seventeen, and was directed to attend to the stranger's horse. After stabling the horse, he returned to the house to gratify his curiosity by a transient look at the visitor, who was introduced to him as a Methodist minister, the first Methodist he had ever seen. He paused a moment to listen to his conversation, but his heart was so affected with the unusual sanctity of the preacher's countenance and words that he hastened from his presence to conceal his emotions. If Gibson had foreseen the career of that youth, he might have exclaimed: "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him!"

The first Church was organized in Washington, the headquarters of the Territorial Government, soon after Mr. Gibson entered the country. Gibson opened

his message in an old-field schoolhouse. After the sermon he opened the doors of the Methodist Church, and eight persons gave him their names, five men and three women, two of them (a man and a woman) being colored. Randall Gibson was appointed class leader, and he and William Foster were appointed stewards; and now Methodism was planted in the Southwest, with a vast wilderness north and east of it sparsely inhabited by savages, and south and west a mixed population of Spanish and French Catholics, arrayed in the most deadly hostility against the Protestant faith.[1]

Four times Gibson passed through the wilderness, a distance of six hundred miles, on his trips to and from the Conferences of 1802 and 1803, held respectively at Strother's Meetinghouse, in Sumner County, Tenn., and Mount Gerizim, in Harrison County, Ky., in the interest of the Natchez Mission.

While remaining with his relatives in feeble health, he was one day out on the plantation of his kinsman, and unexpectedly found himself encircled by a canebrake on fire. He came so near being suffocated by the fire that his system received a shock from which it never recovered. This shock pushed him with accelerated speed to the grave.[2]

A tender story connected with the declining health of Mr. Gibson is told. His disease (pulmonary) was of a flattering character. Having been measurably relieved from exposure and hard work by the presence and labors of Mr. Floyd, his health seemed to im-

[1] "Methodism in Mississippi," Vol. I., pp. 33-37.

[2] Dr. C. K. Marshall, in "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 178-199.

prove. For four years he had watched the growing piety, holy zeal, and increasing intelligence in divine things of Miss Sarah Griffing, a daughter of John Griffing, Esq., until he became satisfied that she would make an excellent preacher's wife. They loved and engaged to be married as soon as Gibson's health would justify it. But as winter approached his health declined rapidly. After a conference with mutual friends and a prudent conversation with each other, full of religious emotion and holy hope, with full confidence in each other's love, they dissolved the engagement, with a renewed pledge to meet where youth and beauty never fade, the inhabitants are never sick, and the living never die. Their final parting was marked by the tenderest affection for each other, but adorned with a dignified and beautiful resignation to the divine will. Miss Griffing survived Mr. Gibson only a few brief months.[1]

Mr. Jones gives the following description of Mr. Gibson:

In person Mr. Gibson was tall and spare, with fair complexion, light hair, and piercing black eyes. Taking in his whole figure, in connection with his refined manners, benevolent and affectionate countenance, and agreeable conversation, he was considered quite handsome. He was habitually grave and solemn, but free from everything austere and repulsive to an intelligent and cultivated mind. As one of his original members once remarked to the writer: "He seldom smiled, but often wept, especially in his public exercises." His style of preaching was above mediocrity; his manner was energetic, but not boisterous; while he did not shun "to declare all the counsel of God," he dealt more in the pathetic than in the terrible, and dwelt more on the melting scenes of Gethsemane

[1] "Methodism in Mississippi," Vol. I., pp. 87, 88.

and Calvary than the lightning and thunder of Sinai's burning summit. The burden of his message to sinners was: "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." He was a "sweet singer in Israel." His voice was clear, soft, and plaintive, and his countenance often illuminated with joy or melted with grief, according to the sentiments of the hymn he was singing. From what we have heard from eyewitnesses, it must have been enrapturing to hear him in one of his seasons of great spiritual enjoyment sing his favorite hymn, commencing, "Vain, delusive world, adieu." His countenance glowed with rapture, and looked more like heaven than earth. In his latter days his manly face looked worn and wasted by the disease which was preying on his vitals.[1]

Mr. Gibson preached only a short time before his death; and, like the notes of the dying swan, his voice was more soft, more sweet, and more heavenly than ever. On the 5th of April, 1804, he died full of peace and hope, at the residence of the widow of his brother, Nathanael Gibson, about six miles south of Vicksburg, and was buried near the place of his death. A handsome monument was erected to his memory by his relatives some years after his death.

[1] "Methodism in Mississippi," Vol. I., pp. 106, 107.

CHAPTER XIII.

From 1795 to 1798 (Continued).

Richard Bird traveled only a short time. He was admitted in 1792, and located in 1796. Besides his Holston work, he traveled in Kentucky and Virginia. Bird's location deprives him of a memoir in the minutes. Hence his record, though on high, is not in books. He was a brother of Jonathan Bird. The two Birds settled in Western North Carolina east of the Blue Ridge. As ministers of the gospel they were towers of strength in that part of the moral vineyard. Richard Bird was a man of fair talent and education and a very earnest preacher. He preached and exhorted with pungency and power, and he generally produced a religious sensation in his audiences. The writer has heard him preach, and remembers him as a man who preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

John Kobler was no ordinary man. He was one of the men that made history. He was admitted in 1789, and located in 1801. He was born in Culpepper County, Va., August 29, 1768; and died at Fredericksburg, Va., July 26, 1843. Through the influence of a pious mother, accompanied by the work of the Holy Spirit, he was led at an early period of his life to see the importance of religion and to read the Bible carefully and prayerfully. He was thus prepared for that great spiritual change which took place in his heart in his nineteenth year, December 24, 1787. In 1789 he entered the ranks of the itinerant ministry,

and soon after volunteered to labor in the Northwestern territory.

Mr. Kobler's itinerant ministry was spent in Eastern Virginia, Kentucky, and the Holston Country. He was presiding elder in Holston four years, and made a fine impression wherever he went. I am sorry that our Holston people at that day were so little accustomed to commit facts to paper, else we should doubtless have some very interesting incidents in the life of this excellent man, which are entirely lost. Zechariah Mitchell, one of the located preachers of Southwestrn Virginia, had a distinct recollection of Kobler. I received the following story from his lips: He said that his parents, living in Montgomery County, Va., were Calvinistic Lutherans, and were greatly prejudiced against the Methodists, believing that Methodist preachers were little better than horse thieves. The Methodist preachers had appointments not a great distance from their home, but they persistently declined to hear them preach. One day Mr. Kobler was passing by his father's house on his way to his appointment. Mitchell, then a little boy, went out to the fence to see the passing stranger, and was looking through the cracks of the fence when Mr. Kobler dismounted and amused the little fellow by playfully striking at him through the cracks. His father noticed this, and remarked that a man who thus took interest in children could not be a bad man. So he determined to follow him to church to hear him preach. He did so, was much pleased with the sermon and the preacher, and invited him to make his house a preaching place. This was done, and he and his family joined the Methodist Church. The conversion of

this family to Methodism was the means of bringing a large part of the community into the Methodist Church. The little boy became a popular Methodist preacher in his day. I shall have occasion to refer to him again in a future chapter.

I hope that the reader will pardon just a little moralizing at this point. While it is true that the minister should be uniformly serious and dignified, yet it is possible for dignity to be overdone. The man should not be merged in the official, nor even in the saint. The bow is the stronger for being occasionally unstrung. The humanness of the preacher is his point of contact with the world. The preacher gets the hearts of the people, especially of men of the world, not so much by being divine or angelic as by being human. Humor is a gift of God, which may be turned to good account. It is a key that opens many hearts that might otherwise remain barred against the minister and the word. Humor can be carried to the degree of levity, and may impair the moral and spiritual influence of the preacher. He may court a grin where he should woo a soul; but, properly tempered with grace, humor may be made a great means of conciliating men to the preacher and his cause.

Though Mr. Kobler was possessed of a robust constitution, the privations and toils which he underwent in his early ministry gave a shock to his constitution from which he never fully recovered. For eighteen years he labored with marked success in the itinerant field, and many souls were born to God through his instrumentality. In 1809 the state of his health induced him to locate. Soon after his location he married, and settled in the neighborhood in which he was

born. In 1836 the Baltimore Conference, without his asking it, placed his name on the superannuate list.

He was fond of recounting his labors and travels in the West, and his narratives along that line were always highly entertaining. He often traveled his circuits with his trusty rifle ready for the wild beasts which he might encounter and the prowling savages that lurked along the mountain passes. Indeed, the frontier preachers regarded their rifles as almost as indispensable as their Bibles and hymn books. Sometimes, for greater security, they traveled in parties of three or four. Their rides were usually long and very fatiguing, and it often happened that after reaching a friendly resting place, so excessive was their fatigue that they would fall asleep at the supper table.

As age grew upon Mr. Kobler, and he became unable to take long rides to places of worship, he removed to Fredericksburg, that he might be convenient to the house of God. His saintly spirit, Christian converse, dignified bearing, and untiring labors in preaching, exhorting, praying, visiting the sick and prisoners, did more under God to give permanency to Methodism in Fredericksburg than any other one instrumentality ever employed in that town. Although the Methodists there were poor, they undertook, in the last days of Mr. Kobler, to build a new church. So anxious was he that this enterprise should be carried to success that he took the field and traveled far and wide begging money for it. The result was that he paid into the treasury over one thousand dollars, secured by personal application in sums of one dollar and under. He did this work in his seventy-fourth year. When the church had been completed and dedi-

cated, he was willing, like Simeon of old, to depart in peace. But he lived long enough to see in this church one of the most gracious revivals with which Fredericksburg was ever visited. Hardly had the revival abated before the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon him. While on his bed of affliction he was perfectly happy. His face always wore a heavenly smile. The following are some of the remarks which fell from his lips during his last illness: "Living or dying, so God is glorified and I a poor sinner saved, is all I want." Calling on his friends to engage in prayer, he was asked: "Is there anything special for which you wish us to pray?" "Pray," said he, "for the Church, that God would pour out his Spirit abundantly upon it and take it into close keeping with himself." And again: "I have dug deep and brought all the evidence to bear, and I find that I have a strong confidence which nothing can shake: but all is through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Brother, I wish it to be known that the principles I have believed and taught and practiced in life I hold in death, and find that they sustain me." "I have tried all my life to make my ministry and life consistent." About half an hour before he expired he was asked: "Is Jesus precious?" "O yes," said he, "very precious, very precious!" He added, "Come, Lord Jesus; come, Lord Jesus, in power; come quickly!" and then in a few minutes breathed his last in the seventy-fifth year of his age and fifty-fourth of his ministry.[1]

Bennett, in "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia" (p. 335), says:

[1] General Minutes, Vol. III., p. 465.

Kobler was one of the purest and most zealous of that noble band that planted Methodism in the wild regions of the West. He survived nearly all his contemporaries, and closed his useful life in great peace in the town of Fredericksburg not many years since. He is said to have preached the first Methodist sermon on the ground now covered by the city of Cincinnati. At this time a small fort and a few soldiers' huts were the only marks of civilization. Forty years afterwards he found a beautiful city, covering the banks of the Ohio, and the gray-haired patriarch delivered his message to a multitude of eager hearers in an elegant Christian temple.

Nathanael Munsey was admitted into the regular itinerancy in 1795. His regular pastoral career, according to the minutes, embraced only two years. He was appointed to Greene Circuit in 1795 and 1796, both years as assistant or junior preacher. If tradition is to be credited, he was employed as a helper for a number of years, although his record in the minutes show only two years of regular service. Munsey was a robust man, and he lived to an advanced age. He was a man of correct but limited education, and lacked ability as a preacher. He was a little taciturn and morose in his temperament, and the less influential on that account. He married and located in Elk Garden, Russell County, Va., was honest in his dealings, quiet in his demeanor, attending to his own business and not meddling with that of others. He was successful in his finances. He did what he could.

Jonathan Bird was admitted in 1789, and located in 1799. He traveled altogether in North Carolina except the two years in which he labored in Holston—1797-98 on Greene Circuit, and 1798-99 as presiding elder of Holston District jointly with Francis Poythress.

Through Rev. John W. Bird, formerly of the Holston Conference, but now of the Western North Carolina Conference, and other descendants of Jonathan Bird, I have obtained the following information: Jonathan Bird was the grandfather of John W. Bird, and was a son of Benjamin Bird, who lived in Wilkes County, N. C. Jonathan was born in that county January 22, 1764. Benjamin Bird afterwards removed to Burke County, and settled near Old Fort, where he died in 1824. Jonathan Bird located and settled near his father in McDowell County, where he spent the remnant of his days as a local preacher; and died July 12, 1848, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. From the time of his location he spent much of his time in preaching in the different counties up to 1836, when he had a paralytic stroke in his lungs, which ended his public labors as a minister.

When the writer labored in Western North Carolina he often heard Jonathan and Richard Bird spoken of as good men and as men of ability in the pulpit. The fact that Bishop Asbury at one time chose Jonathan Bird as a traveling companion was evidence of his confidence in the man both as a Christian and as a preacher, for the Bishop's traveling companion was expected to alternate with him in preaching when it was necessary. Mr. Whatcoat, who traveled some time with the Bishop, often took his place in the pulpit, and it is reasonable to suppose that the same was true of Jonathan Bird.

Robert Wilkerson, though not the equal of his brother, Thomas Wilkerson, was an able preacher. He traveled only four years, his first circuit being Greene. He was admitted in 1797, and located in 1801. His

short itinerant service was rendered in Kentucky, North Carolina, and Holston. Where he located and when he died, the writer has not learned. Dr. McFerrin, when a youth, heard him preach twice. He says: "The recollection of his sermons or their effect is vivid. Though the preacher was advanced in years, he spoke with power, and unction attended his word."

In William Burke we meet with one of the great men of the Church, a spiritual giant of pioneer days. He was admitted in 1792. He was on Greene Circuit the first year of his itinerancy, 1792-93; and on Holston Circuit, 1797-98. His valuable labors were mainly dispensed in Kentucky and Ohio, a large part of the time in the capacity of presiding elder. Besides his work in preaching and governing, he has made valuable contributions with his pen to the history of pioneer days, and our pages show frequent quotations from his recollections.

Although Mr. Burke appears for the first time in the minutes of 1792, and then as admitted on trial, he actually began traveling before his formal admission. Charles Hardy was in charge of West New River Circuit in 1791, but located late in the year; and Mr. Burke took his place early in 1792. John West was Hardy's helper, and remained on the circuit till the Huffaker Conference, in May, 1792. At this Conference Burke was assigned to Greene Circuit as helper to Stephen Brooks. The Methodist ministry of that day was a movable column. Asbury's policy was short pastorates and frequent changes of preachers. In these days, when the pastoral term in Southern Methodism is four years, when the limit has been entirely abrogated in Northern Methodism,

and there is a clamor in Southern Methodism for the same extension, it may seem strange to us that Burke traveled three circuits in one year. Appointed to Greene in May, he was transferred to Holston in September, and at Christmas to New River. Such frequent changes may seem nonsensical to us of the present day, and really it would not suit our times; but times change, and men change in them. In that day Methodist preachers were limited in education, and had very little time and very few facilities for study; consequently their fund of preaching matter was in some cases comparatively meager, and to preserve freshness in the pulpit frequent changes were thought to be necessary. Besides, the fiery, hortatory preaching of the Methodists of that day was new to the people; also the people were neither gospel-indoctrinated nor gospel-hardened, as in the present day, and the preaching produced its results powerfully and rapidly. In these days the preacher lays siege to a community for weeks and months before he captures it; then congregations and communities were taken by storm, so that a man could then seemingly accomplish in a few weeks and months what it would now take him months and years to accomplish. Asbury was determined that Methodism should not stagnate; that it should not be a corrupting pool or miasmatic marsh, but a limpid, noisy stream, purling, dashing, thundering, and as pure as crystal. The gospel was then regarded as rather the announcement of glad tidings than as a system of education by stated lectures; and, the tidings having been published in one neighborhood, the messenger hurried to another to make them known.

Mr. Burke found a very low state of religion in his treble charge. Discipline had been much neglected. Bishop Asbury, on his return from the Kentucky Conference, met the Conference at Huffaker's May 13, 1792. Hope Hull and Wilson Lee both preached at the Conference with great success. Gen. William Russell, who then lived at the Salt Works, attended the Conference and entertained a number of the preachers. They had a good time at the Conference, a time of refreshing. The district was manned by an entirely new set of preachers. The presiding elder and all the preachers entered into a covenant to administer discipline strictly. That did not merely mean to "turn out the rascals," but to see the rules enforced, to enjoin attendance upon preaching and class meeting, to require good morals in the membership (especially abstinence from sinful amusements), and, as far as possible, to reform and save those who were straying. Brooks and Burke, appointed to Greene Circuit, agreed to enforce the rules, and by midsummer they had the satisfaction of seeing a gracious work in many places on the circuit. So much for honest discipline, diligent pastoral work, and faithful preaching. At their second quarterly meeting, which was held at Pine Chapel, they had a gracious time. It was conceded by all that the love feast was the best they had ever seen.

The Cherokee war broke out in September. After Mr. Burke crossed the French Broad and Little Rivers, and reached the extreme point of the settlement, he found the inhabitants in a state of alarm. He preached that day, and at night the entire community collected because of the intelligence that the In-

dians were in the vicinity. In the morning he started for his appointment on Little River, having a guard of two brothers, who piloted him through the woods a portion of the way; but, becoming alarmed for the safety of their families, they left him to find his way as best he could. When he reached the place of his appointment he found that he could not collect a congregation because the people, in a state of alarm, were concentrating and fortifying. By night the house where he stayed was the frontier house. The lights were put out, and each sat with his gun on his lap. A spy was sent out, and soon returned with the information that there were a large number of Indians in the neighborhood. Under cover of night Mr. Burke attempted to make his way to the next preaching place, which was ten miles distant. With considerable difficulty he reached, about two o'clock in the night, the house where he was to preach, but found no inmates. He knew that there were cabins on the opposite side of the marsh, and commenced hallooing loudly. He soon brought some of the people out, who wished to know who he was and what he wanted; for they suspected that it was a stratagem of the Indians to decoy them from their place of safety, and they were preparing to give them a warm reception of powder and lead, when the lady at whose house he had been accustomed to preach recognized his voice. They then sent him an escort, and he was conducted to the place of rendezvous. The next day he crossed to the northern side of the French Broad, and was comparatively beyond the reach of danger. The frontier appointments which he had thus left behind without being able to preach at them on this round were Pine Chap-

el, south of the French Broad and below the mouth of Big Pigeon, Little Pigeon, and Big Pigeon. Pine Chapel was in Jefferson County, Little Pigeon in Sevier County, and Big Pigeon in Cocke County. In a short time the sad intelligence reached Mr. Burke that all the inhabitants in the vicinity of Pine Chapel had been massacred in one night by the Indians, a rumor evidently exaggerated.

Mr. Burke having been removed to Holston Circuit, James Ward took his place. Mr. Burke found that in the neighborhood of the Salt Works, in Virginia, a number had been added to the Church, including the heiress, Miss Sallie Campbell, daughter of Gen. William Campbell, of King's Mountain fame. Miss Campbell afterwards married Francis Preston, Esq., father of the Hon. William C. Preston, of South Carolina. Mr. Burke had some good meetings on Holston Circuit, especially at Charles Baker's, near the Three Islands, and at Acuff's. Charles Baker's was a favorite stopping place of Bishop Asbury's. It was not far from the present Kingsport.

At Christmas Mr. Burke was changed to Clinch Circuit, Mr. Norman taking his place. This was a frontier circuit, the whole north side being exposed to the savages. On this circuit Mr. Burke began to eat bear meat and buffalo tongues. It was a three weeks' circuit, and he was alone, without even a local preacher to assist him. During the winter he had revivals at Elk Garden, head of Clinch River, Bickley's Station, and several other places. The preachers on the district received during the year about quarterage enough to keep soul and body together.

Mr. Burke attended the Conference which met April 3, 1793, at Nelson's, and there received his appointment to Danville Circuit, Kentucky. To that he started on Monday after the adjournment of the Conference. Bishop Asbury, Barnabas McHenry, Henry Hill, James Ward, and William Burke, together with some who met them at Bean's Station, made the company with which he traveled up to sixteen. They were all pretty well armed except the Bishop. It was about one hundred and thirty miles through the wilderness, with but one house in Powell's Valley, where they stayed the first night. Next morning by sunrise they crossed Cumberland Mountain, and entered the bosom of the wilderness.[1]

We are indebted to Mr. Burke for the following items in regard to New River Circuit and the mountainous section in which it lay: He says that he was appointed to West New River Circuit early in 1792. That was really before his formal admission into the traveling connection. On his way he stopped at home a few days; and, having furnished himself with several suits of clothes, he started alone for the West, crossed Blue Ridge at Flower Gap, entered the circuit at Forbes's, in the Glades, lying between Blue Ridge and New River. He describes his circuit as being on the head waters of Kanawha River. The circuit was a four weeks' circuit, between four and five hundred miles around. It extended from the forks of New River over the Alleghanies to the waters of the Roanoke, and from the Glades, near Blue Ridge, to Walker's Creek, in Giles County. The country, he

[1] "Sketches of Western Methodism," pp. 29-34.

says, was very mountainous, high, and cold; that in Montgomery, Wythe, and Grayson Counties it was too cold to produce Indian corn with any degree of certainty, but that rye grew in great abundance. If Mr. Burke could return, he would find that that section is a reasonably good corn country, that wheat as well as rye grows well there, and that that semitropical fruit, the watermelon, grows there, especially along the New River bottoms, luxuriantly.

As to Mr. Burke's labors on the Holston Circuit, 1797-98, he himself makes the following statement: "We had a gradual increase in the Societies. I visited Clinch and Greene Circuits in the course of the year, and attended several quarterly meetings, which, in those days of Methodism, were the only popular meetings where the preachers, when they could leave their circuits, met to help forward the good cause."[1]

Mr. Burke was transferred to Kentucky, as we have seen, in 1793. Among the early preachers of the Northwest he stood preëminently high. He was intimately identified with the struggling cause in that section. During his long career he labored in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. His appointments were generally first-class, but he was always fully up to their demands.

From what has been written of Mr. Burke, it is to be inferred that he was a strict disciplinarian, and his usefulness in the administration of discipline was perhaps next, if not equal, to his usefulness as a preacher. He was a man of affairs. His business and governmental qualities pointed him out in subsequent years

[1] "Sketches of Western Methodism," p. 52.

as a fit man for the mayoralty of the city of Cincinnati. It is a favorite idea with some that the Methodist system is a military system, built on a military model, and therefore not a democracy or a republic. If that is true, then Methodism cannot flourish as a great means of promoting spiritual Christianity and Christian morality without strict discipline. An army without discipline is a mob, more dangerous to itself and to its country than to its country's enemies. The Methodist Church may grow in numbers, wealth, and popularity with a slack administration of discipline, but it can never be a great power for spiritual good. The wider the front door and the narrower the back door of the Church, the greater may be its membership. But numbers and moral power and spiritual influence are not coextensive. God can save by many or by few; ten thousand men of courage were, in the days of the Judges of Israel, more in the eyes of God than thirty-two thousand cowards; and three hundred men, bent on duty rather than on pleasure, were more than ten thousand who had more care for their stomachs than for the glory of God and the welfare of his people.

Discipline in many cases is an unpleasant duty, and it sometimes seems to have the semblance of cruelty.

> "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
> With good opinion of the law."

But discipline of the right kind is not cruel; it is merciful. The object of discipline (administered in the spirit of Christ) is not to condemn, but to save. Its leading, if not only, ends are to reform the offender and to deter others from sin. Hence it is a means of grace; and it is noticeable, in the history of the

Church, that strict but mild discipline usually lays the foundation of genuine revivals and other forms of Church prosperity. Brooks and Burke found this to be true on the Greene Circuit, and Burke and Page found it to be true on the Danville Circuit, Kentucky. Burke was in charge and Page was his helper. They entered upon their work with a resolve to enforce discipline, which had been much neglected on that charge. Numbers had their names on the class books who had not met their classes for months. The preachers applied themselves to the discharge of all their duties, including the enforcement of discipline, and during the course of the summer they rid the class books of about one hundred names. They had some additions, but, under God, laid the foundation for a glorious revival the next and following years.[1]

Mr. Burke was on Hinkstone Circuit, Kentucky, 1794-95. At that date a preacher's allowance was only sixty-four dollars; but too often he did not receive that. His circuit was large, the rides were long, and his privations very trying. Speaking of his destitution at this time, Mr. Burke says: "I was reduced to the last pinch. My clothes were nearly all gone. I had patch upon patch, and patch by patch; and I received only money enough to buy a waistcoat, and not enough to pay for the making, during the two quarters I remained on the circuit."[2]

While Burke was on the Cumberland Circuit, 1795-96, he had a debate with the Rev. James Haw, a preacher of ability, who had embraced the views of James

[1] Finley's "Sketches of Western Methodism," p. 37.
[2] Ibid., p. 41.

O'Kelley and was creating in that section a considerable degree of disaffection toward Episcopal Methodism. Referring to this debate, Learner Blackman remarks that "an almost expiring cause was saved." This remark evidences the powerful influence of the O'Kelley schism, and the tact and ability of Haw in giving it encouragement. Mr. Haw was a man of real ability, and piety as well. He had great influence in Kentucky and in the Cumberland country, where he had located. He had embraced the republican views of O'Kelley, and within the bounds of the Cumberland Circuit had brought over to his views all the traveling preachers and every local preacher but one, and considerable disaffection to Episcopal Methodism had obtained in many of the Societies.

As Mr. Burke made his rounds on his circuit, he lectured the Societies on the questions at issue, and confirmed them all in loyalty to the Church except a single Society, of which a part went off with Mr. Haw. At this juncture Mr. Haw challenged Mr. Burke to a debate on the issues. He accepted the challenge, and the debate came off at Station Gap before a very large audience. Mr. Burke opened the discussion, and at the close of his speech the people cried: "Give us the old way!" When Mr. Haw arose to reply he made a statement which called from Mr. Burke a denial, and the people rose up to sustain the latter, whereupon Mr. Haw took his saddlebags and left. This discussion completely broke his influence in that country. During the great revival Mr. Haw connected himself with the Presbyterians, whose views of Church polity more nearly accorded with his own, and he ended his days among them. I trust that

Burke and Haw are now where they see eye to eye, and where there is not a note of discord to disturb their sweet fellowship.[1]

Mr. Burke bore an active part in the other religious controversies that disturbed the quietude of the Church in Kentucky and the Cumberland country. Calvinism appeared hideous under his touch, and in his debates with the immersionists he always put them to silence. In a debate with a Baptist preacher at Mount Sterling, Ky., he occupied four hours on the mode of baptism; then, turning to the Baptist ministers who sat behind him, he asked them if they had anything to say; they consulted together, and replied in the negative. If the economy of Methodism was assailed, he was on all occasions equal to its defense. He had polemic talent of high order, and was so noted for skill in debate that he was dreaded by all belligerents. He was a brave, fearless man, but at the same time a man of sublime piety—zeal for God and tender love for man.[2]

After reading the above notices, the reader will be surprised to learn that William Burke was expelled from the Church by the Ohio Conference in August, 1820. The records do not show the precise ground of his expulsion. I have seen it stated somewhere that it was not on a charge of immorality, but of contumacy. This statement explains the matter somewhat. Evidently he differed with some superior in authority or with the Conference, and would not yield. Not yielding, he was expelled. One of his contemporaries who

[1] Finley's "Sketches of Western Methodism," pp. 46-48.

[2] Redford's "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 162, 163.

was present at the trial, if trial it can be called, said he believed that the Conference was as much in fault as was Mr. Burke. At this late day we have not facts enough in the case to justify us in pronouncing a verdict; but I am impressed with the conviction that it was a case of over-rigorous discipline, if not of tyranny. This case suggests the reflection that the former days were not better than these; that men have always been men, with all the weaknesses, passions, and prejudices of men.

One thing is certain: Burke never made acknowledgments. After his expulsion he continued to preach, and organized an independent Methodist Church in Cincinnati. He was for a term of years mayor of the city, and also for some years postmaster of the city. He was highly respected by all classes of his fellow-citizens, and maintained an unsullied reputation as a Christian and minister to the last. At the General Conference of 1836, which met in Cincinnati, a communication from Mr. Burke was received and read, and, on motion of Mr. Thomas L. Douglass, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That in order to facilitate William Burke's reunion with the Church the Ohio Annual Conference is hereby respectfully recommended, at its next session, to restore the said William Burke to his former ministerial standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, if said Conference should think it expedient to do so.

This request met a hearty response from the Ohio Conference, and Mr. Burke returned to the Church of his early love. Dr. McFerrin, from whom some of this information has been obtained, says: "The writer remembers well the interest taken in the case by Bishop

Soule, who had confidence in the integrity and purity of Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke lived a number of years after his reunion with the Church, maintained an unblemished reputation, and died in the Lord. In the separation of 1844 he adhered South.

John Dickins did not labor in Holston, but he sustained an important relation to Holston Methodists as "Superintendent of the Printing and Book Business" of the connection. He was admitted into the traveling ministry in 1777, located in 1781, and readmitted in 1783. He traveled extensively in Virginia and North Carolina during the Revolutionary War. He was stationed in New York City five years, and for some six years he was editor and publisher of books for the connection. He was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and was well versed in several learned sciences. According to his time and opportunity, he was one of the greatest men that ever graced the pulpit. He passed safely through two epidemics of fever in Philadelphia in 1793 and 1797, but he fell in the third awful visitation in 1798. He stood his ground, attending to his duties and visiting the sick, till he was stricken down himself. The following is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Elisabeth Dickins, his widow, addressed to Bishop Asbury:

PHILADELPHIA, October 15, 1798.

O the precious memory of my dear husband will be preaching to me as long as I am in my senses! I believe him to have been one of the most upright, holy men, for twenty years past, that have lived. Indeed, he was a light to those that knew him. Never, never let any reflect upon him for staying in the city at this awful time. He could not leave it, and the Lord

watered his soul with divine comfort. With what composure did he receive the stroke at the hand of his God!

On the first day of his sickness, about three hours after he was taken, he called me to his bedside. "My dear," said he, "I am very ill; but I entreat you, in the most earnest manner, not to be the least discomposed or uneasy. Tell the children, I beg of them not to be uneasy; for *divine wisdom cannot err.* Glory be to God! I can rejoice in his will, whether for life or death. I know all is well. Glory be to Jesus! I hang upon thee! Glory be to thee, O my God! I have made it my constant business, in my feeble manner, to please thee, and now, O God, thou dost comfort me!" Clasping his dear hands together, with tears running down his cheeks, he cried: "Glory be to God! Glory, glory be to God! My soul now enjoys such sweet communion with him that I would not give it for all the world! Glory be to Jesus! O glory be to my God! I have not felt so much for seven years. Love him, trust him, praise him!"

Josiah Askew was admitted in 1788, and located in 1798. He traveled in Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. In 1795 he was appointed elder of Swannanoa District (not so named at that time), in North Carolina. His district embraced portions of the State west of the Ridge, and extended to Guilford County. His ministerial career was short and brilliant. A young man of unusual promise, he was cut down in the prime of his young manhood. He was born in Burke County, N. C. His father removed to Habersham County, Ga., while the Indians were still in that country. Learning that there was a camp meeting in progress, he passed by his new home and went immediately to it; nor did he return to his own house till it was over. Josiah went to Randolph-Macon College, Va. While there he evinced talents of high order, and was licensed to preach. He remained in Virginia, and there married. He soon attracted

attention by his piety and gifts as a preacher; but, his health failing, he went back to Georgia. He was for a while professor in the Wesleyan Female College in Macon, Ga., but failing health compelled him to resign this position. For a short time he edited and published a journal entitled *The Southern Pulpit,* to which he contributed some excellent sermons, then ceased from all labor, and soon passed to his reward. He died at the age of thirty-five years. He was an uncle of Bishop A. G. Haygood, who seemed to have inherited on a large scale his uncle's talents and literary taste.[1]

The Askews on Spring Creek, Buncombe (now Madison) County, N. C., were relatives of his. Of these, the Rev. James Askew was for a long while a local preacher, was a man of great piety, and was above mediocrity for pulpit eloquence. I knew him in 1850-51 and subsequent years. He lived to an advanced age, and left to the Church the heritage of a number of children, who became useful citizens.

William Wilkerson was admitted in 1792. He was a native of Virginia, and closed his life and labors in Gloucester County, in the same State, in the latter part of the year 1798, after a short but severe illness with bilious fever. He had an impression when he was first taken sick that his sickness was unto death, and therefore manifested no desire for medical attention. There is often something in a fatal attack of disease which conveys to the mind of the patient its dangerous character; and the conviction in the mind of the

[1] Dr. George Smith's "Methodism in Georgia and Florida," pp. 394, 395.

patient that his sickness will result fatally is usually a very unfavorable symptom. The failure, however, to secure medical attention promptly and to make a vigorous use of the remedies necessary to recovery sometimes has more to do in causing a fatal termination of a case than either the violence of the disease or the despondency of the patient. Also the science of mental physiology teaches the powerful influence of the mind over physiological conditions; and a despondent impression is as much an occasion as a presentiment of death. It is the duty and privilege of the sick to make a brave fight for life; but if they surrender upon the first attack, the skill of the physician and the recuperative power of nature will find increased resistance to their influence. At all events, Wilkerson's apprehensions were realized. Believing that his end was nigh, he recited his experience and recounted his labors. He was a good man and a useful preacher, and died in the Lord. His ministerial life was spent in Virginia and North Carolina. His Holston labors were on Swannanoa Circuit, 1795-96.

CHAPTER XIV.

From 1798 to 1801.

The statistical reports made to the Conference of 1798 showed a further decrease in membership. I have already mentioned some probable causes of the decrease in Holston—namely, the prevalence of infidelity, the abolition agitation, and the O'Kelley schism; but another cause ought, perhaps, to be taken into the account. Indian troubles having, in a measure, passed away, reports of the fertility and other attractions of Kentucky and Middle Tennessee were causing some of the settlers in the Holston Country to remove farther west. Also, the increase of population in the West created an increased demand for preachers there, and Holston was not adequately supplied with ministerial labor. But emigration alone cannot account for the falling off, since emigration was flowing to Holston as well as from it. It is almost certain that if the early preachers in this section had imitated the example of our Lord and his apostles in relation to the institution of slavery, relegating it to the State, and giving themselves to preaching Christ crucified to master and slave, Methodism would have met with greater favor among the wealthier and more influential classes. The wealth and intelligence of a country rule it, after all; and no cause can become very popular with these classes arrayed against it. The subsequent modification of the attitude of the Methodist preachers to the question of

domestic slavery gave them toleration and influence with the property holders of the country; but it was a long time before Methodism had obtained with the better classes that ratio of influence to which her liberal theology and spiritual power entitled her. The wealthier classes generally clung to the effete theology of partial redemption, rather than connect themselves with a people whose ministers meddled with politics and antagonized their property rights. The writer can himself remember that when, in his travels, he passed a brick house or a white house, he took it for granted that the inmates, if belonging to any Church, were either Episcopalians or Presbyterians. The separation of 1844 was, no doubt, providential, and it opened the doors of the wealthier and more influential classes of the Southern States to the gospel as preached by Methodist preachers. This change has brought new perils as well as new advantages to the Church. It has brought in a flood of worldliness; but the gain has been greater than the loss. Thousands of men and women of the wealthy and educated classes have embraced Methodism in all its purity, simplicity, and power; and their money and influence have done much in advancing the material and spiritual interests of the Church.

No Conference was held in Holston in 1799, and there is no evidence that Bishop Asbury passed through this section that year. He had been in America twenty-eight years, performing a prodigious amount of labor—traveling, preaching, holding Conferences, thinking, planning, writing, with the care of all the Churches on his heart. All this time he was an invalid, feeble in body and depressed in spirit.

But now the work has become so extended that he cannot annually visit all parts of it.

The numbers in Society were:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	247	11
New River	118	21
Russell	117	11
Greene	364	21
Total	846	64

Grand total, 910, an increase of 56.

The presiding elder's district embracing Holston was considerably enlarged. The appointments for the coming year were:

FRANCIS POYTHRESS, *Presiding Elder.*

Lexington, John Watson.
Danville, William Burke.
Salt River and Shelby, Thomas Allen, Daniel Gossage.
Hinkstone, John Kobler.
Limestone, John Buxton.
Miami, Henry Smith.
Cumberland, John Page.
New River, Lewis Hunt.
Holston and Russell, John Sale.
Greene, William Lambuth.

The appointments for the entire district are given to show its extent. Holston and Russell were united under one man. Three charges or four circuits are in Holston, one in Middle Tennessee, five in Kentucky, and one in Ohio; and the presiding elder was expected to visit each charge once a quarter, or to hold forty quarterly meetings, scattered over Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio; and that, too, when it was necessary to travel the work on horseback!

This is the district to which, when, later, William McKendree was appointed, he remarked that he could perhaps travel it if Bishop Asbury would furnish him with an immortal horse.

The close of the year 1799 and the beginning of the year 1800 marks an epoch in Holston Methodism, and a few words of retrospect will, perhaps, not be out of place: The first preachers in Holston met with many difficulties, and made but little progress. Most of the country is hilly and mountainous, the people were as a rule illiterate and uncultivated, and the greater part of the country was a frontier exposed to Indian depredations. The pioneers suffered many privations, underwent much toil and labor, preaching in cabins and forts, sleeping on straw and bear and buffalo skins, living on bear meat, venison, and wild turkeys, scaling mountains, finding their doubtful way through the pathless forests of lonely valleys, often making their beds on the cold ground, and receiving scanty support, barely enough to keep soul and body together, with coarse homemade apparel, and that not always in good repair. But their labors were owned and blessed of God; they were like a band of brothers, united together by a common purpose, that of promoting the glory of God and the salvation of men. When they met from their distant fields of labor, they had a feast of love; and when they parted, they wept and embraced each other as brothers beloved. They were terribly in earnest. They believed the gospel they preached, and realized that the eternal welfare of many immortal souls depended, in some degree, upon their sacrifices and faithful labors. There was no scramble for great salaries and city sta-

tions. They courted hardships, and sought the posts of danger as the places of honor. If the gospel is not true, these were the worst deceived men in the world, and the happiest in their deception. Thank God that such men ever lived! Local preachers in Holston in the early settlement of the country were like angel visits, not only few and far between, but exceedingly precious. There was one local preacher on West New River Circuit, Edward Morgan, whose labors were confined to a limited circle; one on Holston, near the Salt Works, Father Ragen, a man much respected and useful, but circumscribed in his operations. At an early day Benjamin Vanpelt, a local preacher of considerable talents and usefulness, moved from the State of Virginia, and settled on Lick Creek, Greene County, Western Territory. He labored extensively and usefully. He organized many Societies, and was one of the founders of Methodism in East Tennessee. His memory, as ointment poured forth, still lingers in the Nollichucky and French Broad country. He was an intimate friend of Asbury's, and Vanpelt's Chapel was one of the first erected in the Holston Country. Mr. Burke was once in company with the Bishop at Vanpelt's house, and heard him preach in Vanpelt's Meetinghouse as early as 1792. Another local preacher from Virginia, Stilwell by name, settled in the same neighborhood, and he and Vanpelt labored harmoniously together in the work of the Lord.

In the spring of 1795, after the conclusion of the Indian war, there was a great influx of emigration into the Holston Country. Some of the traveling preachers married and settled in this section. James O'Conner settled on Watauga, Stephen Brooks in Greene

County, Mark Whitaker near Jonesboro, and later at Castle's Woods, in Virginia. Some talented young men were converted, and subsequently entered the traveling connection; the work was extended, and new circuits formed. Holston Circuit was organized in 1783 with sixty members; in 1800, at the end of hali a generation, the Holston work reports 1,141 members. This did reasonably well when we consider that the population was sparse, scattered over a mountainous and comparatively inaccessible region, exposed to savage atrocities, and more or less under the influence of older and better established religious denominations.[1]

In the minutes a Conference was named for Holston, to be held at Dunworth's, and to begin the first Friday in April, 1800. At present there is no means of telling exactly where Dunworth's was. McAnally locates it on the Holston River, but does not say at what point on it. Bishop Asbury did not attend the Conference; he was in the South in bad health, slowly making his way to Baltimore, where the General Conference was to assemble May 1. But the Conference was held in his absence. The numbers in Society for Holston were reported as follows:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	385	22
New River	118	21
Russell	118	21
Greene	434	22
Total	1,055	86

Grand total, 1,141, an increase of 231.

This increase shows that gravitation, shifting, had

[1] "Sketches of Western Methodism," pp. 57-60.

turned the other way, and that the Holston work was now on the up grade. The appointments for the coming year were as follows:

———, *Presiding Elder.*
Scioto, Henry Smith.
Miami, ———.
Limestone, William Algood.
Hinkstone, William Burke.
Lexington, Thomas Allen.
Danville, Hezekiah Harriman.
Salt River and Shelby, John Sale, Jonathan Kidwell.
Cumberland, William Lambuth.
Greene, James Hunter.
Holston, Russell, and New River, John Watson, John Page.

This list shows that while at the previous Conference the four Holston charges were condensed into three, at this Conference the three were condensed into two. The four charges had four preachers, the three had three, and now the two have three, no less as to the number of preachers compared with the last year. Only one man was sent to Middle Tennessee, while seven were sent to Kentucky and Ohio. The cause of this partiality to the Northwest seems to have been the rapidly growing population of that section.

The district was left to be supplied. Why, we know not, unless it was difficult to furnish the "immortal horse" demanded for such a district, or, more probably, the right man for the place. But William Burke, who was on Hinkstone Circuit, was directed to visit the circuits and hold the Quarterly Conferences as far as his duties on his own charge would allow. Use-

ful as the presiding eldership was, it was not absolutely essential to the regular circuit work. This wheel lifted out, the smaller wheels could continue to revolve through the motive power of the great central episcopal wheel. If no presiding elder had come, the circuit preachers could have claimed at the end of the year, as it was claimed in regard to the naval battle of Santiago, that it was "a captains' fight." The district, however, continued vacant only six months, for McKendree was lifted out of a Virginia district and set down in this immense field in the fall.

At the General Conference of this year (1800) Richard Whatcoat was elected bishop; and after adjournment, the two bishops made a tour to the West. They passed through the Valley of Virginia, and by Wythe Courthouse and Abingdon into Tennessee. They went to near the mouth of the Nollichucky, and, turning northward, went by way of Bean's Station and Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. After spending some time in Kentucky, they went by way of the "Barrens" to the Cumberland country, or Middle Tennessee. The bishops preached at Nashville and other points in Middle Tennessee, and then, returning to East Tennessee, preached at various places from West Point (Kingston) to the mouth of the Nollichucky, where Bishop Asbury had left his carriage. From the last point they went by way of Warm Springs to Buncombe Courthouse, and thence to other parts of North Carolina.

Bishop Asbury's account in his journal of his transits of the Holston Country this year is very interesting; and I regret that our limited space does not allow the copying of his journal in full, so far as it re-

lates to Holston; for the journal shows the true inwardness of things in Holston as nothing else can do. He found Wytheville a pleasant little town of about twenty houses. After clearing the mountains, they came upon what the Bishop calls "the perpetual hills." At Russell's old place, on Holston, he took a Saturday to refit and to write, while Bishop Whatcoat preached. Russell's old place was evidently what was named "Aspenvale," near Seven-Mile Ford, in Smyth County, Va. Who lived there at the time, the journal does not say. On Sunday both bishops attended at Carlock's, and Asbury preached. They passed Abingdon, and found it greatly improved, and had a pleasant ride to Cox's. Asbury preached at Acuff's, and the bishops hastened home with Charles Baker on Holston. The journal speaks of Blountville as looking very respectable. They crossed the swollen Holston at Charles Baker's by putting the chaise to two canoes and swimming the horses over. To reach the Stubblefield neighborhood, they worked their way through the woods to Snipe's Ferry. Bishop Asbury now made up his mind to leave his *felicity*, so called, before entering the wilderness. Next they went to Vanpelt's, on what the Bishop terms "Licking Creek." Here he left the horse and carriage, and borrowed a horse to ride to Kentucky. Thence they went to a quarterly meeting in the Stubblefield settlement. In riding to this place he was steeped in rain; but, washing himself externally with whisky, he took no harm. On Saturday Bishop Whatcoat preached; and the local preachers who were present—namely, Vanpelt, Wells, and Winton—were loving and lively. The sacramental service on Sunday was interesting and

profitable. Asbury preached on Titus ii. 14; and McKendree, now on his way to the Conference at Bethel Academy in Kentucky, and already within the bounds of his immense district, preached from Psalm xi. 2-6. On Monday after the meeting the party climbed Clinch Mountain. In speaking of the entertainment that night and the roads they had passed, the Bishop remarks: "Such roads and entertainment I did not ever expect again to see.[1]

On the return trip to Tennessee the Bishops, accompanied by Mr. McKendree, came to Crab Orchard October 29, and were there politely received and treated to tea, quite a rarity and delicacy in those days. Through rain and mud they pushed to Clarke's Ferry, upon Clinch, in sight of the fort at Southwest Point (Kingston). They had traveled nearly seventy miles upon land belonging to the Cherokees. The Bishop pronounced the soil generally barren and broken. When they arrived at Mr. Clarke's, on Clinch, they received great entertainment. There was a good fire in the hall; they were provided with a good dinner and treated to tea; fire was also kindled upstairs, at which they dried their clothes; and it may be added that they had excellent lodging in two inner rooms, while their jaded horses were feeding to fullness in a grassy valley without. The Bishop remarks that their kind host rented the land from the Indians at six hundred dollars per annum, himself making the improvements. On Friday, October 31, he preached and ordained John Winton. Where he preached is not stated, but his staying place after preaching was twenty miles

[1] Asbury's Journal, Vol. II., pp. 391-393.

from Knoxville. November 1 he made his first visit to Knoxville, and visited his old friend Greer. On Sabbath, November 2, he preached in the Statehouse on Isaiah lv. 6, 7. This was doubtless the first sermon ever preached by a Methodist bishop in the infant city of Knoxville. The village was at this time the capital of the State of Tennessee.

In 1792 the town of Knoxville was established, and became the seat of the territorial government. It was named after Maj. Gen. Henry Knox, Secretary of War under President Washington. The first Legislature of the State met there March 28, 1796. It was in the Statehouse, whatever it was, where the Legislature held its sessions, that the pioneer Bishop preached to about seven hundred people, many of whom could not get into the house. Here the Bishops parted with Mr. McKendree, they leaving for the Carolinas, and he to attend to his official duties as presiding elder.

The Bishops came away from the town in haste, expecting to make twenty miles after preaching, but were pursued and overtaken by Francis Alexander Ramsey, who franked them over the ferry and took them to his excellent mansion, a stone house. The Bishop in his journal mentions the noteworthy fact that Mr. Ramsey had built his house, and was accustomed to gather his harvests without the aid of whisky. In the early settlement of the country the people usually made a picnic of log-rollings, house-raisings, and harvestings. The invited neighbors labored gratis; but sumptuous dinners were prepared, and intoxicating drinks flowed freely to stimulate activity and to contribute to the social pleasure and hilarity of

the laborers. But Mr. Ramsey seems to have been a pioneer in the cause of temperance, and he demonstrated that logs could be rolled, houses erected, and harvests reaped without whisky.

By the 4th the bishops found themselves at Benjamin Vanpelt's, where Asbury had left his horse and chaise. On the 6th they crossed the Nollichucky, and the next day arrived at Warm Springs, not, however, without an ugly accident. About thirty yards beyond Paint Mountain, Asbury's roan horse, led by a friend, reeled and fell over, taking the chaise with him; and the Bishop, being called back, beheld his poor beast, and the carriage bottom upward, lodged and wedged against a sapling, which alone prevented them both from being precipitated into the river. After a heavy lift, all was righted. Not far off they saw clothing spread out, part of the loading of household furniture of a wagon which had overset and was thrown into the stream; and the bedclothes and other goods were so wet that the poor people found it necessary to dry them on the spot. That night the Bishops lodged at Mr. Neilson's.[1]

In the above we find that at the beginning of the last century Wytheville was only a small hamlet of some twenty houses. The writer has just returned from the Conference in that town. It is now a substantial old place of some three thousand inhabitants. The people are wealthy, refined, and cultured. We also see that at the same time the Bishop finds that Abingdon had greatly improved. Francis Alexander Ramsey, who was so kind to the Bishop, was the father

[1] Asbury's Journal, Vol. II., pp. 398-400.

of J. G. M. Ramsey, A.M., M.D., the learned and eloquent author of "Annals of Tennessee." The courtesy, liberality, and hospitality extended by the elder Ramsey to the pioneer bishop is a sunny spot in the Bishop's Western travels, and deserves honorable mention and commemoration.[1]

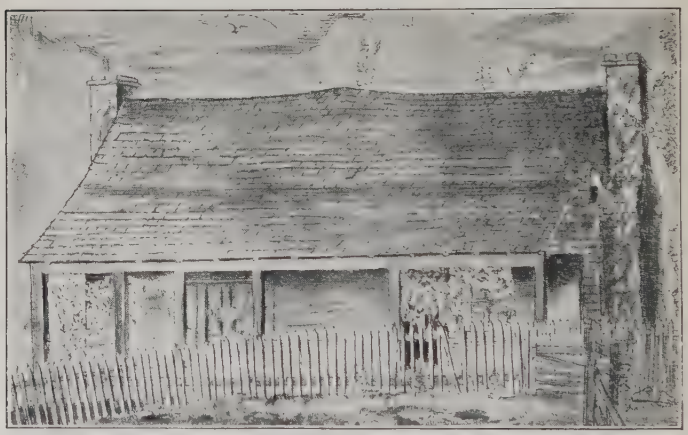
The journal also mentions the Bishop's first visit to Buncombe. He frequently afterwards took this route between Tennessee and the Carolinas, one of his favorite stopping places being Killian's, on Beaver Dam Creek, some two miles northeast of the courthouse in Asheville. But more of this hereafter.

Before plunging into the wilderness of Western Carolina, Bishop Asbury was accustomed to stop at the hospitable residence of Jesse Reeve, in what is now Cocke County, Tenn. This place is between Parrottsville and Paint Rock, a little off the road leading from Kentucky to North Carolina. There the Bishop occasionally rested before beginning his tiresome trips across the mountains. A quiet room upstairs was his. A spreading elm near the bold spring afforded him a cool retreat in the heat of the day. From that spring he drank, and with its cool waters he bathed his hands and face. Thomas Jefferson Reeve succeeded his father, Jesse Reeve, on the farm. The brothers of the former were George Washington and Jesse Smith Reeve. Patton Reeve, of Greeneville, and Col. Felix A. Reeve, of Washington City, are sons of Thomas Jefferson Reeve. The old house, built in 1806, still stands. I know

[1]Asbury's Journal, Vol. II., pp. 398-400.

many of the posterity of Felix Earnest, and Jesse Reeve throughout the country. They are amongst our best citizens, and many of them are devoted Methodists.

In studying the General Minutes for historical data we should bear in mind that they were usually published in the latter part of summer; that all the Conferences sitting for a year previous to this publica-



OLD REEVE HOMESTEAD.

tion were reported in the minutes as if held in the year in which the minutes were published; that therefore, while those held from the first of January up to the date of publication appeared in the minutes for that year, those held in the previous year after the publication of the minutes appeared as if held a year later than they were held. In reading the minutes it is, therefore, necessary to date fall Conferences a year backward. Up to 1801 the minutes have produced no confusion in this regard in Holston history;

but in 1801 fall Conferences began in and for Holston, and from that date this caveat becomes necessary. In 1801 two Conferences were held for Holston. In the schedule of 1800 we find an appointment for "Kentucky Conference in Holston, May 1, 1801." This shows that in the mapping out Holston fell into the Kentucky Conference, afterwards called Western Conference. No place is designated for the Conference in Holston. Bishop Asbury was not at the May Conference—where it was held and who presided we know not—but he held the Kentucky Conference at Ebenezer, in Greene County, Tenn., beginning October 1, 1801, if it began according to appointment. Ebenezer was a chapel built some years previously in the Earnest settlement, on Nollichucky. The appointments announced at the May Conference for Kentucky District were:

WILLIAM MCKENDREE, *Presiding Elder.*

Scioto and Miami, Henry Smith.
Limestone, Benjamin Lakin.
Hinkstone and Lexington, William Burke, Lewis Hunt, Thomas Wilkerson.
Danville, Hezekiah Harriman.
Salt River and Shelby, John Sale, William Marsh.
Cumberland, John Page, Benjamin Young.
Greene, Samuel Douthat, Ezekiel Burdine.
Holston and Russell, James Hunter.
New River, John Watson.

These appointments held only till the fall session. No report of numbers in Society for this Conference reached the publishers of the minutes of 1801, and the blanks were filled with the figures of the previous year. The minutes of 1802 contained the statistics

of Holston for the October Conference of 1801, and are as follows:

	Whites.	Colored.
Greene	601	30
Holston	188	13
Russell	151	16
New River	117	27
Total	1,057	86

Grand total, 1,143, a gain of only 2 over the report of 18 months previous.

At the fall Conference the Holston charges were erected into a separate district, called Holston District, and the following appointments were announced:

JOHN WATSON, *Presiding Elder.*

Greene, Moses Floyd, John A. Granade.
Holston, Samuel Douthat.
Russell, James Hunter (six months), Learner Blackman.
New River, Ezekiel Burdine, Louther Taylor.

Bishop Asbury entered Holston this year from the East. Nicholas Snethen was with him on this trip, and did a good deal of excellent preaching as the two passed through the Holston Country. Snethen was a man of marked ability, and afterwards became prominent in the mutual rights controversy which raged in the Church and led to the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church. Snethen took the side of reform, and was probably the principal leader in the movement; and was many years a prominent man in that Church. At Pepper's Chapel, near Pepper's Ferry on New River, Snethen and Asbury both preached, and the Bishop ordained Edward Morgan to the office of deacon. This man has been referred to before as probably the first Methodist preacher

that ever preached in the Holston Country. The Bishop on this trip visited Mrs. Russell, then a widow, at the Salt Works, and he and Snethen preached there. He complains of sickness occasioned by irregularity of meals, and sometimes the lack of them, in his travels; but claims a partial restoration of health, although his fever returned every morning. He was pleased to note in his journal that the local preachers came forty and fifty miles to visit him at the Salt Works; and remarked that they met with joy and parted in tears. He crossed Clinch Mountain and lodged with Francis Browning. He and Snethen preached at Elk Garden Meetinghouse, and dined with Richard Price, the grandfather of the writer. The Bishop remarks that Mr. Price was growing infirm. Mr. Price was not old enough to be infirm from age; but there is a tradition in the family that he broke down his health by becoming overheated in a bear hunt. The Bishop also visited Castle's Woods, and was amazed at the rapid improvements going on in Russell County. The two preached at Charles Bickley's; at Coffee Creek they preached in the woods. Passing through Moccasin Gap, they crossed the Holston, and refreshed man and beast at John Wadley's. Asbury remarks: "Our host became our guide, and tripped over the hills with us in the rain, his mare barefoot, and himself without a saddle to ride on or a greatcoat to shield him from the weather. At length we reached Charles Baker's, upon main Holston, in safety."

Speaking of the Conference at Ebenezer, he says: "Our brethren in Kentucky did not attend; they pleaded the greatness of the work of God. Twelve

of us sat in Conference three days; and we had not an unpleasant countenance, nor did we hear an angry word."

At this Conference Mr. Snethen preached twice, and the Bishop ordained Friday, Saturday, and Sabbath; and on each day he preached on the duties of ministers. On Sabbath he preached to a large congregation in the grove. Throughout the three days' services there was the noise of praise and shouting in the meetinghouse. About twenty-five souls found the Lord. They were chiefly the children of Methodists—the children of many prayers.

From the seat of the Conference the Bishop and his traveling companion went to North Carolina, up the French Broad. He says they "felt the mighty hills." He rested at George Swain's, father of Gov. David L. Swain, who was once Governor of North Carolina and for a long time President of the University of North Carolina. Sabbath, October 11, he attended a quarterly meeting at Daniel Killian's, near Buncombe Courthouse, and preached. At "Mud[1] Creek" Snethen preached, and the Bishop and James Douthet followed with exhortations, and there were "some quickenings." Man and beast were refreshed at Elder Davidson's, where the Bishop commended the family to God, and struck for the mountains in the direction of South Carolina.

A letter to the author, dated Beaver Dam, Buncombe County, N. C., October 29, 1902, from Mr. Charles M. Killian, says:

I am a direct descendant of the Daniel Killian to whom you refer; and may also add that, as far as my knowledge ex-

[1] Now called Muddy Creek.

tends, I am the only living grandson of the said Daniel Killian, who was the friend and host of the venerated Bishop Asbury in his travels through this then wilderness in the early days of Methodism. The house which was the home of my grandfather, and where the Bishop made his home, was torn down something over a year ago by Capt. I. V. Baird, the present owner of the old homestead, and a large modern house was erected. The old chimney remained standing up

THE KILLIAN HOUSE, NEAR ASHEVILLE, N. C.

to a few days since, but has been taken away. Capt. Baird, with the logs that were not too much decayed, built a tenant house on another part of the estate. The photo of the original house was taken about two years since under the direction of Bishop Fitzgerald.

Henry Smith was admitted into the traveling connection in 1794, superannuated in 1828, and again in 1835. He was born near Frederick City, Maryland, April 23, 1769. He was of German parentage. He

was baptized in infancy and brought up in the German Reformed Church. He was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Scott, and taken into the Church on probation as a seeker. About two weeks afterwards, while his father was explaining to him the nature of justifying faith, the glorious plan of salvation opened to his mind. He believed with a heart unto righteousness, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus. He was licensed to preach in 1793, and labored on the Berkley Circuit the larger part of a year, by employment of the presiding elder.

The first ten years of his ministry he traveled in Kentucky and Ohio. In 1804 he was transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and he remained in that Conference to the day of his death. For twenty-four years after his transfer to the Baltimore Conference he labored with diligence and great usefulness. Whether pastor or presiding elder, he made full proof of his ministry. During a ministry of sixty-nine years he knew no limit to his zeal and energy but his wasting strength.

He was appointed to Greene Circuit in 1798, and to Nollichucky in 1802; thus doing effective work in Holston, and identifying himself with Holston history. In 1828 his name is stricken, for the first time, from the effective roll; in the following year he becomes effective again, and for six years he prosecutes his labors as an itinerant. In 1835 he yields to the infirmities of advancing age, and retires from the effective list, to be placed on it no more. He settled at Hookstown, Md., naming his home "Pilgrim's Rest."

As he drew near his end, and was no longer able

to speak, he made signs to those who watched at his bedside of a desire to be placed in his usual attitude of prayer. After remaining on his knees about two minutes, he was gently laid on his bed again, where he expired in a short time, in the ninety-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Smith was an eminent clerical example of meekness, patience, and all the adornments of Christian character; and he went by the title of "Good Henry Smith." Although a man of delicate frame, he outlived all his contemporaries. By order of the Baltimore Conference, which met March 4, 1863, his remains were removed from Hookstown to Mount Olivet Cemetery, to repose with the dust of Bishops Asbury, George, Waugh, and Emory.[1]

Lewis Hunt was probably admitted on trial in 1798, since he appears in the minutes of 1799 as remaining on trial. He was placed on the supernumerary list in 1802, and died December 8 of that year.

In 1799 he was appointed to New River Circuit. Except the year in Holston, he labored in Kentucky and Ohio. He was a native of Virginia, and was a young man of talent. He was of a consumptive habit, and his weakness of body prevented his labors from being continuous. He finally broke down and was placed on the supernumerary list in 1801, and died the same year. Judge Scott says: "He was a tall, slender young man, with a depressed cheek. He possessed great zeal, and exerted himself beyond his natural strength. He was a very humble, sociable man, whose labors in the ministry were greatly blessed."

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, Vol. IV., pp. 271-273, and General Minutes, M. E. Church, for 1863, p. 17.

William Lambuth was admitted in 1795. He was appointed to Greene Circuit in 1799.

He was born in Hanover County, Va., in 1765. He was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-one years, and joined the traveling connection soon thereafter. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Coke, and elder by Bishop Asbury. After his year's labor on Cumberland Circuit (1800-01), he was happily married to Miss Elisabeth Greenhaw, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. John McGee. After his marriage he located in Smith County, Tenn., near Hartsville, where he resided a number of years; he then removed to Sumner County, Tenn., within one mile of Fountain Head, where he spent the remainder of his life. He died in 1837. He was active and useful as a local preacher. His occupation was the manufacture of combs. His eldest son, Rev. John R. Lambuth, preached many years as a member of the Mississippi Conference. The Rev. John W. Lambuth, who for a number of years was a missionary of the M. E. Church, South, in China and Japan, was a son of William Lambuth; and the Rev. Walter R. Lambuth, one of the present Missionary Secretaries of the M. E. Church, South, is a son of John W. Lambuth. Preachers of prominence for talent and usefulness for three generations, is quite a good record for that family. But few foreign missionaries have equaled John W. Lambuth in piety, energy, and usefulness; and Walter R. Lambuth is a flame of zeal and a man of great faithfulness in the discharge of his duties. The history of this family is not a favorable comment on the false adage that "preachers' sons are worse than those of other men."

John Page became a traveling preacher in 1792, located in 1803, was readmitted in 1810, located again in 1812, was readmitted in 1825, and died June 17, 1859.

Page was a considerable man. He had the honor of succeeding William Burke on Cumberland Circuit in 1799. In 1800 he was placed on Holston, Russell, and New River Circuit in Virginia; but, owing to dissatisfaction among the people of Cumberland Circuit at his removal from that circuit, he was recalled to it, and his place supplied in Holston. These were the days of the wonderful revival that began in Kentucky at the beginning of the nineteenth century and spread throughout the connection. It had reached Middle Tennessee where Page labored (1799-1800), and his removal from a glorious work in which he was one of the chief instruments seems to have been a blunder, which pressure brought to bear on the appointing power succeeded in correcting. Yet Southwestern Virginia was a promising field; and had Page remained there, there can be no doubt but that he would have been a successful reaper in the fields white to the harvest there. As it was, the revival wave, in all its force, rolled over the Holston Country from the French Broad to New River, and left the fertile sediment of a pentecostal Church all through this beautiful hill country.

Page says: "I was in New River Circuit when the letters of Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat were handed me, urging me to hasten to Cumberland with all speed. I had just finished my sermon. I took my dinner and started, and reached my destined place as

soon as I could. The work—as it had been—was still going on."

Learner Blackman gives, as the leading motive for the recall of Page to Cumberland Circuit, the fact that the bishops had discovered that the work in that circuit was likely to suffer for the lack of discipline. From this statement it is to be inferred that Page was a strict and careful disciplinarian. The revival was doubtless causing a great influx of new members into the Church. The net had inclosed a great multitude of fishes, good and bad, and a careful assortment was needed. Lax discipline will soon destroy the results of the best revivals. The man who has a gift for producing great religious enthusiasm among the people and securing great ingatherings into the Church, and has no talent for conserving the fruits of his labors by careful organization and strict discipline, is likely to do as much harm as good. Many, in times of revival, "hear the word, immediately receive it with gladness, and have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time; afterwards, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended." The servants who go into the highways and compel men to come to the feast of the Lamb usually succeed in bringing in the good and the bad, and a severance becomes necessary. After the harvest comes the winnowing, and the wheat should be stored in the garner, but the chaff blown away. Page was wanted for this winnowing.

Just another word here: The best disciplinarians are usually the most genuine revivalists and builders of the Church. The strong faith that brings revival power superinduces an earnestness and hatred of sin

in the preacher that emboldens him to set himself against hypocrisy, loose morals, and all forms of worldliness in the Church, among the rich and the poor alike. The mere timeserver, the mere fleece-lover, will flee on the approach of the wolf. He has not love enough for souls to take any risk of unpopularity by hewing to the line.

The work which rendered necessary Mr. Page's recall to the Cumberland country was the extraordinary display of divine power which began on the Cumberland Circuit in 1799, and spread throughout the settled portions of Northern and Middle Tennessee and Southern Kentucky. Page was in charge of that circuit when this work broke out, and was probably one of the principal instruments in inaugurating and perpetuating it. Among the prominent preachers in his day in Kentucky and Tennessee, he was always the central figure. At the altar, in the pulpit, in the social circle, among the wealthy and refined, and in the cabins of the poor, he proved himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed of either ignorance or unskillfulness. His name became a household word in all that country. No wonder that Bishop Asbury said, in his letter to him: "Had I attended at the last Holston Conference, you should have returned immediately to Cumberland. I should have had the petition that was sent for your return. Had I known what had taken place, I should have dismissed you when I passed by you. I hope you will now hasten to that charge as soon as possible. The eternal God be your refuge and strength!"

It was unusual in that day to continue a man on one circuit longer than one year; but Mr. Page's peculiar

adaptation to the work on Cumberland Circuit at that time caused his continuance on it for four consecutive years, and his appointment to the Cumberland District at the close of his term on the circuit. This district comprised four charges; Nashville (formerly Cumberland), Red River, Barren, and Natchez Circuits, the last mentioned far south in Mississippi. He had for his colaborers such men as Thomas Wilkerson, Jesse Walker, James Gwin, Jacob Young, and Tobias Gibson. Broken down in health, he asked and obtained a location at the close of his first year on the district. In 1825 he was readmitted into the Tennessee Conference, and remained a member of that body to the day of his death, which occurred June 17, 1859. During the principal part of these his last years he was a superannuate. He died at the age of ninety-three years, and in the sixty-eighth of his ministry. He was ready for the change when it came.[1]

How true it is that those who honor father and mother live long in the land, and that in Wisdom's right hand there is length of days! Page had seen the Church when it was only a feeble plant, and as his sun was setting he saw it as a giant tree with hundreds of thousands of happy souls luxuriating in its delightful shade. When he entered the itinerancy in Kentucky and Tennessee there were in that territory only two districts, embracing nine circuits, nineteen traveling preachers, two thousand six hundred and seventy-four white members, and two hundred and one colored members. At the time of his death there were in the same territory five Annual Conferences,

[1] "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 135, 136.

embracing forty districts, four hundred and eighty-six stations, circuits, and missions, six hundred and eighty-one traveling preachers, one thousand six hundred and seventy-six local preachers, and a membership of one hundred and fifty-five thousand five hundred and eighty-four whites, and thirty thousand seven hundred and ninety-six colored members.[1]

Francis Poythress has the distinction among the preachers that have labored regularly from time to time in the Holston Country of being the first that was received into the itinerancy. He was converted in 1772, one year before the first Annual Conference in America. He was a Virginian by birth, and belonged to a family of fortune. In his youth he was wild and dissipated, but through the influence of a pious and intelligent lady he was convicted of sin and caused to pause and reflect. He betook himself to his neglected Bible, to self-examination, and to other means of finding peace with God. He sought for a competent instructor in spiritual things, but owing to the state of the English Church around him he could find none. Hearing, at length, of the devoted Jarratt, a clergyman of the Church of England, he visited him, and was entertained for some time under his hospitable roof. There he found peace in believing. He soon began to coöperate with Mr. Jarratt in the religious revival which prevailed at that time in that section of country. He was, therefore, an evangelist before the arrival of the Methodist itinerants in Virginia. When they came he joined them, after acquainting himself with their doctrines and methods, with which

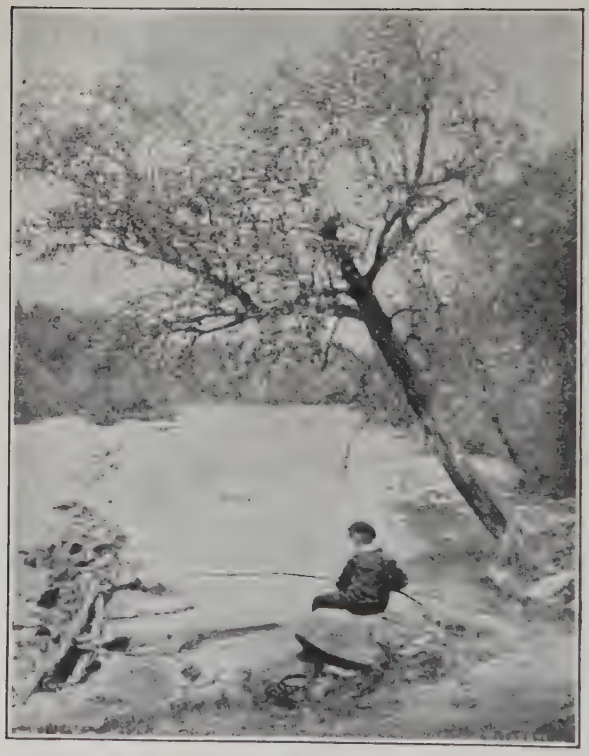
[1] General Minutes.

he was delighted. He began his travels in 1775, under the authority of the Quarterly Conference of Brunswick Circuit; and at a Conference which met in Baltimore May 21, 1776, he was admitted on trial into the traveling connection, and died in 1818 or about that time. In North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky he became a representative man in the work of saving souls and edifying the body of Christ. In 1783 he proclaimed the gospel on the waters of the Youghiogheny. From 1786 he served as presiding elder with great success for twelve years. Such was Bishop Asbury's estimate of him that, at one time, by letter he requested of the yearly Conferences his election to the episcopacy; but the Conferences declined to comply with his request on the ground that they were not legally competent to elect bishops. The nomination of a man for the episcopacy by a bishop or by bishops would, in the present day, be considered in bad taste and an unjustifiable episcopal interference with the prerogatives of the General Conference. Such, however, is the influence of the bishops, owing to their possessing the pastoral appointing power and their presidency of the Annual Conferences, that their preferences, when ascertained, go a long way in controlling the suffrages of the members of the General Conference. This influence wisely used can do no harm; but in the hands of a worldly and ambitious prelacy, it might be damaging to the peace and welfare of the Church. The wagon needs brakes as well as traces. In a well-regulated government power is judiciously distributed. Too great a concentration of power in a few hands is dangerous; too wide a distribution of power is a source of weak-

ness and inefficiency. The middle way is the safe way. The truth lies between extremes.

Mr. Poythress labored one year in the Holston country proper, and one year in what afterwards became Holston Conference territory. In 1798 he was appointed presiding elder of the four Holston circuits. In 1800 he was appointed presiding elder of fifteen circuits in North Carolina, embracing Swannanoa Circuit. This circuit lay partly within the territory of North Carolina west of Blue Ridge. Swannanoa River (improperly spelled in the minutes Swanino) gave its name to the circuit. This river rises in Blue Ridge, flows westward, and empties into the French Broad in the suburbs of Asheville. The Swannanoa charge lay partly in Buncombe County; and Poythress was, therefore, one of the early founders of Methodism in that country, which is now a stronghold of Methodism. This North Carolina district was his last itinerant work. Here he broke down, and was compelled to retire from active service.

Poythress had the bearing of one who had been well brought up, his deportment being very gentlemanly. He was disposed to melancholy. He was an acceptable preacher, though not of the first order of talents. He was greatly gifted in prayer; when he prayed he seemed to bring heaven and earth together. When he traveled in Middle Tennessee, which was in 1793 and years following, he sometimes found the table fare very rough; but he was never heard to complain of what was set before him. Knowing the destitution of the people, and being delicate in health, he carried with him a canister of tea. At one place he gave the canister to a good sister, that she might pre-



FRENCH BROAD RIVER NEAR ASHEVILLE, N. C.

pare for him a good cup of tea. She emptied the whole canister into water and gave it a good boiling as so much greens, and brought it to the table with an apology for not being able to boil it down sufficiently, when Poythress kindly remarked: "Why, sister, you have spoiled all my tea; it was not the leaves, but the juice, that I wanted." The Rev. John Carr, who tells this story, says: "You may think it strange that a married woman should be so ignorant, but it was even the case. In fact, I assure you that when I married I had not drunk a half dozen cups of coffee, and I know not that I had ever seen any specimen of imported tea."[1]

Poythress was about five feet eight inches in height and heavily built. His muscles were large, and when in his prime he must have been a man of more than ordinary muscular power. He dressed plainly and neatly. In his latter days his health had been much impaired; his muscles were flaccid, his eyes sunken in his head, his hair gray, turned back, and hanging on his shoulders; his complexion was dark, and his countenance grave, inclining to melancholy. His step, however, even at that age was firm, and his general appearance such as to command respect. He possessed a high sense of honor and moral obligation. As a preacher in charge and presiding elder, he was an excellent disciplinarian. He was zealous for the purity and honor of the Church; but would not consent to the expulsion from the Church of offenders who manifested contrition and amendment.

It is not known whether it was a hereditary taint

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 229, 230.

that eventually dethroned his reason. It is likely that it was the hardships to which he was subjected in his labors as a pioneer in the West that sowed in his system the seeds that ripened into this unfortunate result. His hardships on his last district doubtless intensified his morbid tendencies. Among strangers, and with but little opportunity for congenial ministerial companionship, gloom and darkness settled down on his too somber and contemplative mind. His immense field denied him the rest and recreation he so much needed. The next year he returned to Kentucky; but the light of the temple was gone out, and the eyes that had shot the fires of intelligence now wildly stared upon the faces of old, tried, and loving friends.[1]

The active itinerancy of Mr. Poythress embraced a quarter of a century. He was a man of superior ability on the whole, a devoted Christian, and a preacher of power. He was an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. An unfortunate entry in Asbury's journal has made the impression that Poythress was an apostate in his last years. While traveling in Kentucky in 1810, Asbury says, of date Monday, October 15: "This has been an awful day to me. I visited Francis Poythress, if thou be he; but O how fallen!"

Asbury's journal was generally brief and elliptical, and, therefore, sometimes unsatisfactory to the student of history. In this case he did an unintentional wrong to the memory of Mr. Poythress. If he had reflected that his journal would be published in after

[1] Sketch of Poythress in Finley's "Sketches of Western Methodism," beginning on page 129.

times, and that possibly there might be no contemporary writer to clear up the false impression such an entry was calculated to make, I am sure that he would have expressed himself more fully and explicitly. Poythress had probably been suffering for years from softening of the brain, a disease not well understood at that day. It finally resulted in imbecility. As Dean Swift said of himself, he died at the top first. His disease was accompanied with deep melancholy; but death at last released him from his night of gloom, and now in the blaze of a glorious day he sees Jesus as he is and knows as he is known. Fortunately Henry Boehm happened to be with Asbury during the visit to Mr. Poythress alluded to, and it happened also that he kept a journal, and he clears up the mystery with the following entry: "Monday, 15th, we went with Brother Harris to see Francis Poythress, one of our old preachers. He has been for ten years in a state of insanity, and is still in a distressed state of mind."

He died at the house of his sister, Mrs. Susannah Pryor, in Jessamine County, Ky.

John Sale was admitted in 1795, and died January 15, 1827. He was on Swannanoa Circuit 1795-96, and on Holston and Russell Circuit 1799-1800. These were his only years in Holston.

He was a native of Virginia, and was converted to God when about twenty-one years of age. He preached four years in North Carolina. In 1800 he was transferred to Kentucky, and during a ministerial career of thirty-two years he filled some of the most important stations in Kentucky and Ohio. He was for a number of years presiding elder of some of the

most important districts in those States. He was for many years on the supernumerary and superannuate lists, and died in the Ohio Conference.

He was a man of fine presence, of erect and manly form, and of great personal dignity. He was naturally social, and possessed fine conversational powers, though he never indulged in light, frivolous conversation. He always conversed on subjects of interest and utility, and frequently alluded to matters connected with his ministerial career. He always evinced excellent judgment and accurate discrimination in his social intercourse. He could not be said to be a man of brilliant intellect, and yet his preaching sometimes produced a powerful impression. His distinct enunciation, earnest manner, and well-digested thoughts always secured the attention of his audience. Sometimes when he was speaking he arose to the dignity and fullness of his theme, and was one of the noblest personifications of pulpit eloquence. His words were never hurried, but uttered calmly and deliberately. Although he spoke without extravagance or undue excitement, there was a luster in his eye and a general lighting up of his features that revealed the workings of the spirit within. The Hon. John McLean, of Ohio, from whom I have taken this description of Mr. Sale as a preacher almost word for word, says:

> I have heard him with as much interest as I have heard any other man; and never heard him without being deeply impressed with the conviction that, among all the men known to me at that early period, I should have selected him as the man to fill up, under all circumstances, the measure of his duty.[1]

[1] Sprague's "Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit," pp. 257, 258.

On January 15, 1827, while on the Piqua Circuit, at the house of his friend and brother Mr. French, he was called to yield his spirit into the hands of God. Although in his last hours his sufferings were intense, he had great peace in believing. He was frequently heard to say: "I am nearing home. My last battle is fought, and the victory sure. Hallelujah! My Saviour reigns over heaven and earth gloriously! Praise the Lord!"

Mr. Sale was about five feet ten inches high, and of great symmetry of form. He was courteous and dignified. He had a dark eye which, when lighted up with gospel themes, flashed its fires of holy passion, and melted at the recital of a Saviour's love.[1]

Jesse Lee, one of the most distinguished men of the Methodist connection, and one of the most energetic and useful pioneers of American Methodism, the founder of Methodism in New England, and one of the earliest and best historians of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was connected with Holston Methodism as the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury for only three years, 1797-99. The Bishop, however, seldom mentions him in his journal. This was, however, from no comtempt or jealousy of Lee; for Asbury was a holy man, and Lee was his superior in learning and intellectual force. It has always been a matter of astonishment that the General Conference did not elect Jesse Lee to the episcopacy instead of Richard Whatcoat. Lee was an intellectual giant, while Whatcoat was as to intellectual ability an ordinary man. Lee, though deeply pious, was witty and hu-

[1] "Sketches of Western Methodism," pp. 190, 191.

morous, while Whatcoat was uniformly sober and precise. Lee greatly excelled Whatcoat in genius; but Whatcoat, though possessed of moderate faculties, was peculiarly a well-rounded and symmetrical man, and his great prudence which never allowed him to speak a light or foolish word, together with a purity and piety which were really seraphic, made him a great power for spiritual good in his generation. Whatcoat will always be known as a pious man and bishop; Lee will always be known as a great thinker, a great worker, and as a man greater than any office the Church could have bestowed on him. My space will not allow me to enter particularly into his labors and character. He entered the traveling connection in 1783, and died September 10, 1816. He labored in North Carolina, Maryland, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, and Virginia; and died while stationed in Annapolis, Md.

Dr. John J. Lafferty, that wizard of the pen, has often expressed a regret that Jesse Lee was not promoted to the episcopacy. I here introduce an editorial paragraph of his in regard to this matter, not to indorse his unfavorable opinion of Whatcoat, but to preserve a gem of literature, and to give our readers a handsome illustration, in connection with the parallelism of Lee and Whatcoat, of the law that

"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

The paragraph is as follows:

The great figure in pioneer Methodism of America is Jesse Lee, historian, statesman, the founder of New England Methodism, dauntless under persecution, resistless in public speech, "in labors more abundant." Even the tree that sheltered this portly, pathetic, powerful apostle on Boston Common took

value from his presence, and a fragment from the bark or bough is treasured. This giant was passed by, and a prim, precise, proper little person, Mr. Whatcoat, a mere name now and vanishing, took seat on the bench by Asbury. What a pull on men's sincerity! Is it a wonder that a preacher, eager for the highest seat, may discard the rich blood from his veins and fill the empty channels with thin treacle, choke an honest laugh into a slight quiver of the cheek, secrete soft soap instead of saliva, and, to cover cunning with cravat and clothes of clerical cut, rig up a juiceless cadaver out of a *man?* Genius, exploits, a noble presence, yielded precedence to the neat, harmless, pulseless Englishman. Lee shook the midriffs by explosive humor when argument froze like an auger of icicles in the cold audience of Massachusetts, and so rent a pathway for Methodism. The instrument of his success became the weapon that wounded him. Jesus at Cana could not have secured a vote for the Sanhedrin; and with the babes tangling their chubby fingers in his beard, his own apostles doubted his dignity, and even his patience could not endure that. It was to the Jews, it has been to the Christian Church, the most difficult task to learn Jesus, the antipode of the Pharisee, the Ascetic, the Zealot.[1]

Thomas Mann was admitted in 1793. He traveled in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. He was appointed to Swannanoa Circuit in the years 1797 and 1798, and to French Broad Circuit in 1799.

He was born in Amherst County, Va., April 1, 1769. He professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his nineteenth year. Feeling called to preach, he offered himself to the Conference, was admitted, and continued in the itinerant ranks till God called him from labor to reward. In the latter part of his life he took a superannuate relation; but, feeling his health partially restored, he was placed again on the effective list, and so continued till the Conference

[1] *Richmond Christian Advocate*, December 8, 1893.

of 1830, when he was again superannuated. On the evening of June 22 of that year he retired to his chamber in apparently as good health as he had enjoyed for some time. Early in the night a nephew of his lying in the same room was awakened by an unusual noise, as though his uncle were struggling. He hastened to his relief and raised him in his arms; but his spirit was departing, and in a moment was gone. Thus died Thomas Mann in the sixty-second year of his age, thirty-seven of which were spent in the ministry. As a Christian he was deeply pious; for many years he had professed the blessing of sanctification, and was truly exemplary in word and deed. As a minister he was sound in doctrine, plain and practical in preaching, and generally useful and acceptable where he labored. As a companion he was easy in his manners, affable and instructive in conversation, sober without sadness, cheerful without levity.

CHAPTER XV.

The Revival of 1800—A Symposium.

A genuine revival of religion is necessarily the work of God. Human instrumentalities may be, and always are, used in originating and promoting such a work; but it is the work of God all the same. Several things are necessary to a revival: a need of it, a felt need of it among the people, an unusual influence of the Holy Spirit coming down on preachers and people, and a general coöperation of the pulpit and the pew with the work of the Holy Spirit. With these conditions a revival always comes, and comes in power. All these conditions prevailed in the West at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There never was a time, perhaps, in the history of America when spiritual religion was at as low an ebb as it was during the years immediately preceding the great revival outbreak of 1800.

The Rev. James Gallaher, of the Presbyterian Church, in the "Western Sketch Book," says:

> War has almost invariably a demoralizing tendency; and the war of our revolution, however necessary and important in its connection, was not exempt from this unhappy concomitant. But perhaps in no other part of our country were the sad results of war realized, at that time, to the same extent as in the new settlements of the West. There the supply of Bibles and pastors was limited, religious privileges were few, and many of the population were as sheep having no shepherd. There was less, therefore, to counteract the evils incident to war than in other sections of our land.
>
> Above all this, it must be observed that, when peace was

concluded with Great Britain in the year 1783 and other citizens could return to the pursuits of peaceful life and the enjoyment of gospel ordinances, the frontier population of the West was embroiled with hostile Indians for the space of half a generation. During this period of fierce conflict between the white and the red man those Indian tribes that hung around our Western border produced not a few "men of renown."

Headed by some of these daring chiefs, a strong band of Indians would make a sudden incursion into the white settlements, and murder, burn, rob, and perpetrate cruelty in the most frightful and barbarous forms. The scalping knife was red with the blood of the mother, the tomahawk was buried in the brain of the helpless child, until, terrified with the apprehension of the vengeance they had provoked, the Indians would fly with the utmost precipitation. Then, for ten or fifteen miles around, the white population was aroused, and the Indians were pursued not only with retaliating but with exterminating vengeance. Who will wonder that, when seventeen years of such life as this came right in after the seven years of the revolutionary war, the Sabbath and sacred things were in a great measure forgotten or trodden down? A generation sprang up in which dexterity and prowess in Indian warfare were the great objects of ambition and, indeed, the highroad to fame. And in the meanwhile the light of religion, carried to the West at the time of its first settlement, surrounded long by adverse influences, shone but faintly, while iniquity abounded and waxed bold.[1]

Our country, in its earliest history, was more influenced by Europe than now. The year 1728 is noted as the culminating era of infidelity in Europe. This was just one year before the organization of the holy club in the University of Oxford. This club was not an accident. God saw the preparations of the powers of darkness for an exterminating onset upon Christianity; and in all parts of Christendom he was enlist-

[1] "Western Sketch Book," pp. 21, 22.

ing his soldiers, organizing and drilling, and with infinite wisdom and prescience planning a campaign of defense, as well as of aggressive war on infidelity, immorality, and lawlessness.

As to the low state of religion in the West before the beginning of the revival, and as to the tremendous success of the efforts that had been making to uproot Christianity in Europe and America, I quote the following passages from the pen of Dr. Dwight, of Yale College:

Voltaire, for the purpose of blotting out Christianity, engaged, at several succeeding periods, a number of men distinguished for power, talents, reputation, and influence—all deadly enemies to the gospel, atheists, men of profligate principles and profligate lives. This design he pursued with unabated zeal fifty years; and was seconded by his associates with an ardor and industry scarcely inferior to his own. In consequence of their united labors, and of the labors of others, from time to time combined with them, they ultimately spread the design throughout a great part of Europe, and embarked in it individuals, at little distances, over almost the whole of that continent. Their adherents inserted themselves into every place, office, and employment in which their agency might become efficacious, and which furnished an opportunity of spreading their corruptions. They were found in every literary institution, from the abecedarian school to the academy of sciences; and in every civil office, from that of the bailiff to that of the monarch. They swarmed in the palace; they haunted the church. Wherever mischief could be done, they were found; and wherever they were found, mischief was extensively done. Of books, they controlled the publication, the sale, and the character. An immense number they formed: an immense number they forged; prefixed to them the names of reputable writers, and sent them into the world, to be sold for a song; and when that could not be done, to be given away. Within a period shorter than could have been imagined they possessed themselves, to a great extent, of a control,

nearly absolute, of the literary, religious, and political state of Europe.

With these advantages in their hands, it will easily be believed that they left no instrument unemployed and no measure untried to accomplish their own malignant purposes. With a diligence, courage, constancy, activity, and perseverance which might rival the efforts of demons themselves, they penetrated into every corner of human society. Scarcely a man, woman, or child was left unassailed wherever there was a single hope that the attack might be successful. Books were written and published in innumerable multitudes, in which infidelity was brought down to the level of peasants, and even of children, and poured with immense assiduity into the cottage and the school. Others of a superior kind crept into the shop and the farmhouse; and others of a still higher class found their way to the drawing-room, the university, and the palace. The business of all men who were of any importance, and the education of the children of all such men, were, as far as possible, engrossed, or at least influenced, by these banditti of the moral world; and the hearts of those who had no importance but in their numbers and physical strength. A sensual, profligate nobility, and princes, if possible, still more sensual and profligate, easily yielded themselves and their children into the hands of these minions of corruption. Too ignorant, too enervated, or too indolent to understand, or even to inquire that they might understand, the tendency of all these efforts, they marched quietly on to the gulf of ruin, which was already open to receive them. With these was combined a priesthood, which, in all its dignified ranks, was still more putrid, and which eagerly yielded up the surplice and the lawn, the desk and the altar, to destroy that Bible which they had vowed to defend as well as to preach, and to renew the crucifixion of that Redeemer whom they had sworn to worship. By these agents and these efforts the plague was spread with rapidity, and to an extent which astonished heaven and earth: and life went out not in solitary cases but by a universal extinction.

While these measures were thus going on, with a success scarcely interrupted, Dr. Adam Weishaupt, Professor of the Canon Law in the University of Ingoldstadt, a city of Bavaria,

a man of no contemptible talents, but of immense turpitude, and a Jesuit, established the Society of Illuminces. Into this establishment he brought all the systematized iniquity of his brotherhood—distinguished beyond every other class of men for cunning, mischief, an absolute destitution of conscience, an absolute disregard of all the interests of man, and a torpid insensibility to moral obligation. No fraternity, for so long a time or to so great an extent, united within its pale such a mass of talents, or employed in its service such a succession of vigorous efforts. The serpentine system of this order Weishaupt perfectly understood. The great design of the Jesuits had always been to engross the power and influence of Europe and to regulate all its important affairs. The system of measures which they had adopted for this end was superior to every preceding scheme of human policy. To this design Weishaupt, who was more absolutely an atheist than Voltaire, and as cordially wished for the ruin of Christianity, superadded a general intention of destroying the moral character of man. The system of policy adopted by the Jesuits was, therefore, exactly fitted to his purpose; for the design, with this superaddition, was exactly the same.

With these advantageous preparations he boldly undertook this work of destruction, and laid the ax at the root of all moral principle and the sense of all moral obligation by establishing a few fundamental doctrines, which were amply sufficient for this purpose. These were: that God is nothing; that government is a curse, and authority a usurpation; that civil society is the only apostasy of man; that the possession of property is robbery; that chastity and natural affection are mere prejudices; and that adultery, assassination, poisoning, and other crimes of a similar nature are lawful and even virtuous. Under these circumstances were founded the Societies of Illuminism. They spread, of course, with a rapidity which nothing but fact could have induced any sober mind to believe. Before the year 1786 they were established in great numbers throughout Germany, in Sweden, Russia, Poland, Austria, Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy, England, Scotland, and even in America. In all these was taught the grand and sweeping principle of corruption that the end sanctions the

means—a principle which, if everywhere adopted, would overturn the universe.

The design of the founder and his coadjutors was nothing less than to engross the empire of the world and to place mankind beneath the feet of himself and his successors.

Voltaire died in the year following the establishment of Illuminism. His disciples, with one heart and one voice, united in its interests and, finding a more absolute system of corruption than themselves had been able to form, entered eagerly into all its plans and purposes. Thenceforward, therefore, all the legions of infidelity are to be considered as embarked in a single bottom; and as cruising together against order, peace, and virtue on a voyage of rapine and blood.

The French revolution burst upon mankind at this moment. Here was opened an ample field for the labors of these abandoned men in the work of pollution and death. There is no small reason to believe that every individual Illuminee, and almost, if not quite, every infidel on the continent of Europe lent his labors when he could—and his wishes when he could not—for the advancement of the sins and the miseries which attended this unexampled corruption. Had not God taken the wise in their own craftiness, and caused the wicked to fall into the pit which they had digged and into the snares which their hands had set; it is impossible to conjecture the extent to which they would have carried their devastation of human happiness. But, like the profligate rulers of Israel, those who succeeded regularly destroyed their predecessors.

Between ninety and one hundred of those who were leaders in this mighty work of destruction fell by the hand of violence. Enemies to all men, they were, of course, enemies to each other. Butchers of the human race, they soon whetted the knife for each other's throats; and the tremendous Being who rules the universe, whose existence they had denied in a solemn act of legislation, whose perfections they had made the butt of public scorn and private insult, whose Son they had crucified afresh, and whose word they had burned by the hands of the common hangman, swept them all by the hand of violence into an untimely grave. The tale made every ear which heard it tingle, and every heart chill with horror. It was, in the language of Ossian, "the song of death." It was like the

reign of the plague in a populous city. Knell tolled upon knell, hearse followed hearse, and coffin rumbled after coffin, without a mourner to shed a tear upon the corpse, or a solitary attendant to mark the place of the grave. From one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, the world went forth and looked after the carcasses of the men who transgressed against God, and they were an abhorring unto all flesh.[1]

Mr. Gallaher, from whose book, "Western Sketch Book," I take the above extract, adds:

Our revolutionary war closed about the time when this French infidelity was at its height and before its frightful results had been fully disclosed.

The government of France had taken part with us in our struggle against England. The noble-hearted Lafayette had embarked in our cause with a generous enthusiasm that deeply affected the American people. Other distinguished Frenchmen had been our friends. Now it was at this juncture, when we were disposed to give the warmest welcome to whatever came from France, that a deep, dark tide of that horrible infidelity plowed its way like the Gulf Stream through the Atlantic and heaved its huge surges on the American shore. The valleys were flooded, the swelling waves rose and buried the hills, upward the awful deluge prevailed and rolled its black billows above the tops of the tallest mountains. In the new settlements of the West the desolation was dreadful. There were few that escaped the deadly inundation. So rare were religious privileges that it was extremely difficult to find materials sufficient to construct an ark in which one entire family might be saved. It was proclaimed over all the land that France—enlightened, scientific, fashionable France—had renounced the gospel, had burned the Bible in the streets of Paris by the hands of the common hangman, and had inscribed in broad characters over the entrance into the common burying ground that "death is an eternal sleep."

And, moreover, it was confidently asserted, by those who had opportunity to know, that Thomas Jefferson, regarded in the

[1] "Western Sketch Book," pp. 22-28.

West as a great political luminary, had rejected the gospel and adopted the infidelity of France; that most of our enlightened statesmen were following his example. Jefferson, as a politician, had at that period immense popularity, and the influence of his name, when in unison with the downward current of depravity, was mighty.

Such was the attitude of the West in relation to religion and religious privileges from the year 1783 till 1800—harassed by almost incessant Indian wars, impelled in the broad road by the folly and wickedness bound up in its own heart, and bewitched and bewildered by the abominable example of those whose names possessed fascination because they were inscribed on the rolls of fame.

In the midst of this period of spiritual darkness Paine's "Age of Reason" came forth. Paine was favorably known to the American people as a political writer during the conflict of the Revolution. His works entitled "Common Sense" and "The Rights of Man" had secured for him a widespread reputation. And in the minds of the multitude he was closely identified with the cause of American freedom. Rarely, in his assaults on the Church of God, has that "archangel ruined," whose name is called Apollyon, been able to occupy such vantage ground. The appeal to the American people was this: "You have thrown off allegiance to the British king; now throw off the yoke of superstition, and be free men indeed." Paine scoffed at all that was sacred in religion—profanely mocked and blasphemed the ordinances of God. O, it was a tremendous eruption of the bottomless pit! The shock had well-nigh thrown down the hope of the Church. The smoke that ascended filled all the air with blackness and eclipsed the sun; while ashes, cinders, and lava came down, threatening to bury every vestige of good that yet remained in society.

In a letter to the editors of the *New York Magazine* the venerable Gideon Blackburn says: "About the years 1798 and 1799 the darkness was thick, like that in Egypt—a darkness which might be felt. The few pious in the land were ready to cry out, Has God forgotten to be gracious? Are his mercies clean gone? Will he be favorable no more?"

About this period pious men in the West began to call on the name of the Lord with that earnestness and importunity

which takes no denial. In Logan County, Ky., Rev. James McGready and some Christian people appointed seasons of special prayer. They also set apart days of fasting and humiliation before God.

The great revival of 1800, like that granted to the disciples on the day of Pentecost, was preceded by a season of deep humiliation and earnest prayer to God.[1]

We have noticed a hesitation in the cause of Methodism in Holston in the last decade of the eighteenth century. But as the revival began in Kentucky, it may be well to consider what the state of religion was in that State just before the beginning of the revival, and, therefore, what need there was of it there, as well as elsewhere. Without proposing to be invidious as to other denominations, I shall be pardoned for confining the view mainly to Methodism. The men who labored in the Northwest between the years 1792 and 1800 were not wanting in talent, energy, piety, or preaching power; and yet during this period, while the State of Kentucky increased in population from less than one hundred thousand to two hundred and sixty-four thousand three hundred and three, including whites and negroes, the Methodist Episcopal Church decreased in membership from one thousand eight hundred and eight to one thousand seven hundred and forty.

The sharp eye of Bishop Asbury had seen the increasing population of that State by emigration, witnessed the fidelity of our preachers, and the failure, at the same time, of Methodism to hold its own there; and he forwarded to that field, from time to time, the best talent at his command, and, indeed, an undue

[1] "Western Sketch Book," pp. 28-30.

proportion of his ministerial force; but all apparently to no purpose. Apparently, I say, for no force is lost; its conservation is a law of nature, and the dogged perseverance of the pioneers at length overcame all opposition.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

The shores of time are lined with the drift and débris of countless so-called failures, financial, social, political, and ecclesiastical; but no force put forth in the cause of truth and right was ever wasted.

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again."

The smallest factors in human events live on in the results, though seemingly swallowed up and annihilated in the aggregates. The tiny pebble dropped into the smooth bosom of the quiet lake starts a wave which soon seemingly allays and disappears; but the jar is felt by the beach hundreds of miles away. The addition of a grain of sand to the bulk of the earth would change the earth's orbit, and require a miracle to prevent collision and catastrophe millions of years in the future.

But to return: What were the causes of this absolute standstill, and relative retrograde, in Methodism in the Northwest? Emigration may have had something to do with it. There was a tendency at that time to emigrate farther West; many Methodists who had been gathered into the Societies in Kentucky, no doubt, sold out and moved farther West in hope of bettering their fortunes; but as the population of Kentucky was increasing by emigration more rapidly

than it was decreasing, it would seem that the influx of Methodism would have more than compensated for its efflux. As has already been stated, the O'Kelley schism was keenly felt in Kentucky. James Haw, a man of ability and influence, and of piety as well, having embraced the views of O'Kelley, was exerting a powerful influence against the progress of Episcopal Methodism in that section. William Burke says:

> On inquiry I found that James Haw, who was one of the first preachers that came to Kentucky, had located and settled in Cumberland, and embraced the views of O'Kelley, and by his influence and address had brought over the traveling preachers and every local preacher but one in the country to his views, and considerable dissatisfaction had obtained in many of the Societies.

It is not my purpose here to denounce the O'Kelleyites. It is only right to accord to them honesty of conviction and purpose, and to add that such agitations have no doubt, in the providence of God, their moral and spiritual uses. The men may fail and become martyrs to their principles, but whatever is good in their efforts lives after them. Their opposition to evil tendencies and their advocacy of advanced ideas may seem to have gone down in utter failure; but their ideas, so far as they are good, live on in the very systems whose supposed errors they antagonized. Thus the Methodist Protestant movement seems to have been a comparative failure; but its principles of mutual rights live on in the very body which it antagonized. So also when the Southern States fought for the principles of the constitutional compact under which they entered the Union, they seemed to have gone down in failure; but these principles,

substantially and in some measure, live on in the American Union, from which they in vain sought a severance. The right of local self-government is still perpetuated, in a degree, in the several States.

One of the main causes of the halt of Methodism in the West was legislation in the higher tribunals of the Church on the question of slavery. If Jesus Christ and his apostles had meddled with the subject of slavery in the Roman empire as did our fathers with the institution in the United States, the infant Church would have been strangled in its cradle. The apostles were silent on this subject, not from cowardice, for most of them actually became martyrs to the principles of Christianity; not from motives of worldly policy, but from an intelligent knowledge of the necessary distinction between the civil and the spiritual, and from an unwillingness to throw obstacles in the way of Christianity by antagonizing political evils of less importance than a failure to save men from paganism and sin, evils which would naturally be reduced by civil methods and pass away under the elevating and civilizing forces of a Christianity that kept to its one work of bringing men to Christ. Among the better classes of people in the South, in every respect, were slaveholders; they were among the more wealthy, the more cultivated and refined, the more moral; and, indeed, really the better friends of religion. The Conferences which at first breathed out threatenings and slaughter against slaveholders soon found it politic and a bounden duty to suspend the rules against slavery, and finally to leave them a dead letter on the statute books. The narrowest men, when they came South, saw the situation, and

enjoyed the warm, elegant, and devoutly Christian hospitality of the slaveholding membership, usually broadened. Even Asbury softened, and Cartright, a fanatical antislavery man, was equally harsh in his denunciation of slaveholding and modern abolitionism. But while the preachers and the Conferences kept up their fire on the peculiar institution, they drove some from the Church, and kept large numbers from joining it, who admired their Arminian tenets and their powerful preaching.

Again, the infidelity which, at that time, was prevailing in Europe and America had its blighting effect upon the cause of Methodism in the Western wilderness.

In Collin's "Kentucky," we find the following paragraph:

> Early in the spring of 1793 circumstances occurred which fanned the passions of the people into a perfect flame. The French revolution had sounded a tocsin which reverberated throughout the whole civilized world. The worn-out despotisms of Europe, after standing aghast for a moment in doubtful inactivity, had awakened at length into ill-concerted combinations against the young republic, and France was engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Britain, Spain, Prussia, Austria, and the German principalities. The terrible energy which the French republic displayed against such fearful odds, the haughty crest with which she confronted her enemies and repelled them from her frontier at every point, presented a spectacle well calculated to dazzle the friends of democracy throughout the world.
>
> The American people loved France as their ally in the Revolution, and now regarded her as a sister republic contending for freedom against banded despots.

Dr. Redford says:

> The widespread sympathy of this country with France was natural. But France had embraced infidelity. The Bible

there had undergone a total eclipse; its hallowed teachings despised and spurned; "death declared to be an eternal sleep;" while atheism—the very worst form of infidelity—was openly professed by all classes of society. We too had just emerged from a long and bloody war, and were not free from the vices and demoralization always consequent upon a protracted, sanguinary strife. Vice, in hideous form, in the light of noonday, walked through the land. The writings of Paine, Voltaire, and others intended to sap the foundations of Christianity, and, at the same time, offering no other "balm to the wounded spirit," were sown broadcast throughout the land. Not only were their sentiments embraced by the masses of the American people, but many, holding high positions of public trust and belonging to the more influential walks of life, imbibed these doctrines and openly avowed their disbelief in the Word of God.[1]

The Rev. Jonathan Stamper says:

To add to the darkness of the moral horizon, most of the Churches had sunk into mere formality, so that the doctrines of the new birth—implying that radical change of heart which brings with it the evidence of pardon and adoption—was quite ignored or totally repudiated. The dogmas of election and reprobation, predestination and decrees, were the themes of the pulpit, and they rather confirmed than weakened the popular disposition to reject revelation. The masses considered such doctrines a slander upon God's justice as well as his goodness, and concluded that if the Bible afforded such views of Jehovah it could not be true.[2]

What was true of the Northwest was, in a measure, true of the Holston Country. The two sections were intimately associated. In a former chapter it was noted that the charges in Holston, Kentucky, and Ohio were for several years linked together in one presiding elder's district. Conferences were at an early day held in Holston for the Kentucky preachers,

[1] "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 262, 263.
[2] "Home Circle," Vol. I.

and in Kentucky for the Holston preachers. All the causes that depressed the cause of Methodism in the Northwest had a similar effect on it in Holston; and when the flood of revival arose in the Northwest it rolled above the crest of the Cumberland Mountains, down its gorges, and over the undulating valleys of the Holston Country. The need of a revival of religion in the Protestant Churches of the country generally and of the Methodist Church in particular, depending on the conditions pointed out, became a felt need. The few that had not bowed the knee to Baal became painfully sensible of the spiritual declension of the times, humbled themselves under the mighty hand of God, and fasted and prayed. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it." This was true at the time of the origin of the great revival. In 1799-1800 Francis Poythress presided over a district which extended from New River, in Virginia, to the Miami, Ohio, embracing all the pastoral charges in Holston, Kentucky, and Ohio. In 1800-01 the district embraced the same territory, with the Scioto Circuit, in Ohio, added; and that master workman, William McKendree, presided over the same district in 1801-02. These facts account for the further fact that the Kentucky revival spread at once in all its power to the Holston Country. Indeed, the territory afterwards embraced in the Holston Conference became one of the principal theaters of this great revival movement. It is to be questioned whether this spiritual agitation accomplished more and has, in its effects, endured longer, among an equal number of people, in any other part of the country than in the Holston Country.

In a sketch of John McGee in a previous chapter we have seen his statement of the immediate origin of the revival, of the first outburst in the Church of the Rev. Mr. McGready, in Logan County, Ky. As this demonstration began in a Presbyterian Church, and in a meeting in which Presbyterians and Methodists jointly labored, I propose first to give an account of some of the first scenes of the revival from a Presbyterian standpoint. The Rev. James Gallaher says:

The first conclusive proofs that the Lord had heard prayer and visited his people were received in Logan County, Ky. The work began "at the house of God." It was according to the prayer of the Psalmist: "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit; *then* will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." The people of God were brought near to him. The preaching of the gospel and the ordinances of the Lord's house were to them the bread and the water of life. And while they admired the freeness, the fullness, and the firmness of God's covenant mercy, the very dust and ruins of Zion were precious in their eyes, and believing prayer in her behalf went up as a "cloud of incense" before God. Presently an awful solemnity took hold of the public mind. Persons, hitherto careless, flocked in great numbers to the place of worship. The power of preaching was greatly increased. God was "fearful in his praises." And in prayer Christians were enabled to "come boldly to a throne of grace."

I design to give, presently, Dr. Baxter's account of these seasons, written at the time; but first I wish to lay before the reader some particulars which are imprinted on my own memory, and have remained more distinct and clear through all the years that have intervened. The "little cloud" which had begun to pour out its blessing on the Churches in Logan County, Ky., soon spread, like that in Elijah's day, until it covered the face of heaven. My father's residence was then in East Tennessee, some two hundred and fifty miles distant from the point where the revival first appeared; but brief was the time that elapsed until it was in the midst of our population.

1. A deep solemnity pervaded the entire community, filling the minds of old and young with awe and reverence in view of God and his holy gospel. I remember, with a distinctness that is marvelous to myself, the unparalleled impression in our neighborhood. We had assembled in the house of worship. Each man and woman seemed to realize the sentiment of the patriarch: "Surely the Lord is in this place." Rev. Mr. Dobbins, then of North Carolina, afterwards well known in Ohio, preached a sermon. The attention was profound. During the sermon two young men of respectable families, well known in the congregation, began to tremble in their seats; they were perfectly silent, but their trembling was visible to all that were in the house. The people felt that the great Master of assemblies was among them. They knew that this was that mighty power of God of which they had heard among the Churches in Kentucky. How much a young mind may have erred in its estimate, I cannot say. But it then seemed to me that the first appearance of the forerunner of the final Judge, approaching our earth with the trump of God, could scarcely have added to the awfulness of the solemnity. Stout, stubborn sinners, who before had blasphemed God and scoffed at sacred things, were struck down as literally as Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus. But this brings me to another branch of the subject—that is,

2. The *falling down.* This was one of the forms of that bodily exercise, as it was then called, which accompanied this remarkable work. It must be borne in mind that the country had been overrun by a bold, blaspheming infidelity, which scowled at sacred things and attempted to browbeat and bear down all that was called by the name of the Lord Jesus. Thomas Moffit, Esq., now of Springfield, Ill., assured me that in the part of Kentucky where his people then lived "it was believed that, at the commencement of the year 1800, at least one-half of the men and women were the avowed disciples of Thomas Paine." I mentioned this statement to the aged and venerable Abraham McElroy, of Northern Missouri. His reply was this: "Say not one-half; say nine-tenths, for thus it was in the region of Lebanon, Ky., where I then resided, and I myself was among the number."

Such is a sample of Western society at the commencement of

that revival. The awful solemnity which now arrested the public mind was accompanied with bodily affections as notable and singular as those of Saul on his way to Damascus. Bold, brazen-fronted blasphemers were literally cut down by the "sword of the Spirit." "The word of God was quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow." Under the preaching of the gospel men would drop to the ground as suddenly as if they had been smitten by the lightning of heaven. Among these were many persons in the prime of life—strong men, business men, men whom no human being ever thought of charging with enthusiasm. Here was the avowed infidel, prostrate on the ground, confessing and lamenting his folly before God. There was the notorious profligate crying for mercy. Here was the celebrated frontier warrior, famous for his dexterity and prowess during the Indian troubles; and now, "behold, he prayeth!" And there was the humbled politician seeking an inheritance more durable than earthly fame. The language employed at that time by the plain Western people in describing the results of these meetings was that so many "fell." At one meeting "fifty fell;" at another, "seventy-five;" again, at another, "one hundred and twenty fell." Dr. Baxter speaks of a meeting at which many thousands attended, where "three hundred fell." He mentions another at which "five hundred fell." At the great meeting at "Cane Ridge," which continued for six days, and at which it was believed there were twenty thousand people, it was said that not less than "one thousand fell." Those who fell would generally lie perfectly quiet for a considerable time; in some instances, an hour; in some, much longer; in others, not so long. There were cases, though of comparatively rare occurrence, in which persons lay for the space of twelve or twenty-four hours.

From their own statements I learned that those who lay in that quiet state were entirely sensible of all that was passing around them, while, at the same time, their views of divine subjects were wonderfully clear and impressive. Their minds were directed to the holiness and grandeur of God; the purity and sacredness of his law; the guilt and hatefulness of sin; the great love of God in giving his Son to redeem lost man;

the beauty and glory of Christ as Mediator; the worth of the soul; the preciousness of the gospel; the value of time; the brevity of life; the solemnity of death, of judgment, and of eternity. . . . . .

3. A spirit of prayer was granted to these converts that was truly marvelous. Men who had never before prayed in public, and from the careless tenor of whose lives it might be fairly inferred that they had rarely, if ever, prayed in secret, would now pour forth their supplications with a liberty and a propriety of expression that utterly astonished their former acquaintances. They would quote Scripture, in their addresses to the Deity, with a pertinence and an accuracy that could be accounted for only on the principle that "their hearts were lifted up in the ways of the Lord," and that all the powers of their mind were quickened by the Divine Spirit. The compass of their petitions and the force of their language were wonderful. This extraordinary gift in prayer evidently accompanied that bodily exercise. Even children but five or six years old had this power in prayer, and those clear, affecting views of divine truth, when they were the subjects of that singular dispensation. A worthy Presbyterian elder, now a citizen of Springfield, mentioned to me the case of a little girl at the meeting at Cane Ridge. Her exact age he did not know, but she was so small that her father carried her about in his arms. She spoke of Christ in a manner that melted down all who heard her. She talked of his everlasting love that brought him to earth to save lost men; the deep sorrows he bore for our sakes. She spoke of the scenes in Gethsemane and on Calvary, the grave in which Christ was laid, his resurrection, his ascension, his intercession, and the solemnities of his second coming. Careless and hard-hearted sinners gathered around, some of them old in sin, some who had been avowed unbelievers; but all within the hearing of her voice were overcome and brought to tears by the affecting truths which she uttered.

I wish to record another fact. Of the professors of religion who were in the country when this revival began, perhaps one-half became the subjects of this bodily exercise—that is, they either fell or were affected in some other way. These were invariably baptized with that spirit of prayer. In many cases

the bodily exercise did not continue long. But that marvelous power of prayer was lasting as life. I could mention names in abundance to substantiate this fact. I commenced preaching on the 15th of December, 1815. I lived and labored in the ministry until 1830, on the ground where this work had prevailed with power and great glory. The meridian splendor of this revival was from the year 1800 to 1805, though it continued, in many places, for several years longer. Now I can name men with whom I was well acquainted during the first fifteen years of my ministry—which reaches a period thirty years distant from the commencement of this wonderful work of God—men of humble pretensions, ordinary capacity and acquirements, who had been Church members before, but were now blessed in this revival, who, when they engaged in prayer, would at once rise above and beyond themselves; yes, above and beyond all that I ever heard, whether elder, deacon, or minister, who had not been baptized with the spirit and power of that memorable divine visitation. And I state this, while I tell the reader that I was not myself a subject of that great work. My father, my mother, and my eldest sister were; but I never had any hope of conversion during that season of mercy. Yet its leading facts are indelibly imprinted on the tablet of my memory, and when I speak of it "I speak what I know, and testify what I have seen." One fact more: This extraordinary power in prayer continued with those persons through their life. Many of them are now gone. Some, however, continue to this day. And the man who has been acquainted with that strain or manner of prayer will know it in a moment whenever or wherever he may have the opportunity to hear it again.[1]

[1] "Western Sketch Book," pp. 30-38.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Revival of 1800—A Symposium Continued.

I am indebted to the "Western Sketch Book" for the following extraordinary letter from the Rev. George Baxter to the Rev. A. Alexander:

Washington Academy, Va., January 1, 1802.

Reverend and Dear Sir: I now sit down, agreeably to promise, to give you some account of the revival of religion in the State of Kentucky. You have, no doubt, heard already of the Green River and Cumberland revivals. I will just observe that the last summer is the fourth since the revival commenced in those places; and that it has been more remarkable than any of the preceding not only for lively and fervent devotion among Christians but also for awakenings and conversions among the careless, and it is worthy of notice that very few instances of apostasy have hitherto appeared. As I was not myself in the Cumberland country, all I can say about it is from the testimony of others; but I was uniformly told by those who had been there that their religious assemblies were more solemn and the appearance of the work much greater than what had been in Kentucky. Any enthusiastic symptoms which might at first have attended the revival had greatly subsided, whilst the serious concern and engagedness of the people were visibly increased.

In the older settlement of Kentucky the revival made its first appearance among the Presbyterians last spring. The whole of that country about a year before was remarkable for vice and dissipation; and I have been credibly informed that a decided majority of the people were professed infidels.

During the last winter appearances were favorable among Baptists, and great numbers were added to their Churches. Early in the spring the ministrations of the Presbyterian clergy began to be better attended than they had been for many years before; their worshiping assemblies became more solemn; and the people, after they were dismissed, showed a strange re-

luctance at leaving the place. They generally continued some time in the meetinghouses in singing or in religious conversation.

Perhaps about the last of May or the 1st of June the awakening became general in some congregations, and spread through the country in every direction with amazing rapidity. I left that country about the 1st of November, at which time this revival, in connection with the one in Cumberland, had covered the whole State, excepting a small settlement which borders on the waters of Green River, in which no Presbyterian ministers are settled, and I believe very few of any denomination. The power with which this revival has spread and its influence in moralizing the people are difficult for you to conceive and more difficult for me to describe. I had heard many accounts and seen many letters respecting it before I went to that country; but my expectations, though greatly raised, were much below the reality of the work.

The congregations, when engaged in worship, presented scenes of solemnity superior to what I had ever seen before, and in private houses it was no uncommon thing to hear parents relate to strangers the wonderful things which God had done in their neighborhood, whilst a large circle of young people would be in tears. On my way to Kentucky I was told by settlers on the road that the character of Kentucky travelers was entirely changed, and that they were now as distinguished for sobriety as they had formerly been for dissoluteness, and, indeed, I found Kentucky the most moral place I had ever been in: a profane expression was hardly heard, a religious spirit seemed to pervade the country, and some deistical characters had confessed that, from whatever cause the revival might originate, it certainly made the people better.

Its influence was not less visible in promoting a friendly temper. Nothing could appear more amiable than that undissembled benevolence which governed the subjects of this work. I have often wished that the mere politician or deist could observe with impartiality their peaceful and amicable spirit. He would certainly see that nothing could equal the religion of Jesus for promoting even the temporal happiness of society. Some neighborhoods visited by the revival had been formerly notorious for private animosities, and many petty lawsuits

had commenced on that ground. When the parties in these quarrels were impressed with religion, the first thing was to send for their antagonists, and it was often very affecting to see their meeting. Both had seen their faults, and both contended that they ought to make concessions, till at last they were obliged to request each other to forbear all mention of the past and to act as friends and brothers for the future.

Now, sir, let modern philosophists talk of reforming the world by banishing Christianity and introducing their licentious systems; the blessed gospel of our God and Saviour is showing what it can do. Some circumstances have concurred to distinguish the Kentucky revival from most others of which we have had any account. I mean the largeness of the assemblies on sacramental occasions, the length of time they continue on the ground in devotional exercises, and the great numbers who have fallen down under religious impressions. On each of these particulars I shall make some remarks.

With respect to the largeness of the assemblies, it is generally supposed that at many places there were not fewer than eight, ten, or twelve thousand people. At a place called Cane Ridge meetinghouse many were of the opinion that there were at least twenty thousand. There were one hundred and forty wagons which came loaded with people, besides other wheel carriages. Some persons had come two hundred miles. The largeness of these assemblies was an inconvenience. They were too numerous to be addressed by one speaker. It therefore became necessary for several ministers to officiate at different stands. This afforded an opportunity to those who were but slightly impressed with religion to wander to and fro between the different places of worship, which created an appearance of confusion and gave ground to such as were unfriendly to the work to charge it with disorder. Another cause, also, conduced to the same effect. About this time the people began to fall down in great numbers under serious impressions. This was a new thing among Presbyterians. It excited universal astonishment and created a curiosity which could not be restrained. When people fell, even during the most solemn part of divine service, those who stood near were so extremely anxious to see how they were affected that they often crowded about them so as to disturb the worship. But

these causes of disorder were soon removed. Different sacraments were appointed on the same Sabbath, which divided the people, and the falling down became so familiar as to excite no disturbance. In October I attended three sacraments. At each there were supposed to be between four and five thousand people, and everything was conducted with strict propriety. When persons fell, those who were near them took care of them, and every one continued quiet until the worship was concluded.

The length of time that people continue at the places of worship is another important circumstance of the Kentucky revival. At Cane Ridge they met on Friday and continued till Wednesday evening, night and day without intermission, either in the public or private exercises of devotion, and with such earnestness that heavy showers of rain were not sufficient to disperse them. On other sacramental occasions they generally continued on the ground until Monday or Tuesday evening; and, had not the preachers been exhausted and obliged to retire, or had they chosen to prolong the worship, they might have kept the people any length of time they pleased; and all this was, or might have been done, in a country where, less than twelve months before, the clergy found it difficult to detain the people during the usual exercises of the Sabbath. The practice of encamping on the ground was introduced partly by necessity and partly by inclination. The assemblies were generally too large to be received by any common neighborhood. Everything, indeed, was done which hospitality and brotherly kindness could do to accommodate the people. Public and private houses were opened, and free invitations given to all persons who wished to retire. Farmers gave up their meadows before they were mown to supply the horses. Yet, notwithstanding all this liberality, it would have been impossible, in many cases, to accommodate the whole assemblies with private lodgings. But besides, the people were unwilling to suffer any interruptions in their devotions, and they formed an attachment to the place where they were continually seeing so many careless sinners receiving their first impressions and so many deists constrained to call on the formerly despised name of Jesus. They conceived a sentiment like what Jacob felt at Bethel: "Surely the Lord is in this place; this is none other

but the house of God, and this the gate of heaven." The number of persons who have fallen down under serious impressions in this revival is another matter worthy of attention, and on this I shall be more particular, as it seems to be the principal cause why this work should be more suspected of enthusiasm than some other revivals. At Cane Ridge sacrament it is generally supposed that not less than one thousand persons fell prostrate to the ground, among whom were many infidels. At one sacrament which I attended the number that fell was thought to be more than three hundred. Persons who fall are generally such as have manifested symptoms of the deepest impression for some time previous to that event. Immediately before they become totally powerless they are seized with a general tremor, and sometimes, though not often, they utter one or two piercing shrieks in the moment of falling. Persons in this situation are affected in different degrees. Sometimes, when unable to stand or sit, they have the use of their hands, and can converse with perfect composure. In other cases they are unable to speak, the pulse becomes weak, and they draw a difficult breath about once in a minute. In some instances their extremities become cold, and pulsation, breathing, and all the signs of life forsake them for nearly an hour. Persons who have been in this situation have uniformly avowed that they felt no bodily pain; that they had the entire use of their reason and reflection; and when recovered they would relate everything that had been said or done near them, or which could possibly fall within their observation. From this it appears that their falling is neither a common fainting nor a nervous affection. Indeed, this strange phenomenon appears to have taken every possible turn to baffle the conjecture of those who are not willing to consider it a supernatural power. Persons have sometimes fallen on their way from public worship, and sometimes after they had arrived at home, in some cases when they were pursuing their common business on their farms or when retired for secret devotion.

It was observed, generally, that persons were seriously affected for some time previous to their falling. In many cases, however, it is otherwise. Numbers of thoughtless sinners have fallen as suddenly as if struck with lightning. Many professed infidels and other vicious characters have been arrested in this

way, and sometimes at the very moment when they were uttering blasphemies against the work. At the beginning of the revival in Shelby County the appearances, as related to me by eyewitnesses, were very surprising indeed. The revival had before this spread with irresistible power through the adjacent counties, and many of the pious had attended distant sacraments with great benefit. These were much engaged, and felt unusual freedom in their addresses at the throne of grace for the outpouring of the divine Spirit at the approaching sacrament in Shelby.

The sacrament came on in September. The people, as usual, met on Friday; but all were languid, and the exercises went on heavily. On Saturday and Sunday morning it was no better. At length the communion commenced; everything was still lifeless. While the minister of the place was speaking at one of the tables, without any unusual animation, suddenly there were several shrieks from different parts of the assembly. Instantly persons fell in every direction, the feelings of the pious were suddenly revived, and the work progressed with extraordinary power till the conclusion of the solemnity.

This phenomenon of falling is common to all ages, sexes, and characters; and when they fall they are differently exercised. Some pious people have fallen under a sense of ingratitude and hardness of heart, and others under affecting manifestations of the love and goodness of God; many thoughtless persons under legal convictions, who have obtained comfort before they arose. But perhaps the most numerous class consists of those who fall under distressing views of their guilt, who arise under the same fearful apprehensions, and continue in that state for some days, perhaps weeks, before they receive comfort. I have conversed with many who fell under the influence of comfortable feelings, and the accounts they gave of their exercises while they lay entranced was very surprising. I know not how to give you a better idea of them than by saying that in many cases they appeared to surpass the dying exercises of Dr. Finley. Their minds appeared wholly swallowed up in contemplating the perfections of the Deity, as illustrated in the plan of salvation, and whilst they lay apparently senseless and almost lifeless, their minds were more vigorous, and their memories more retentive and accurate, than

they had ever been before. I have heard men of respectability assert that their manifestations of gospel truth were so clear as to require some caution when they began to speak, lest they should use language which might induce their hearers to think they had seen those things with bodily eyes; but at the same time they had seen no image nor sensible representation, nor indeed anything besides the old truths contained in the Bible. Among those whose minds were filled with the most delightful communications of divine love, I but seldom observed anything ecstatic. Their expressions were just and rational. They conversed with calmness and composure, and on their first recovering their speech they appeared like persons recovering from a violent disease which had left them on the borders of the grave. I have sometimes been present when those who fell under the influence of convictions obtained relief before they arose. In these cases it was impossible not to observe how strongly the change in their minds was depicted in their countenances. Instead of a face of horror and despair, they assume one open, luminous, and serene, and expressive of all the comfortable feelings of religion. As to those who fall down under legal convictions and continue in that state, they were not different from those who receive convictions in other revivals, excepting that their distress is more severe. Indeed, extraordinary power is the leading characteristic of this revival. Both saints and sinners have more striking discoveries of the realities of another world than I have ever known on any occasion.

I trust I have said enough on this subject to enable you to judge how far the charge of enthusiasm is applicable to it. Lord Lyttleton, in his letter on the conversion of St. Paul, observes (I think justly) that enthusiasm is a vain, self-righteous spirit, swelled with self-sufficiency, and disposed to glory in its religious attainments. If this be a good definition, there has been, perhaps, as little enthusiasm in the Kentucky revival as in any other. Never have I seen more genuine marks of that humility which disclaims the merit of its own duties, and looks to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only way of acceptance with God. I was, indeed, highly pleased to find that Christ was all and in all, in their religion as well as in the religion of the gospel. Christians, in their highest attainments, seemed more sensible of their entire dependence on divine grace, and it was

truly affecting to hear with what agonizing anxiety awakened sinners inquired for Christ as the only Physician who could give them any help. Those who call these things enthusiasm ought to tell us what they understand by the spirit of Christianity. In fact, sir, this revival operates as our Saviour promised the Holy Spirit should when sent into the world. It convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment—a strong confirmation, to my mind, both that the promise is divine and that this is a remarkable fulfillment of it. It would be of little avail to object to all this that probably the professions of many were counterfeited. Such an objection would rather establish what it meant to destroy, for where there is no reality there can be no counterfeit. And besides, where the general tenor of a work is such as to dispose the more insincere professors to counterfeit what is right, the work itself must be genuine. But as an eyewitness in the case I may be permitted to declare that the professions of those under religious convictions were generally marked with such a degree of engagedness and feeling as willful hypocrisy could hardly assume. The language of the heart, when deeply impressed, is very distinguishable from the language of affectation. Upon the whole, sir, I think the revival in Kentucky among the most extraordinary revivals that ever visited the Church of Christ, and, all things considered, peculiarly adapted to the circumstances of that country. Infidelity was triumphant, and religion on the point of expiring; something of an extraordinary nature seemed necessary to arrest the attention of giddy people who were ready to conclude that Christianity was a fable and futurity a dream. This revival has done it. It has confounded infidelity, awed vice into silence, and brought numbers beyond calculation under serious impression. While the blessed Saviour was calling his people and building up his Church in this remarkable way opposition could not be silent. At this I hinted above, but it is proper to observe that the clamorous opposition which assailed the work at its commencement has been in a great measure borne down before it. A large proportion of those who have fallen were first opposers, and their example has taught others to be cautious, if it has not taught them to be wise.

I have written on this subject to a greater length than I first

intended; but if this account should give you any satisfaction and be of any benefit to the common cause, I shall be fully gratified.

Yours with the highest esteem, G. BAXTER.[1]

The Rev. A. Alexander.

The Rev. Samuel Doak, D.D., well known in his day in East Tennessee, was a conspicuous laborer in the great revival. For more than twenty years he was an occasional subject of the "bodily exercise." He was a powerful man in mind and body, a graduate of Princeton College, an excellent scholar and a Calvinist of the Scotch Presbyterian School. The Rev. Gideon Blackburn was one of his pupils and an eyewitness of many of the scenes of the revival in East Tennessee, as the following letter to a friend in Philadelphia will testify:

MARYVILLE, TENN., January 20, 1804.

Rev. and Dear Sir: The wonderful appearances attendant on the revival in the State of Tennessee have arrested the attention of both the friends and enemies of religion. The bodily exercise has assumed such a variety of shapes as to render it a truly Herculean task to give an intelligible statement of it to any person who has never seen it. However, I do not hesitate to say that it is evidently the Lord's work, though marvelous in our eyes.

Since my return to the State of Tennessee, I have attended eight sacraments, and these in different parts of the country. From one thousand to thirty-five hundred have been assembled together—of course collected from considerable distances. I have conversed particularly with upward of eight hundred persons on their exercises, views, feelings, etc., and I am constrained to say that I have discovered far less extravagance, disorder, and irregularity than could have possibly been expected in so extraordinary an awakening, especially when part

[1] "Western Sketch Book," pp. 38-49.

of it took place among persons settled in the back parts and entirely destitute of the means of grace. If crowded audiences, earnest praying, practical preaching, and animated singing may be considered irregular, there is a great deal of irregularity. If crying out for mercy, if shouting glory to God for salvation are disorderly, then there is some disorder; but, I presume, not more than there was at the day of Pentecost.

The only thing with us which can be construed into disorder or extravagance is the motions of the body under exercise. In most of the cases, when the paroxysm begins to go off the subject feels the strongest desire for prayer, and frequently expresses himself in the most pathetic, fluent, and pertinent manner I ever heard. Children of five or six and persons who before appeared grossly ignorant express themselves in such a manner, form their petitions so judiciously, and introduce Scripture so pertinently that I question if the greatest doctor of divinity in America would not blush in the view of his own inferiority.

The subjects of those exercises are found in all classes, ranks, and degrees: the person of eighty and the child of four, the master in affluence and the slave in bondage, the clergy in the pulpit and the laity in the pews, the man of long religious standing, those of recent date, and many who have no religion at all. It is universally agreed that there is no religion in the bodily exercise; yet it is thought to be a very solemn, external call, is well calculated to impress the mind, and ought to be improved.

In short, I have not only heard of it and seen it, but have felt it, and am persuaded that it is only to be effected by the immediate finger of God. There are some impostors, there are some extravagances; but these make no characteristic feature of the work, and are held in absolute abhorrence by the pious. The best evidence of a revival is the fruit produced. To this we shall attend. A full enumeration of this would swell my long letter to a volume. The infidel of many years' standing is often seen laying down his weapons at the foot of the cross, and heard crying out, "There is a Saviour. I enjoy more sweetness in a moment than I have done for years," etc. These things I have seen and heard. They have also declared that men and books could never have so effectually convinced

them of the truth as the bodily exercise has done. Those of the same class who are not convinced are completely silenced. The ballroom, tippling shops, and taverns have, in a number of instances, been thrown open to the pious and converted into places of prayer and praise in social exercise. The most profane settlements, where religion was not known nor the name of God mentioned only in blasphemy, are regularly formed into societies, and meet weekly for social prayer. The very caves of the mountains, where a few of the more indifferent had crowded, are now sounding with praise to God. Praying societies may be attended every day or every night in the week by a ride of a few miles. In these boys of twelve or fifteen will cheerfully take their part, when called upon. In all these societies there is one appointed to preside who reads the Scriptures, chooses and points out the hymns, and calls on persons to pray, as he chooses, and thus all is conducted with decency and order. It is not uncommon on Sabbath evenings, and frequently in the week, to find twenty or more children associated in a silent grove, none of them more than twelve years old, and engaged in the most solemn prayer.

I have drawn near them, and seen and heard wonders indescribable—some crying to Jesus for mercy, some shouting, "Glory to God for salvation!" others praying for their own souls, their brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, friends, ministers, praying for the Church, the heathen—yea, for the world at large. O sir, nothing but the hozannas of the children on the entry of Christ into Jerusalem could equal the praises of these infants. Nor is this a hasty flash, but continues, while they are evidently become both more dutiful and docile. Their desire, as soon as they take the bodily exercise, for instruction and for the means of grace is past conception. The poor black slaves are much reformed; they are more dutiful, faithful, and upright; and many of their nights, after days of fatigue, are spent in social prayer. In a word, the Christian is animated, the hypocrite alarmed, and sinners tremble. The doctrines of the cross are thirsted after and more fully understood than they would have been in a common way in ten years' regular attention. Total depravity, free grace, inexcusable rebellion, and infinite mercy are favorite topics. The great object appears to be to despise self and exalt the Redeemer. The sinner

ceases to make terms with his Creator, and surrenders in entire, unconditional submission. The love of Christians for each other has increased at least tenfold, especially with those who have been the subjects of bodily exercise (for it is to be remarked that all Christians are not the subjects of it), and the zeal for the interest of Zion has had a proportionate increase. Prayer, praise, and religious conversation are clearly the order of the day, and this practice, passing through the common circles of society, has bettered their state and sweetened the relations of life.

These are some of the effects produced; and while such is the fruit of the moral tree, I shall consider the root good and the cause producing it divine. I ought to have remarked that the bodily exercise is not the effect of the weakness of the nervous system, for the weak, hysterical female will often remain unmoved, while the stout and sturdy veteran will sink and fall by her side. As soon as any person who has been the subject of the exercise has been attacked by sickness, the exercise leaves him entirely until he again recovers strength, when it returns with force proportionate to his returning strength. After all I have said, you will not be able to form an accurate judgment of the thing without being a spectator yourself, nor can it be fully described by any man on earth. I have simply stated facts so far as I have gone—not any by hearsay, but what I have seen myself. Should the bodily exercise produce as good fruits in Philadelphia as it has done here, I should sincerely wish to hear of it making its appearance in that city. When persons are under the bodily exercise they can think and express themselves beyond their common level very considerably, and of this I am convinced by experience.

I am, etc., GIDEON BLACKBURN.

There were signs of the coming revival on Cumberland Circuit in 1799, and in that year the work began to show itself in a remarkable manner on Red River, in Kentucky. The greatest display of divine power was at Desha's Creek, near Cumberland River, where many thousands of people were gathered together. This was a camp meeting, the second or third ever

held in that country. There is a mistaken opinion that camp meetings had their origin in the great revival. This revival had the effect of spreading them and making them general throughout the Union, but camp meetings had an earlier origin. It is remarkable that the section of country where camp meetings first originated was the section that furnished the chief instrument in starting the great revival, which was the beginning of that general camp meeting system that in its day did so much to establish Christianity in earnest in the United States.

Dr. Shipp, in the "History of Methodism in South Carolina" (pp. 271, 272), says:

The first Methodist church in North Carolina west of Catawba River was built in Lincoln County in 1791, in the neighborhood in which Daniel Asbury settled and located, and was called Rehoboth. Before the erection of this church the congregation were accustomed to worship in the grove in the midst of which it was built, and these meetings in the forest resulted in great good, and were often continued throughout the day and night. In 1794 the leading male members consulted together and agreed to hold a camp meeting in the forest for a number of days and nights. The meeting was accordingly appointed, and was conducted by Daniel Asbury, William McKendree (afterwards made Bishop), Nicholas Watters, and William Fullwood, who were efficiently aided by Dr. James Hall, a celebrated pioneer preacher among the Presbyterians in Iredell County. The success of this camp meeting, at which it was estimated that three hundred souls were converted, led to the appointment of another the following year (1795) at Bethel, about a mile from the famous Rock Spring, and subsequently yet another by Daniel Asbury and Dr. Hall, which was known as the great union camp meeting, at Shepherd's Crossroads, in Iredell County. The manifest blessing of God upon these meetings, resulting in the conversion of hundreds of souls, gave them great favor with both

Presbyterians and Methodists, and caused them to be kept up continually in the South Carolina Conference.

John McGee was born on the Yadkin River, below Salisbury, N. C., was associated in the work with Daniel Asbury in 1789, was placed in charge of the Lincoln Circuit in 1792, located in 1793, and remained in the section where camp meetings had become popular till 1798, when he removed to Middle Tennessee. He transferred the camp meeting from Catawba River, N. C., to the banks of Red River, in Kentucky, and Cumberland River, in Tennessee.

The holy Methodist fire seems to have found its way from the Brunswick Circuit, in Virginia, into the Catawba and Yadkin country, in North Carolina, thence into East Tennessee, thence into Kentucky and Middle Tennessee, and thence into the great Northwest; and this fire originated one of the greatest instrumentalities in spreading it—the camp meeting.

There is evidence that camp meetings began in Holston as early as 1796. The Rev. Jesse Cunningham, in a communication to the Nashville *Christian Advocate* (date not preserved), says:

This is a subject on which I have felt with interest, on account of the injustice I have feared would be done to that worthy veteran of the cross, John Page. Having to fill some appointments in his neighborhood, in the absence of the traveling preachers, I called on him and partook of the hospitable fare under his halcyon roof, and was pleased to hear him speak of his early labors, toils, hardships, and success in a wilderness of savages and savage beasts. By consulting the minutes of the Conference and his own recollection, we found that in the year 1796 John Page was appointed to Greene Circuit, Tennessee Conference, Nathaniel Munsey being his as-

sistant, and Kobler being presiding elder. In this year was held, by John Page, a meeting (camp meeting), and, the elder not being present, John Page conducted the first meeting of this kind held in Tennessee.

The first suggestion of a camp meeting probably came to Mr. Page from the Yadkin and Catawba country, in North Carolina. The idea was evidently carried by John McGee to the West, and met with no discouragement from Page, who was in charge of the Cumberland (Middle Tennessee) Circuit in 1799, the year in which the revival began.[1]

At the earlier camp meetings the people erected two stands with seats at each, one within the encampment and the other some twenty or thirty rods distant, with no altar at either. At these there was preaching alternately through the day; and only one within the encampment was illuminated and occupied at night. Each preaching service was followed by a prayer meeting, which was not to be suspended for preaching; but the trumpet was sounded at one of the stands, whither all that wished to hear preaching repaired, while the prayer meeting was continued at the other. After the preaching at the former place a prayer meeting ensued, and the trumpet was sounded for preaching at the latter; and so the services alternated during the day. There were no altars, no mourners' benches, nor anxious seats in those days, nor were invitations given to seekers of salvation to present themselves for the prayers of the Church; but soon after the beginning of prayer meeting, praying and singing circles were formed throughout the

[1] "Methodism in South Carolina," pp. 271-273.

encampment. There was no great difficulty in preserving order, for an awful sense of the glory and majesty of God often appeared to pervade the whole assembly.[1]

When the camp meeting became an established institution there was some modification in the method of conducting it. For old Methodists it is not necessary to decribe a camp meeting as thus conducted; but many of the rising and recently risen generation have never enjoyed the luxury of attending a camp meeting. Such will doubtless be interested to learn the origin of camp meetings and the method of conducting them. At a time of the great religious interest in the West, families often came a considerable distance to attend sacramental, quarterly, or other popular meetings. A wagon was taken to convey the family, and provisions to enable them to remain several days on the ground. A little experience with bad weather soon suggested a tent, in which the family might find rest and shelter. A number of families doing the same thing gave us the camp meeting. Hundreds and thousands gathered together and remained on the ground for several days, preaching, singing, praying, and laboring for the salvation of souls. Some used cloth tents, some bush arbors in connection with covered wagons and carriages; others erected temporary shelters of poles and boards, where they were protected from the dews and the rains. Finally the regular camp ground came in vogue. Some built log houses, and others neat framed and weatherboarded cottages. These houses were sup-

[1] "Life of James Quinn."

plied with beds and other furniture, so that the family and their visitors were rendered reasonably comfortable during their short sojourn on the camp ground. A camp ground was generally selected near some spring, affording abundance of water for man and beast. The plot was usually square, with a shed in the middle. The shed was sometimes large enough to accommodate thousands of people, and was seated with plain slab seats. A pulpit was erected at one end; and if the ground was inclined, it was placed at the lower side. The pulpit consisted of a rude rostrum with a book board and places for a pitcher and candlesticks. Sometimes the rostrum was quite large, with a seat sufficiently long to seat a number of ministers. A considerable space immediately in front of the pulpit was fenced off from the body of the shed inclosure by poles, with openings at the corners for ingress and egress. This was the altar. Inside the altar were seats called "the mourners' bench." At the close of the sermon or exhortation an invitation was given for penitents to come to the altar, where they would be instructed, and where Christians would sing and pray for their conversion. These altar exercises were often continued for many hours, especially at night; and many were usually converted at every camp meeting. These camp grounds in process of time became very large in certain localities. The inclosure under the shed, including the altar especially, was always profusely strewed with clean straw, that the people might kneel without soiling their garments. The order of exercises was usually as follows: A trumpet was sounded about daylight for the people to arise and prepare for worship. In about a half

hour the second trumpet announced family prayer in each tent. The third trumpet announced public prayer under the shed. Breakfast followed immediately without notice. There was preaching at the stand at 8 and 11 A.M., 3 P.M., and at early candle-lighting. These services were followed by a prayer meeting and labor with the penitents. The preaching was usually direct and pointed, and was followed by stirring exhortations. The object of the preaching was to move as well as to instruct. Immediate results were sought. The most suitable man for each hour was selected. The great gun was fired off at 11 A.M. Time was allowed to this sermon, and no one objected if it was doctrinal, elaborate, and handled great themes. The night sermon was expected mainly to arouse, and especially to alarm and persuade sinners. What the sermon lacked in stirring qualities was made up in a fiery exhortation. Generally persons gifted in song were selected to lead the music; choir-singing was unknown; the whole congregation would join in the songs, and the music was like the sound of many waters.

These meetings were characterized by freedom and spontaneity. Rules were announced at the beginning of the meeting; but usually everybody did as he pleased, and pleased to do right. Occasionally rowdies disturbed the worship and had to be suppressed by an improvised police; but this was the exception, not the rule. Camp meetings were not accidental; they were the work of Providence; and came in time to do a necessary work in primitive days in this country in the spread and establishment of vital Christianity. The wonderful growth and vitality of Methodism

in this country is due to the camp meeting, as well as to the itinerancy, the class meeting, and an Arminian theology.[1]

The revival, as to its first marked inception, began in an irregular evangelistic tour of two brothers, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist, both residents of Middle Tennessee. At a sacramental meeting in the congregation of the Rev. Mr. McGready, a Presbyterian minister, in Logan County, Ky., the revival began in unusual power. It was the set time to favor Zion. Nothing but an extraordinary work of grace, attended by unusual manifestations, could have uprooted the deeply planted infidelity of the times and swept the sectarian bigotry and prevalent worldliness of the Church from the face of the land. If the Church had been exclusively dependent on human argumentation, she might have been wrangling with the hosts of infidelity to the present day; but the Christian's God is a God that answers by fire; and in answer to prayer fire came down from heaven, and the teachings of Voltaire and Thomas Paine were as stubble. It was another Pentecost. It was another fulfillment of Joel's prophecy that the Spirit should in the last days be poured out on all flesh, that men and women, baptized with it, should prophesy, and that God would show wonders in heaven above and in the earth beneath. John McGee alternated with the Presbyterian preachers in preaching at McGready's meeting. All preached with unusual power. Under a powerful sermon of the Rev. Mr. Hodge, Monday morning, a Presbyterian lady in the east end

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 336-339.

of the house violated Presbyterian rules of "decency and order" by shouting the praises of God. This shout was spontaneous and irrepressible. The revival began in a shout, and wherever in all this land the same revival flame has burned men and women have shouted ever since. There are times in the triumphs of God's cause when, if the people did not shout, the very stones would cry out; and this shouting is offensive only to Pharisees. A dead child never cries, and silence reigns in the city of the dead.

A recess having been given, after which John McGee was to preach, Messrs. McGready, Hodge, and Rankin went out for a little recreation. Some accounts say that they went out to consult as to whether John McGee should be invited to preach; but, according to his own account of the meeting, he seems to have been ignorant of any such consultation; and, indeed, he had already been invited to preach. The two McGees remained in the house with the bulk of the congregation, which seemed loth to leave the house. The Spirit of God was at work. There was among them

> "A sacred awe that does not move,
> And all the silent heaven of love—"

an unaccountable weight that pressed them to their seats. William McGee, sitting in the pulpit, influenced by a strange power, quit his seat and sat down on the floor of the pulpit. John felt a power that had come upon him and caused him to tremble. He desired to preach, strove therefore to repress his emotions, but arose and said that, although he was appointed to preach, there was no use of it—that a greater than he was preaching. He cried out, "Let

the Lord God omnipotent reign!" whereupon many broke silence, and the woman in the east end of the house shouted tremendously. John McGee left the pulpit and endeavored to reach the shouting woman; but, feeling that he was breaking order, and fearing that the people would not tolerate the seeming confusion, he attempted to turn back, was near falling, turned again, and, losing the fear of man, he went through the house shouting and exhorting, full of ecstasy; and soon the floor was covered with the slain of the Lord.

This was not a man-made revival; an extraordinary power descended upon preachers and people at a time and in a manner unexpected to them. It was the Lord's doing and it was wonderful in their eyes.

This story was substantially told in a former chapter; but it is repeated here, as an essential part of an account of the great revival.

Presbyterian writers, in giving accounts of the revival, have largely ignored the part taken in it by Methodists. This has perhaps not been done maliciously, but has resulted from a comparative unacquaintance with Methodist operations, and a pardonable partiality to their own Church. But the fact ought not to be concealed that the doctrines preached in that great season of grace were distinctively Methodistic; free, full, and present salvation, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, the knowledge of sins forgiven, the witness of the Spirit, and peace and joy in believing. The doctrines of absolute decrees and unconditional election were left out of sight. They would have been a wet blanket on the work. A fable is told of a man living among the mountains to the following effect:

He said he was accustomed to pass a little mountain gristmill, located on a small creek, which in seasons of drought afforded an inadequate supply of water. When the water was low the mill would say, "Particular few, particular few," in slow and measured accents; but when a rain came and the creek was swollen, the mill said in very rapid utterance, "Everybody, everybody, everybody!" In 1800 the rains of grace descended and the floods of spiritual power came, and the gospel mill shouted, "Everybody!" In the preaching of that day salvation was freely offered to everybody. Not only were the doctrines preached Arminian and Methodistic, but the methods were Methodistic. Emotion was excited, feeling was encouraged, excitement of the genuine sort created, and mourners were called to the altar and instructed, prayed for, and sung over, till they

> "Arose to tell to sinners round
> What a dear Saviour they had found."

Not only were the doctrines and methods of the revival Methodistic, but Methodists became the chief laborers in the work. The fire spread from circuit to circuit by our wonderful connectional system, till the Methodist Church was everywhere in a blaze, bishops, presiding elders, station and circuit preachers, local preachers, exhorters and laymen, took up the slogan of war, and pressed the battle to the gate everywhere, especially in the West.

The influence of this work in Holston shows itself in the figures of the General Minutes. From 1792 to 1800 the increase in members in the Holston Country was two hundred and twenty-eight; from 1800 to 1808,

the same length of time, the increase was two thousand and fifty-eight. This shows that in 1800 the Holston Church started out on a new career of prosperity.

So far as the West is concerned, camp meetings originated in the great revival. They began in necessity, and were continued by choice; they began spontaneously, and were continued systematically. Camp grounds soon dotted the West; a large proportion of the circuits had each a camp ground, and some of them two, three, or more. The first circuit the writer ever traveled—namely, Asheville Circuit, North Carolina—had three flourishing camp grounds, with three annual feasts of tabernacles of large proportions. Camp meetings were not confined to the West, but they prevailed to a considerable extent in the East and Northeast. This institution has been next to the regular services in the Churches in Christianizing America. The regular Church services have been the nightly dew and the gentle shower; but the camp meeting has been the tornado, producing damage here and there, but at the same time purifying the moral atmosphere, and in the main producing healthier conditions. It has been the sweeping rain, occasionally cutting out gullies and carrying away valuable soil; but at the same time washing and cleansing the surface, baptizing, bathing, and cooling the fevered brow of summer.

The early camp meetings in Kentucky and Tennessee attracted great attention, not only on account of the divine power displayed in them, but on account of their very novelty. By night the grove was illuminated with lighted candles, lamps, or torches, or all

together. This, together with the stillness of the night and the solemnity which generally prevailed, and the pointed manner in which the preachers exhorted the people to repent and turn to God, produced an awful impresssion on the minds of all present. While in the assembly some were exhorting, others crying for mercy, and others shouting the praises of God, numbers would withdraw to secluded spots in the grove, and pour out the feelings of their wounded spirits in earnest supplication. These were often converted, and, returning to the assembly, would declare what God had done for their souls. This information, communicated to the brethren in the artless simplicity of newborn souls, would produce an irrepressible thrill of joy. At these meetings the people fell under the preaching of the word as corn before a storm of wind, and many who thus fell arose from the dust with divine glory beaming in their faces and praising God in such heartfelt strains of gratitude as made sinners tremble. The first feeling of ecstasy having subsided, the young converts would begin to exhort their relatives and neighbors to turn to the Lord. At one of the camp meetings John Alexander Granade, after months of terrible anguish, found peace in believing. A more important event, perhaps, did not occur during this great revival season than the conversion of this man. God had been by a long season of mental exercises preparing him for the extraordinary work which he afterwards accomplished. These meetings were not without opposition, simply because the natural man knows not the things of God, and the carnal mind is enmity against God.

Some scoffed and others philosophized. There was one argument that silenced all opposition. Many who were most vociferous in denouncing what they called wildfire, often became so affected by its heat that their hearts were melted, and, falling down on their faces, they worshiped God and reported that God was in them of a truth. This argument was demonstration. Those who before had been blasphemers, mockers, persecutors, and bigoted dogmatizers were not only struck dumb, but "the tongue of the dumb was made to sing," and those very opposers of the work became living witnesses to its divine character.[1]

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[1] Bangs's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," pp. 103-105.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Revival of 1800—A Symposium (Concluded).

Bishop McKendree, who was placed in charge of Kentucky District in the fall of 1801, was an active worker in the revival in Southern Kentucky, and was the first to introduce the work to the attention of the people in the central portions of the State. Glorious as had been the displays of revival power under the McGees and their colaborers in 1799 and 1800, grander achievements were realized in the autumn of 1801, as the revival influence spread into upper Kentucky. William Burke, one of the principal instruments in promoting, perpetuating, and spreading the revival, thus writes:

In 1801 the quarterly meeting for Hinkstone Circuit was held early in June, at Owens's Meetinghouse, on Four-Mile Creek, commencing on Friday and breaking up on Monday morning. At this meeting was the first appearance of that astonishing revival to which we have alluded. Several professed to get religion, and many were under deep conviction for sin, and the meeting continued from Sunday morning till Monday morning, with but little intermission. From thence Brother Lakin and myself proceeded in company, on Monday morning, to a Presbyterian sacrament at Salem Meetinghouse, in the vicinity of Col. John Martin's. The Rev. Mr. Lyle was pastor of that Church. There had been during the occasion more than ordinary attention and seriousness manifested. I arrived on the ground before the first sermon was concluded, and during the interval they insisted on my preaching the next sermon; and, notwithstanding I was much fatigued from the labors of the quarterly meeting, I at length consented, and commenced about two o'clock P.M. I took for my text, "To you is the word of this salvation sent," and be-

fore I concluded there was a great trembling among the dry bones. Great numbers fell to the ground and cried for mercy, old and young. Brother Lakin followed with one of his then powerful exhortations, and the work increased. The Presbyterian ministers stood astonished, not knowing what to make of such a tumult. Brother Lakin and myself proceeded to exhort and pray with them. Some obtained peace with God before the meeting broke up. This was the first appearance of the revival in the Presbyterian Church. From these two meetings the heavenly flame spread in every direction. Preachers and people, when they assembled for meeting, always expected the Lord to meet with them. Our next quarterly meeting was for Lexington Circuit, at Jesse Griffith's, Scott County. On Saturday we had some indications of a good work. On Saturday night we had preaching in different parts of the neighborhood, which, at that time, was the custom, so that every local preacher and exhorter was employed in the work. Success attended the meetings, and on Sunday morning they came in companies, singing and shouting on the road. Love feast was opened on Sunday morning at eight o'clock, and such was the power and presence of God that the doors were thrown open and the work became general and continued till Monday afternoon, during which time numbers experienced justification by faith in the name of Jesus Christ. The work spread now into the several circuits. Salt River and Shelby were visited, and Danville shared in the blessing; also the Presbyterian Church caught the fire. Congregations were universally wakened up: McNamer's congregation, on Cabin Creek; Barton Stone's, at Cane Ridge; Reynolds's, near Ruddell's Station and in Paris; the Rev. Mr. Lyle's, at Salem; Mr. Rankin's, at Walnut Hills; Mr. Blythe's, at Lexington and Woodford; and the Rev. Mr. Walsh's, at Cane Run; likewise in Madison County, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Houston. The work extended to Ohio at Lower Springfield, Hamilton County; the Rev. Mr. Thompson's congregation and Eagle Creek; the Rev. Mr. Dunlavey's congregation, Adams County. The Methodist local preachers and exhorters and the members generally united with them in carrying on the work, for they were at home wherever God was pleased to manifest his power, and, having had some experience in

such a school, were able to teach others. The Presbyterian ministers saw the advantage of such auxiliaries, and were pressing in their invitations, both for the traveling and local preachers, to attend their sacraments through the months of July and August. The Rev. Barton Stone was pastor of the Church at Cane Ridge. I had been formerly acquainted with him when he traveled as a missionary in the Holston and Cumberland country, previous to his settling at Cane Ridge, and we agreed to have a united sacrament of the Presbyterians and Methodists at the Cane Ridge Meetinghouse in August. The meeting was published throughout the length and breadth of the country, to commence on Friday. On the first day I arrived in the neighborhood; but it was a rainy day, and I did not attend on the ground. On Saturday morning I attended. On Friday and Friday night they held meeting in the meetinghouse, and such was the power and presence of God on Friday night that the meeting continued all night; and next morning (Saturday) they repaired to a stand erected in the woods—the work still going on in the house—which continued there till Wednesday, without intermission. On Saturday the congregation was very numerous. The Presbyterians continued to occupy the stand during Saturday and Saturday night, whenever they could get a chance to be heard, but never invited any Methodist preacher to preach. On Sunday morning Mr. Stone, with some of the elders of the Session, waited upon me to have a conference on the subject of the approaching sacrament, which was to be administered in the afternoon. The object in calling on me was that I should make from the stand a public declaration how the Methodists held certain doctrines, etc. I told them we preached every day, and that our doctrines were published to the world through the press. Come and hear, go and read; and if that was the condition on which we were to unite in the sacrament, "every man to his tent!" for I should require of him to make a public declaration of their belief in certain doctrines. He then replied that we had better drop the subject—that he was perfectly satisfied, but that some of his elders were not. I observed that they might do as they thought best; but the subject got out among the Methodists, and a number did not partake of

the sacrament, as none of our preachers were invited to assist in administering.

There is a mistaken opinion with regard to this meeting. Some writers of late represent it as having been a camp meeting. It is true there were a number of wagons and carriages, which remained on the ground night and day, but not a single tent was to be found; neither was any such thing as camp meeting heard of at that time. Preaching in the woods was a common thing at popular meetings, as meetinghouses in the West were not sufficient to hold the large number of people that attended on such occasions. This was the case at Cane Ridge.

On Sunday morning when I came to the ground I was met by my friends, to know if I was going to preach for them on that day. I told them I had not been invited; if I was, I should certainly do so. The morning passed off, but no invitation. Between ten and eleven I found a convenient place on the body of a fallen tree, about fifteen feet from the ground, where I fixed my stand in the open sun, with an umbrella affixed to a long pole, and held over my head by Brother Hugh Barnes. I commenced reading a hymn with an audible voice, and by the time we concluded singing and praying, we had around us, standing on their feet, by fair calculation, ten thousand people. I gave out my text in the following words: "For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ;" and before I concluded, my voice was not to be heard for the groans of the distressed and the shouts of triumph. Hundreds fell prostrate to the ground, and the work continued on that spot till Wednesday afternoon. It was estimated by some that not less than five hundred were at one time lying on the ground in the deepest agonies of distress, and every few minutes rising in shouts of triumph. Toward the evening I pitched the only tent on the ground. Having been accustomed to travel the wilderness, I soon had a tent constructed out of poles and papaw bushes. Here I remained on Sunday and Sunday night and Monday night; and during that time there was not a single moment's cessation, but the work went on, and old and young men, women, and children were converted to God. It was estimated that on Sunday and Sunday night there were twenty thousand people on the

ground. They had come from far and near, from all parts of Kentucky; some from Tennessee and from north of the Ohio River; so that tidings of Cane Ridge Meeting were carried to almost every corner of the country, and the holy fire spread in all directions.[1]

The Rev. Thomas S. Hinde says:

The Rev. William McKendree (now Bishop), presiding elder of the district, was in the lower part of the State about the commencement of the revival, and became much engaged in it. In the latter part of 1800, or early in 1801, if my recollection serves me, he came up to the center of the settlement of the State, and in many places was the first to bear the tidings of these singular meetings, which had so recently commenced and had so greatly attracted the attention of multitudes. I shall never forget the looks of the people who had assembled in a congregation composed mostly of Methodists and Presbyterians and their adherents, when the old gentleman, after the conclusion of a very pathetic sermon, having been much animated in the work, gave an interesting statement of the progress of it, from what he had seen, and of the meetings before described. Whilst he spoke the very sensations of his soul glowed in his countenance. His description of them was such as would be vain for me to attempt. He described them in their native simplicity: he told of the happy conversions of hundreds; how the people continued in their exercises of singing, praying, and preaching on the ground, surrounded by wagons and tents, for days and nights together; that many were so affected that they fell to the ground like men slain in battle. The piercing cries of the penitents and the rapture of the healed appeared to be brought to our view; and, what was equally encouraging to the faithful, the work, instead of declining, was progressing to the interior. After this description given by him, it was unnecessary to exhort the faithful to look for the like among themselves. Their hearts had already begun to beat in unison with his, whilst sinners were generally melted into tears. As for my own feel-

[1] Burke's Autobiography as quoted in Finley's "Sketches," pp. 74-79.

ings, though a stranger to religion at that time, they will never be forgotten. I felt, and I wept.

These meetings began, as the season permitted, to make their gradual approach toward the center of the State. It was truly wonderful to see what an effect their approach made upon the minds of the people. Here in the wilderness were thousands and tens of thousands of almost every nation; here were thousands hungry for the bread of life, and thousands thirsting for the waters of salvation. A general move was visible in the congregations previously to the arrival of these meetings. The devout Christians appeared to be filled with hope. Their hearts were greatly enlarged to pray for the prosperity of Zion. The formalists were troubled with very uneasy sensations, backsliders became terrified, the wicked in general were either greatly alarmed or struck with solemn awe, whilst curiosity was general, and raised to the highest degree, to see into these strange things. Indeed, such was the commotion that every circle of the community appeared to have their whole attention arrested. Many were the conjectures respecting these meetings. Things, however, did not continue long to keep the attention of the people in suspense. The camp meetings began to approach nearer and nearer to the center, when one meeting after another was soon appointed in succession, and the number that attended them is almost incredible to tell. When collected on the ground, and whilst the meetings continued, such crowds would be passing and repassing that the roads, paths, and woods appeared to be literally strewn with people. Whole settlements and neighborhoods would appear to be vacated, and such was the draught from them that it was only here and there that a solitary house would contain an aged housekeeper, young and old generally pressing through every difficulty to see the camp meeting. The Presbyterians and Methodists now united in them; hence it was that they took the name of general camp meetings. This union continued until circumstances hereafter mentioned produced a separation. On the 30th of January, 1801, one writes, giving an account of the work as it first appeared: "The work is still increasing in Cumberland. It has overspread the whole country. It is in Nashville, Barren, Muddy, Gasper, Red Banks, Knoxville, etc. J. M. C.

has been there two months. He says it exceeds anything he ever saw or heard of. Children and all seem to be engaged, but children are the most active in the work. When they speak, it appears that the Lord sends his Spirit to accompany their words with power to the hearts of sinners. They all seem to be exercised in an extraordinary way—lie as though they were dead for some time, without pulse or breath, some a longer, some a shorter time. Some rise with joy triumphant; others cry for mercy. As soon as they obtain comfort they cry to sinners, exhorting them to come to the Lord."

. . . . . .

At these meetings many circumstances transpired well worth relating and very interesting, but it would overleap our limits to narrate them. One at this time must suffice. At Indian Creek a boy, from appearance about twelve years of age, retired from the stand in time of preaching, under very extraordinary impressions, and, having mounted a log at some distance and raising his voice in a very affecting manner, he attracted the main body of the people in a very few minutes. With tears streaming from his eyes, he cried aloud to the wicked, warning them of their danger, denouncing their certain doom if they persisted in their sins, expressing his love for their souls, and desire that they would return to the Lord and be saved. He was held up by two men, and spoke for about an hour with that convincing eloquence that could be inspired only from above. When his strength seemed quite exhausted and language failed to describe the feelings of his soul, he raised his hand, and, dropping his handkerchief, wet with sweat from his little face, cried out: "Thus, O sinner! shall you drop into hell unless you forsake your sins and turn to the Lord." At that moment some fell like those who are shot in battle, and the work spread in a manner which human language cannot describe.

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But the great meeting at Cane Ridge exceeded all. The number that fell at this meeting was reckoned at about three thousand, among whom were several Presbyterian ministers, who, according to their own confession, had hitherto possessed only a speculative knowledge of religion. Here the formal professor, the deist, and the intemperate met in one

common lot and confessed with equal candor that they were destitute of the true knowledge of God and strangers to the religion of Jesus Christ. One of the most zealous and active Presbyterian ministers estimated the number collected on the ground at twenty thousand souls. At this meeting, as well as at all others, wherever the work broke out, the Methodists appeared to be more active and more in their element than any other people. Indeed, when it first appeared in most of the other congregations, other ministers were so alarmed, not knowing what to make of it, that they would have deserted it, and their meetings too, had they not been encouraged by the Methodists. But they soon joined and moved forward cordially in the work. Having been thus inured and prepared, this great meeting brought on a general engagement.[1]

The Rev. Learner Blackman, in his manuscript left by him, says:

In the time of the great revival in Cumberland, so great was the work and so novel the exercises of many who were the subjects of the work that it attracted the attention of the people of all ranks in society to come out to meeting and see for themselves. They flocked together by scores, by hundreds, and by thousands, to sacramental and other meetings. Many who came out to speculate, or to gratify curiosity, stood appalled, as if thunderstruck, when they saw the exercises and heard the groans and cries of the distressed, which were enough to rend the heavens and pierce the hardest heart. Such was the solemnity of the work that the preachers for some time forbade singing as being too light an exercise when there were so many solemn appearances.[2]

An account of the great revival would be incomplete without a narration of the strange and unaccountable bodily exercises connected with it in Kentucky, Middle Tennessee, the Holston Country, and,

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, Vol. II., pp. 221-224 and 272, 273.
[2] "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., p. 366.

indeed, in various other parts of the country. My opinion is that these exercises were a special dispensation of God to accomplish what they did accomplish: to arouse attention, awaken inquiry, convince, put to confusion and dismay gainsayers, and to call the people away from the things of time and sense to the invisible, spiritual, and eternal. God controls the body as well as the soul; and he can and will produce strange bodily exercises whenever, in his wisdom, he sees that the cause of righteousness can be promoted thereby.

Recent investigations into the infant science of Mental Physiology, led by William B. Carpenter, M.D., LL.D., of the University of London, and seconded by such men as Sir William Crookes in England, Bernheim, Charcot, and Liebeault in France, Hudson, James, Quackenbos, and Hyslop in America, and a host of lesser luminaries, have shed new light on the subject of certain abnormal mental conditions and psychic phenomena. There is a subliminal world, of which we know but little, but which sometimes rises above the horizon of consciousness. In this subliminal world there are forces which, under peculiar conditions, produce strange and wonderful phenomena, such as the catalepsies often witnessed amid revival scenes, the jerks, etc. Rapid progress is being made in psychological as well as physical science, and the time will probably come when psychic phenomena will be as well understood as physical phenomena are now. The universe is under law; nothing happens. Psychic phenomena are as surely controlled by law as gravitation, chemical affinity, light, sound, growth, and decay. All natural laws are laws of God, and

they therefore exist for the glory of God and the good of his creatures. These laws God uses in the government of the physical, mental, and moral world. The strange exercises of the revival of 1800 occurred according to God's laws, and they evidently took place for the betterment of humanity. One of the most interesting accounts of the strange exercises that occurred during the progress of the great revival is from the pen of the Rev. Jacob Young, D.D., as follows:

In 1804 I first witnessed that strange exercise, the jerks, although I had heard much of it before. It took subjects from all denominations and all classes of society, even the wicked; but it prevailed chiefly among the Presbyterians. I will give some instances.

A Mr. Doak, a Presbyterian clergyman of high standing, having charge of a congregation in Jonesborough, was the first man of eminence in this region that came under its influence. Often it would seize him in the pulpit with so much severity that a spectator might fear it would dislocate his neck and joints. He would laugh, stand and halloo at the top of his voice, finally leap from the pulpit and run to the woods, screaming like a madman. When the exercise was over he would return to the church calm and rational as ever. Sometimes at hotels this affection would visit persons, causing them, for example, in the very act of raising a glass to their lips, to jerk and throw the liquid to the ceiling, much to the merriment of some and the alarm of others. I have often seen ladies take it at the breakfast table. As they were pouring out tea or coffee they would throw the contents toward the ceiling, and sometimes break the cup and saucer. Then, hastening from the table, their long suits of braided hair hanging down their backs would crack like a whip. For a time the jerks was a topic of conversation, public and private, both in the Church and out. Various opinions were expressed concerning it, some ascribing it to the devil, others to an opposite source; some striving against it, others counting it as the

power of God unto salvation. In many cases its consequences were disastrous; in some, fatal.

A preacher, who was in early life a dancing master, joined the Conference, and was sent to a circuit where the jerks greatly prevailed. He declared it was of the devil, and that he would preach it out of the Methodist Church. He commenced the work with great zeal and high expectations; but before he had got once round he took the jerks himself, or rather the jerks took him. When the fit began he would say: "Ah, yes! O no!" At every jerk he used his hands and arms as if he were playing the violin. One morning, being seized as he was going to his appointment, he let go the bridle, and the horse ran off till he was stopped by a gate. The rider, having dismounted in order to steady himself, laid hold of the palings of the fence, which, unfortunately, gave way. The lady of the house coming to the door to see what was the matter heightened his mortification. Attempting to hide himself by running into the orchard, his strange movement, as he ran fiddling along and the tail of his long gown flying in the wind, attracted the attention of the hounds, the whole pack of which pursued him with hideous yells. Being afraid of dogs, he turned and rushed into the house by the back door, and, running upstairs, jumped into a bed, where he lay till the fit was over.

His proud heart would not submit, and, the disease, as he termed it, growing worse and worse, he gave up the circuit and withdrew into retirement, where his sun went down under a cloud.

Usually the subjects of this strange affection were happy when they had it, and happy when it passed off, and it did them no harm. The wise ones of the day, such as William McKendree and Thomas Wilkerson, said little about it, but preached, exhorted, and prayed as if it were not in the country.

At the close of the year I attended a camp meeting at Carter's Station,[1] where about ten thousand people were assembled. Here a controversy had been going on between Presbyterians and Methodists, the former saying, among other bitter things, that the latter were hypocrites and could refrain from shouting if they would. They were the aristoc-

[1] This camp ground was in Greene County, Tenn.

racy; we the poor. On Monday morning I preached, preceded by the venerable Vanpelt, who left the congregation calmly and silently weeping. I arose—like most men who know nothing—fearing nothing, and undertook to account for the jerks. The preachers looked frightened and the audience astonished. I viewed it as a judgment of God. Taking a compendious view of the nation, I showed that God was just as well as merciful, and his judgments, though long delayed, were sure to come. I adverted to the wickedness of the people, enlarging on their intolerance and bigotry, charging that Middle Tennessee had gone as far as any part of the United States in these particulars. I glanced at the rise of Methodism and the persecution it had endured, and quoted the taunting language of its enemies: "Ye are hypocrites, and can cease shouting if ye will." After a pause, I exclaimed at the top of my voice: "Do you leave off jerking if you can?" It was estimated that instantly more than five hundred persons commenced jumping, shouting, and jerking. There was no more preaching that day.[1]

One of the best accounts of these bodily exercises which I have seen is from the pen of the Rev. Barton W. Stone, in "Early Times in Middle Tennessee," as follows:

The bodily agitations or exercises attending the excitement in the beginning of this century were various, and called by various names, as the falling exercise, the jerks, the dancing exercise, the barking exercise, the laughing and singing exercises, and so on. The falling exercise was very common among all classes—the saints and sinners of every age and grade, from the philosopher to the clown. The subject of this exercise would generally, with a piercing scream, fall like a log on the floor or earth and appear as dead. Of thousands of similar cases, I will mention one: At a meeting two gay young ladies, sisters, were standing together, attending the exercises and preaching at the same time, when instantly they both fell with a shriek of distress and lay for more than an

[1] Bennett's "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia," pp. 427-430.

hour apparently in a lifeless state. Their mother, a pious Baptist, was in great distress, fearing they would not revive. At length they began to exhibit signs of life by crying fervently for mercy, and then relapsed into the same death-like state, with an awful gloom on their countenances. After a while the gloom on the face of one was succeeded by a heavenly smile, and she cried out, "Precious Jesus!" and spoke of the glory of the gospel to the surrounding crowd in language almost superhuman, and exhorted all to repentance. In a little while after, the other sister was similarly exercised. From that time they became remarkably pious members of the Church.

I have seen very many pious persons fall in the same way, from a sense of the danger of their unconverted children, brothers, or sisters, or from a sense of the danger of their neighbors in a sinful world. I have heard them agonizing in tears, and strongly crying for mercy to be shown to sinners, and speaking like angels all around.

The jerks cannot be so easily described. Sometimes the subject of the jerks would be affected in some one member of the body, and sometimes in the whole system. When the head alone was affected, it would be jerked backward and forward, or from side to side, so quickly that the features of the face could not be distinguished. When the whole system was affected, I have seen the person stand in one place and jerk backward and forward in quick succession, the head nearly touching the floor behind and before. All classes—saints and sinners, the strong as well as the weak—were thus affected. I have inquired of those thus affected if they could account for it, but some have told me that those were among the happiest seasons of their lives. I have seen some wicked persons thus affected, and all the time cursing the jerks, while they were thrown to the earth with violence. Though so awful to behold, I do not remember that any one of the thousands I have seen thus affected ever sustained any injury in body. This was as strange as the exercise itself.

The dancing exercise generally began with the jerks, and was peculiar to professors of religion. The subject, after jerking awhile, began to dance, and then the jerks would cease. Such dancing was indeed heavenly to the spectators. There was nothing in it like levity, nor calculated to excite

levity in the beholders. The smile of heaven shone on the countenance of the subject, and assimilated to angels appeared the whole person. Sometimes the motion was quick, and sometimes slow. Thus they continued to move forward and backward, in the same track or alley, till nature seemed exhausted; and they would fall prostrate on the floor or earth unless caught by those standing by. While thus exercised I have heard their solemn praises and prayers ascend to God.

The barking exercise, as opposers contemptuously called it, was nothing but the jerks. A person affected with the jerks, especially in his head, would often make a grunt or a bark from the suddenness of the jerk. This name of barking seems to have had its origin from an old Presbyterian preacher of East Tennessee. He had gone into the woods for private devotion, and was seized with the jerks. Standing near a sapling, he caught hold of it to prevent his falling; and as his head jerked back he uttered a grunt, or a kind of a noise similar to a bark, his face being turned upward. Some wag discovered him in this position, and reported that he had found the old preacher barking up a tree.

The laughing exercise was frequent—confined solely to the religious. It was a loud, hearty laughter, but it excited laughter in none that saw it. The subject appeared rapturously solemn, and his laughter excited solemnity in saints and sinners. It was truly indescribable.

The running exercise was nothing more than that persons feeling something of these bodily agitations, through fear, attempted to run away, and thus escape from them; but it commonly happened that they ran not far before they fell, where they became so agitated that they could not proceed any farther.

I knew a young physician, of a celebrated family, who came some distance to a big meeting to see the strange things he had heard of. He and a young lady had sportively agreed to watch over and take care of each other if either should fall. At length the physician felt something very uncommon, and started from the congregation to run into the woods. He was discovered running as if for life, but did not proceed far until he fell down, and there lay until he submitted to the Lord, and afterwards became a zealous member of the Church. Such cases were common.

The singing exercise is more unaccountable than anything else I ever saw. The subject, in a very happy state of mind, would sing most melodiously not from the mouth or nose but entirely in the breast, the sounds issuing thence. Such noise silenced everything and attracted the attention of all. It was most heavenly; none could ever be tired of hearing it.

Thus have I given a brief account of the wonderful things that appeared in the great excitement in the beginning of this century. That there were many eccentricities and much fanaticism in this excitement was acknowledged by its warmest advocates; indeed, it would have been a wonder if such things had not appeared in the circumstances of that time. Yet the good effects were seen and acknowledged in every neighborhood and among the different sects. It silenced contention and promoted unity for a while.[1]

From a book, now out of print, published in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1842 by "James Williams at the office of the *Post*" (a work written by J. W. M. Breazeale, and entitled "Life as It Is"), I copy the following account of the shouts and jerks as they occurred in our immediate section:

About the year 1802 or 1803 a man by the name of Granade, of the Methodist persuasion, came through East Tennessee, preaching to the people wherever he could collect a congregation. He gave a very strange account of his religious experience. He stated that when he was stricken under conviction for his sins the feeling of guilt became so weighty and awful as, in a measure, to derange his intellect; in consequence of which he ran off into the woods, where he remained until he became as wild as the beasts of the forest. One of his brothers brought him food during this season, he permitting no one else to come near him. After a probation of something like three years, he suddenly came to his reason, and was irresistibly impressed with the weight of that divine command given by Christ to his apostles, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;"

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 347-351.

in consequence of which he immediately returned to his friends, proclaiming the gospel in their ears, and instantly set out on a tour through the world, preaching wherever he went. He was a man of considerable mental vigor, of enthusiastic and impassioned feelings, and, withal, possessing some pretensions to literature and poetic talent. His discourses were desultory, stormy, and pathetic. In the midst of religious exercises he uttered *aloud* impassioned exclamations, and this he denominated shouting. He composed many hymns and spiritual songs, all of which were filled with these impassioned exclamations. He was proverbially called the wild man, on account of the strange history he gave of his experience. His preaching produced wonders in the land. Thousands were seized with the same propensity for shouting, and in a short time the whole country was filled with *shouting* congregations.

About this time the Rev. Mr. Doak, who was emphatically one of the principal fathers of the Church in East Tennessee, went upon a journey to the North. After his return his flock assembled to see their old pastor, to shake him by the hand, and hear from his reverend lips an exhortation. The meeting took place on the Sabbath, and at the house where this father in Israel had long ministered in holy things. He was the oldest clergyman in the State, a man of fine genius and extensive learning. When animated, his voice was like the roarings of the lion, and his eye flashed like the lightnings of heaven. Although he was somewhat dogmatic in the maintenance of his particular opinions, and harsh and absolute in enforcing them, he was, nevertheless, greatly beloved by his flock. He had spent the prime and vigor of life (after risking his scalp by settling in this country at a very early day, while the hostile savage was ringing his frightful yell in the ears of the inhabitants) in exhorting his fellow-men to "cease to do evil and learn to do well," and in teaching their children the delightful ways of science and literature. Consequently the meeting excited much feeling in the bosoms of all and was well calculated to stir up all the sympathies of human nature as well as the pathos of religion. The assemblage was so large that the house would not contain the half, in consequence of which the old parson was compelled to address them from a platform erected out of doors. His ad-

dress was unusually powerful and pathetic. In the midst of his discourse a strange convulsion seized his corporeal system, which occasioned his limbs to jerk and twist in every direction, and in a short time set the old parson to jumping, and he finally fell off the platform, tumbled down, and went rolling and jerking down the hill (the surface of the earth forming a gentle declivity from the platform), and in this manner he continued rolling down the hill for some time, while his congregation stood unutterably astonished and awe-stricken. After some time he arose and concluded his sermon, but his limbs continued to jerk, twist, and quiver in a most strange and unaccountable manner. This strange disease did not soon leave the good old man, but continued to afflict him, occasionally, when he was in the midst of his most powerful and pathetic discourses. And it was not long before some of his hearers were seized with the same strange distemper. It soon began to prevail over the country, and it became a sort of proverb that Granade had brought the shouts into the country, and old father Doak, to match him, had brought the jerks.

Shortly before or after this singular occurrence a young man by the name of Gideon Blackburn obtained license from the Presbyterian Church, the same Church to which Mr. Doak belonged, to preach the gospel. He was a tall, slender, meager figure, of pale complexion, afflicted in one leg with a disease commonly called white swelling; but the features of his face were fine and his countenance expressive. He was of rather obscure parentage, and his appearance in the sacred desk excited no particular interest. Very soon, however, he got to himself a great name, and set the whole Western region on fire. Possessing a burning and brilliant fancy; a vigorous and active intellect; a handsome classical education; a tall, well-proportioned, and rather handsome personage; his face pale and ghostlike in appearance; his features well proportioned; the general expression of his countenance solemn and intellectual; his eye keen and flashing when excited; his voice clear, loud, shrill, and melodious; and his oratorical gesticulations inimitable—he produced a deep, fervid, and widespread excitement all over the country that had never been witnessed before, nor has the like ever been experienced since. His powers of description were astonish-

ingly picturesque and luminous, and his thrilling, deep-toned feeling, connected with the capacity to infuse into his auditory all the ardor of the orator, produced consequences which could be felt and understood but cannot be described. He traveled all over the country, preaching to the people in churches, courthouses, cottages, in the open fields and in the woods; and hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands congregated together to hear him. He sometimes stood upon crutches while he preached, on account of his lame leg. And frequently the citizens erected a platform in the woods, elevated some ten feet, upon which he stood and preached for some days to thousands of his fellow-mortals of all ages, grades, colors, sizes, and sexes.

There was something in this extraordinary man calculated to enchant and enchain "the wilderness of free minds around him, and to strike a blow in the world that would resound throughout the universe," the ultimate consequences of which were only to be realized in eternity. The wild man's shout and old Father Doak's jerks became the common diseases of the country, and prevailed all over the land. Thousands and tens of thousands were seen jerking and shouting, and the most extraordinary and unaccountable scenes were witnessed. Under the pathetic and wonder-working discourses of this prodigy of human nature, hundreds were seen falling down, at one time, in a swoon; others jumping, jerking, and shouting; while hundreds were singing, praying, and dancing; and some would occasionally dash through the crowd, almost with the velocity of the wind, and escape to the woods, their friends pursuing them under the apprehension that they had suddenly become deranged and would flee from the face of man and perish in the wilderness or in some wild and lonely place commit suicide. The opinion became prevalent that the millennium was just at hand, and the whole religious community were looking with anxiety "for the coming of Christ the second time, without sin unto salvation," expecting every day to see him descending through the clouds, seated upon that great white throne described by John in the Revelation, and followed by a countless throng of angels, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

This excitement was at its height, perhaps, during the years 1804 and 1805, but it did not entirely subside for many

years thereafter. It has now, however, passed away, and those extraordinary men—Granade, Doak, and Blackburn—who, to all human appearance, were the principal instruments in producing it, now sleep with their fathers, their mortal remains resting in their honored graves, amongst other departed saints, while their immortal spirits have gone to try the realities of that boundless and never-ending eternity they so often exhorted their fellow-men to prepare to enjoy.[1]

Gallaher, Baxter, Doak, Blackburn, Alexander, and Stone, who have been mentioned in connection with the great revival, were Presbyterian ministers. Gallaher, Doak, Blackburn, and Alexander performed much of their ministerial service in East Tennessee. Sometime after the beginning of the great revival Mr. Stone joined the Christian (Campbellite) Church. The revival seems to have torn him from his Calvinistic moorings, and a sentiment of rivalry in the revival between the Presbyterians and Methodists having disaffected him toward the Methodists, he sought refuge from both Calvinism and Methodism in that denomination.

Brazeale calls the state of mind that produced the jerks and shouts a disease. But these exercises do not deserve to be classed with diseases. The jerks and trances were evidently abnormal; but they were preternaturalisms rather than diseases. The shouting and dancing exercises were the result of exalted religious feeling, and were rather an illustration of natural law in the spiritual world than of abnormal conditions. Shouting and dancing have always been the outward expression of joy; and religious joy, the greatest of all emotions of delight, is no exception

[1] "Life As It Is," pp. 246-251.

to the law. Soldiers shout in the hour of victory, citizens shout in the hour of political triumph, audiences shout under impassioned oratory; and it is perfectly natural that men just snatched from the brink of eternal ruin should shout, and that their friends should shout with them. There is nothing abnormal, irregular, or disorderly in shouting under such circumstances. Not to shout in many such cases would be an unaccountable stupidity. The same may be said of the religious dance. It is only an expression of joy. I have seen saintly women happy in the love of God at church, and have seen them dance for joy most gracefully; and, the high exaltation of religious feeling conceded, the dancing was perfectly natural and reasonable—nothing disorderly in it, nothing offensive to good taste. The laughing exercise was only a natural and inevitable expression of spiritual exhilaration. There was a little tinge of the abnormal about the running exercise; but it was often an attempt to avoid jerking or falling in the sight of the congregation, and in some cases it was only a natural expression of acute and sudden delight. The music proceeding from the chest, not by way of the natural vocal organs, presents a problem to the physiologist and psychologist which I shall not now attempt to solve.

The great revival had the benign effect of binding together the hearts of Christians of different denominations in Christian amity; but this state of affairs did not last long. This thing of falling down and shouting was a little alarming to some who were tenacious of what they deemed decency and order. There was nothing strange in all this to the Methodists; they had been accustomed to such things in other re-

vivals. The doctrine of a limited atonement, which during the heat of the revival had been laid on the shelf, now began to reassert its authority. Jealousies began to arise. Those who had long cherished a strong attachment to certain theories and a certain order of things took alarm, drew off, and endeavored to rally the multitude to their views and methods. But some of the clergy and many of the people had become thoroughly disgusted with the soul-freezing doctrines of absolute decrees and unconditional election and dull forms of worship. The consequence was a collision in doctrine and a disagreement in modes of worship. Some who had abandoned their former creeds were now at sea, not settled in any system of theology, and, consequently, the easy prey of designing theorists. At this juncture that extravagant and deluded sect, the Shakers, made their appearance in Kentucky, and by a sanctimonious show of zeal drew off several valuable Presbyterian preachers and a number of unwary members, to the injury of the cause of rational Christianity. About this time others withdrew from the Presbyterian Church, and were variously named Marshallites, Stoneites, Schismatics, etc., according to the different views which they embraced. These affected uncommon zeal and denounced confessions of faith, Church discipline, etc. But the Methodists kept on in the even tenor of their way.[1]

As one evidence that the doctrines and methods of Methodism prevailed largely in the revival may be mentioned the fact that the revival led to a secession

[1] "Recollections of the West," pp. 28-31.

from the Presbyterian Church. The revival was, in the case of the Presbyterian Church, a patch of new cloth on an old garment; it was new wine in old bottles. Many young men of Presbyterian families were converted in the meetings, and called to preach by the Head of the Church; but, lacking a classical and theological education, they could not be licensed to preach according to the rules and usages of the Presbyterian Church. But as, through revival influence, the number of Presbyterian congregations increased it was impossible to supply them with pastors licensed under the restrictions of the constitution of the Church. When the men mentioned applied to the Transylvania Presbytery for license to preach, some of the members of the Presbytery found fault with their imperfect education and unorthodox theological views. But the majority favored an accommodation of the rules to the exigencies of the times, and the young men were authorized to preach, and subsequently ordained. This led to a division of Transylvania Presbytery and the organization of the Cumberland Presbytery. These proceedings were disapproved by the Synod and General Assembly, and the Synod dissolved the Cumberland Presbytery. Influenced by a desire of peace, the members of the Presbytery refrained from all strictly presbyterial acts; but, organizing themselves into a "council," they retained their congregations and carried on their work. Finding in the course of five years that they did not succeed in effecting a reconciliation, they, in 1810, reorganized the Cumberland Presbytery as an independent body. In the immediate vicinity they were called Cumberland Presbyterians, and the Church has retained the name.

This Church has revised the Confession of Faith, rejecting all the harsher features of Calvinism except the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints. Their doctrines are Arminian in the main, and their methods largely Methodistic. The Church is, however, guilty of the inconsistency of rejecting the doctrine of unconditional election and yet retaining its necessary corollary, final perseverance. This latter doctrine is rooted in the former and has no logical support without it. But this is an evangelical and influential body of Christians, which is growing by its innate energy and is destined to add to its numbers as Presbyterians surrender, one by one, the doctrine of partial redemption.

I have called the revival described in the last three chapters the "Revival of 1800," but it was by no means confined to the year 1800; in its more intense manifestations it continued through the first decade of the nineteenth century. In the year 1810-11 there were marked displays of divine power in the Holston District. The revival which was acute during the first years of the century became chronic. The storm-tossed sea in Kentucky and Tennessee somewhat allayed in a few years; but it sent its widening undulations to distant shores and down to later times.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From 1801 to 1804.

At the fall Conference of 1801 a gain of only two in membership was reported over the report of eighteen months before—a very discouraging report. But by the Conference of 1802 the Church had begun to realize the enlivening and invigorating influence of the great revival. This Conference year was one of prosperity. The Conference to which the Holston Country belonged was named *Kentucky* only one year, 1801-02; it was thereafter called *Western Conference*. At the October Conference of 1801 an appointment was made for the Western Conference to be held in Cumberland October 2, 1802. This Conference was held at the time appointed. The place of meeting was Strother's Meetinghouse, near the head of Big Station Camp Creek, in Sumner County, Tenn., northwest of where the town of Gallatin now stands. Bishop Asbury was present, but was so afflicted with rheumatism that he could not walk; yet he made the trip to the seat of the Conference, although he had to be carried to and from his horse; and he presided in the Conference and preached, although he had to be carried to and from the Conference room and to and from the place of preaching. The laws of nature had been violated, and the penalty had to be suffered. The Bishop's long rides in all kinds of weather and his ceaseless activities were breaking down a constitution not originally very robust. The Bishop could have said with Paul: "I die daily." He could also

have said with Paul: "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." It is worthy of mention that this was the first Annual Conference held in Middle Tennessee.

The numbers in Society reported at this Conference for Holston District were:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	683	15
Nollichucky	659	35
French Broad	683	24
New River	286	43
Clinch	500	53
Total	2,811	170

Grand total, 2,981; a gain of 1,838, or a gain of more than sixty-seven per cent.

This was a remarkable renaissance, when we remember that the work had been languishing for a number of years, and it is a flat contradiction of those who would fain ignore or belittle the part taken by the Methodists in the great revival.

At this Conference (1802) the following appointments were announced:

JOHN WATSON, *Presiding Elder.*
Holston, Thomas Milligan, John A. Granade.
Nollichucky, Henry Smith.
French Broad, Louther Taylor.
Powell's Valley, Benjamin Young.
Clinch, Moses Black.
New River, Learner Blackman.

This list shows an addition of two circuits. Greene was divided into Nollichucky and French Broad. The

name of Russell was changed into Clinch; Powell's Valley was a new circuit, possibly embracing portions of the old Greene Circuit; and Holston and New River remained without material change. As evidence of the rapid spread of the work through the influence of the revival may be mentioned the fact that what was *Kentucky District* in 1801, with nine circuits and William McKendree at its head, became by 1803 Western Conference, with four presiding elders' districts and twenty-six circuits—a further evidence of the active part taken by the Methodists in the revival. Bishop Asbury passed through Holston twice in the autumn of 1802.

He entered the Holston Country this year from the east, by way of Pepper's Ferry. He preached at Page's Meetinghouse, and dined with Edward Morgan, passed hastily through Wytheville, stopped with Charles Hardy, a located preacher, on Holston. There he found the people praising God, for a revival had recently taken place there. He visited the Salt Works, but found little salt there, and feared that none would be left when Sister Russell was gone. He had traveled four thousand nine hundred miles from July 30, 1801, to September 12, 1802—and all this by private conveyance! How does that sound in the ears of bishops who soar upon the wings of steam, and sleep and feast in palace cars? And indeed we ought to rejoice that they enjoy the advantages of a higher civilization than that realized by Asbury.

Asbury visited his old friend, Edward Cox, near Shote's Ford, on Holston, and rode to Cashe's, near Jonesboro. He attended a camp meeting which continued four days, preached, and there was a "shaking."

Some fifteen hundred people attended the meeting, and some were convicted and converted. Where was this camp meeting held? Echo answers: "Where?" After the meeting he stopped with Felix Earnest, a local preacher on Nollichucky. On Sunday, September 19, he preached at Ebenezer. The house would not hold the people, and he preached from a stand in the woods. Thursday, the 23d, he dined at Francis Ramsey's and lodged at Knoxville with his old friend Greer. On Sunday, the 26th, he attended a quarterly meeting at Muddy Creek, Roane County, and dined with the Rev. Mr. Ramsey, a Presbyterian minister, and had quite a pleasant Christian interview with him. Monday, the 27th, he rode to West Point or Kingston, and lodged with Mr. Clarke. Thence he made his way to Middle Tennessee to attend the Conference at Station Camp, and October 2 he found the Conference in session. During all these journeyings and preachings his health was bad; and now that he reaches the seat of Conference his stomach and speech are pretty well gone; and to supply his lack of service, he makes a successful requisition upon the preaching capacity of the Revs. William Hodge and William McGee, Presbyterian ministers, who had been intimately identified with the origin of the great revival. These men preached with great fervency and fidelity; he heard them with great pleasure and in great pain. By the assistance of "Brother" McKendree, who examined the candidates for admission and reception, he was able to ordain. After Conference he rested, bled for the third time, and applied bandages of sugar of lead to his swollen feet. We of the present day read with astonishment of the therapeutics of that day. Here

was an aged invalid with poor blood, and opening a vein and letting out that blood freely! Instead of enriching his blood, he thins it; he tears down the castle, and destroys the material by which it must be rebuilt. Accompanied by McKendree, he reached West Point Thursday, October 19, and is now again in Holston; and, worn down with hard labor, sickness, and blood-letting, he abandons his contemplated trip to Georgia. He sent word to James Douthet, asking him to explain his situation to the elders of Georgia and South Carolina. He also sent word to Mr. Snethen, giving him his plan of appointments in Georgia, and requesting him to fill them; but alas! "Brother" Snethen had fallen from his horse and was left lame upon the road. The Bishop had been sick for twenty-three days. He says: "Ah! the tale of woe I might relate." His "dear McKendree" had to lift him on and off of his horse like a helpless child. For his sickness and sufferings he conceived that he was indebted to sleeping uncovered in the wilderness. As he passed through the country the people were witnesses to his groans. In his extreme suffering he was sometimes dumb, and opened not his mouth. He could not sleep except for the aid of laudanum; yet all this while his patience and hopefulness were wonderfully preserved, although at times he was scarcely restrained from crying, "Lord, let me die!" for death had no terrors for him. He had no sad forebodings of the ills that might befall the Church; the Church was the Lord's, not his; nor had he reason to be anxious about father or mother, whom he believed to be in paradise; and he had no wife and children to be solicitous about. He felt that his ills and aches

were his counselors to teach him what he was. He realized that he was no longer young, that he could not go out as heretofore, and that he should take the advice of friends who said: "Spare thyself." During the past year he had ridden about five thousand and five hundred miles. He was comforted with the outlook of the Western Conference; for in it three thousand members had been added to the Church during the year, the Cumberland country had been erected into a district, and a missionary had been sent to Natchez. He spent a few days at John Winton's, and preached. Monday, the 25th, he rode to Knoxville and visited Francis Ramsey. Sunday, the 31st, William McKendree preached at Rehoboth, upon French Broad, a few miles from Knoxville, and the Bishop ordained Justus Huffaker and James Sullivan deacons. Monday, November 1, with snow in the mountains and the wind from the west, they had a cold ride to Little Pigeon, in Sevier County, and the two preached. On Tuesday they rode through Newport, the capital of Cocke County, and came cold and without food for man and beast to John Ohaver's, and much enjoyed the kindness of their open-hearted friends. Wednesday, the 3d, they labored over Paint Mountain and came to William Neilson's, at Warm Springs. Thursday they reached Barnard's Station (a place now in Madison County, N. C.), some nine miles south of Warm Springs, and some thirty miles north of Asheville.

In his journal Asbury says that from that point they pushed on to John Foster's. This was a mistake in the name; it was Thomas Foster's, on Swannanoa, two or three miles southeast of the present

SWANNANOA RIVER.

site of Asheville. This place was not reached by the route or the road subsequently built, keeping the meanderings of the French Broad; but the road or trail passed somewhat directly over the hills and through the gaps. Col. James Mitchell Alexander married a daughter of Thomas Foster, lived some years at the Hilliard place in Asheville, and when the Buncombe turnpike was opened he purchased what was afterwards known as the Alexander place, some ten miles north of Asheville, and there reared an interesting Methodist family. The Rev. Jackson S. Burnett, long a member of the Holston Conference, married a daughter of Mr. Alexander and reared an interesting family. Mr. Alfred Alexander inherited his father's place, and died there. At the death of Gen. Robert B. Vance he was in possession of this place, having purchased it after the death of Mr. Alfred Alexander.

On Sunday, the 7th, Asbury and McKendree both preached at Killian's. There the Bishop parted from McKendree, and rode to the house of Mr. Fletcher, on Muddy Creek, where he was received with every attention, and the kind offer of everything in the house necessary to the comfort of man and beast. Leaving after dinner, he rode to Widow Johnson's. Next day he dined at Benjamin Davidson's, and thence made his way into South Carolina.

In passing through Buncombe County the Bishop heard of successful camp meetings on the Catawba, at Morganton, on the Swannanoa, and at points in South Carolina; ministers of different denominations had attended. Rev. Mr. Newton, a Presbyterian

minister in Buncombe County, appeared to be greatly imbued with the spirit of the work. He adds:

> I would here record that James Lowry, a pious youth, rode with me for the last seventy miles. I feel truly grateful to him and his family. May the same measure of kindness be always meted to him and his, and to all such affectionate young men and feeling, attentive people![1]

In this account we meet with the name of Edward Morgan again, possibly the first Methodist preacher who ever preached in the Holston Country. The writer was accustomed, in 1850-51, to lodge with Mr. Killian, son of the gentleman with whom Bishop Asbury used to stay in Buncombe, not far from Buncombe Courthouse. Mr. Killian had in his house, at that time, the pulpit from which Asbury was accustomed to preach when on a visit to his father's home.

The "William Nelson" spoken of as entertaining the Bishop at Warm Springs should not be confounded with the William Nelson who used to entertain the Bishop near what is now Johnson City. The former spelled his name *Neilson*. Mr. Hale Neilson, a son of the Warm Springs man, was residing there in the fifties, and for years his house was a regular Methodist preaching place. Hale Neilson himself was a Campbellite, but his family were Methodists. The writer preached there once a month in 1850-51. The writer was also well acquainted with the James Lowry mentioned in the above extract. He became a prominent citizen and lived on Big Sandy Mush Creek, in Buncombe County, N. C. He was half-

[1] Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., pp. 78-85.

brother to Gov. David L. Swain, and an intelligent, pious, and influential Methodist. Col. James Lowry's son, Mr. Marion Lowry, succeeded him on his farm, and lived there many years, a useful citizen and a devout member of the Methodist Church. Col. James Lowry's wife deserves mention in Holston Methodist history. He married Esther Siler, of Macon County, N. C., a wonderfully consecrated woman. In her youth she was beautiful and accomplished. In her prime she was an active Church worker and a Methodist of great zeal and piety as well as of freedom from sectarian bigotry. Her praise is yet in all the Churches of Western Carolina. At one time some of Col. Lowry's distinguished friends visited him. He had been accustomed to having family prayers regularly, but on this occasion his heart came near failing him. When the hour came for the evening devotions, he called his wife to a private consultation in the porch. He said: "Wife, you must excuse me to-night; I can't pray before these worldly men." She made him no reply, but, returning to the sitting room, she laid the Bible and hymn book on the stand, and said in her graceful manner: "Mr. Lowry, please take the books." He did so, and in telling the story to the writer he said that after that there never was a break in the regular family devotions. This was the agreeable, pious youth of whom the Bishop speaks above.

The Rev. David B. Cumming, who traveled some years in the Holston Conference, married Miss Caroline Lowry, a daughter of Col. Lowry. The Rev. John H. Robeson, of Buncombe County, married a daughter of Mr. Cumming, and the Rev. W. D. Akers, now of the Holston Conference, married

Miss Istalena Robeson, a daughter of Mr. Robeson. Mr. Cumming will be sketched in this history as a traveling preacher. John H. Robeson was in his day a local preacher of marvelous intellectual power and preaching ability. He was a son of the Rev. Alexander Robeson, of Buncombe County, N. C., a very popular and useful local preacher. The Rev. W. D. Akers has long been one of the best preachers in the Conference, scholarly, pious, and forcible in the pulpit. Mrs. Akers seems to have inherited the qualities of her great-grandmother, Mrs. Lowry; and she is thoroughly consecrated to the service of God and the work of the Church. See how the blessings of God have come down the lineage of the saintly Esther Lowry! Possibly it was a tiny wave started in conversations with the pious young man by the pioneer bishop that is still beating against our shores.

The Western Conference met at Mount Gerizim, Harrison County, Ky., October 2, 1803. Bishop Asbury presided. On his way to this Conference he passed through Ohio, to look after the interests of Methodism in that Territory. On the Sabbath preceding the Conference he preached from a stand in the woods to about two thousand people. The Bishop not only presided in Conference, but, at the urgent demand of preachers and people, he preached. While the Conference lasted there was preaching every day; and the people continued singing and praying night and day, with little intermission. During the session there were about twenty-five conversions. The Conference ended on the 6th, and, accompanied by McKendree, Garrett, Douthat, and Granade, the

Bishop made his way to Dr. Hinde's, in Clark County.

At this Conference (1803) the following was the report of numbers in Society for the Holston District:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	780	52
Nollichucky	636	31
French Broad	648	14
New River	299	55
Clinch	500	53
Powell's Valley	70	...
Total	2,933	205

Grand total, 3,138; a gain of 157.

The appointments for the coming year (1803-04) were:

JOHN WATSON, *Presiding Elder.*
Holston, Thomas Milligan.[1]
Nollichucky, Samuel Douthat.
French Broad, John Johnson.
New River, Elisha W. Bowman.
Clinch, Joab Watson.
Powell's Valley, Moses Black.
Wilderness, Jacob Young.

New River Circuit lay west of New River, and extended from the North Carolina line north and northwest so as to include the societies in Giles and Tazewell Counties, Va. Holston Circuit lay next on the west, beginning a little west of Wythe Courthouse and extending considerably west of Abingdon. Clinch included Russell, Scott, and Lee Counties, Va., and a portion of Tennessee lying north of Holston River. Powell's Valley Circuit embraced all the settled country lying between Clinch River and Cumberland Mountain from near Lee Courthouse to as far west as

[1] Last year Milligan's station was changed to Clinch.

the settlements extended. Nollichucky embraced upper East Tennessee, and extended to the west line of Greene County. French Broad came next on the west, and embraced the settlements on both sides of Holston and French Broad Rivers.

Wilderness Circuit, or rather what was intended to be a circuit, a new and uncultivated field, was situated in the mountainous country lying north and west of the valley of East Tennessee. One of the ablest men in the Church was appointed to it. The policy, at that time, was to send the ablest men to the posts of danger and difficulty; not, as now, to too great an extent, to send the weak men to the weak places and the strong men to the strong places. This latter policy would have made the strong places stronger, and the weak places weaker. It would have been washing the soil from the poor knolls, where it was needed, into the rich hollows, where it was not needed. It would have been giving more unto him that had much, and depriving him that had little of the little which he had. But this is the way of the world, and, too much, the way of the Church.

The Rev. Jacob Young, in his "Autobiography," gives the following account of this Conference (1803):

> The Conference was held in the house of Benjamin Coleman, near Cynthiana, Ky. Next morning I repaired to the Conference room, which was about eighteen feet square and upstairs. I was met at the door by Mrs. Burke, wife of William. She has long since gone to her reward, and he has since followed. She was an accomplished lady. I was dressed like a backwoodsman. My manners and costume were answerable to the description given of "Rhoderick Dhu," of Scotland, by Walter Scott. I was pretty much such another looking man. Mrs. Burke told me to walk up, but I hesitated. She insisted. At length I yielded, ascended the

stairs, and entered the Conference room. There, for the first time, I saw the venerable Asbury seated on a chair elevated by a small platform. He was writing—his head white as a sheet. Several of the preachers said: "Come in, come in, Brother Young." The Bishop raised his head, lifted his spectacles, and asked who I was. The Rev. W. McKendree told him my name. He fixed his eye upon me as if he would look me through. McKendree saw I was embarrassed, and told me kindly to take a seat.

Business went on, and I sat as a silent spectator. I thought they were the most interesting group of men I had ever seen. McKendree appeared the master spirit of the Conference. Burke, very neatly dressed, was Secretary. His auburn head, keen, black eye, showed clearly he was no ordinary man.

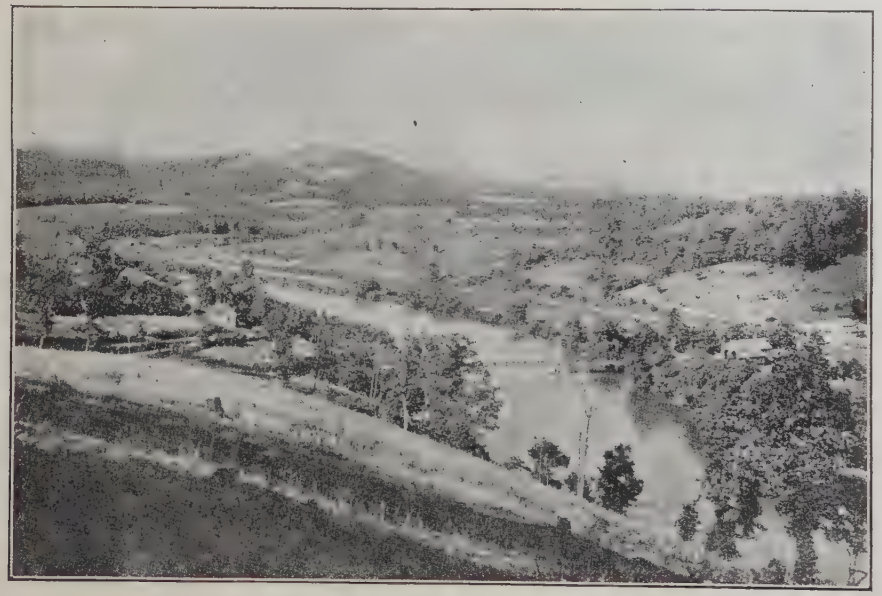
I still remember most of the members' names: Revs. Thomas Wilkerson, John Watson, Benjamin Lakin, Samuel Douthat, John Adam Granade, Lewis Garrett, William Crutchfield, Benjamin Young, Ralph Lotspeich, Anthony Houston, and some few more not now recollected.

These were members of the great Western Conference, comprehending Kentucky, Ohio, Southwestern Virginia, old Tennessee, and the Mississippi Territory. This year they sent missionaries to Illinois and Indiana. In a beautiful grove, a mile from Mr. Coleman's, they erected a stand and seats to accommodate a congregation. The Conference adjourned every day, that the preachers might attend public services. As I was not in full connection, I had no seat in the Conference; but I was free to go and come as I pleased. We kept up prayer meetings nearly all the time. There was a great deal of good preaching during the session, and I have no doubt but that much good was done at that time. There was an extensive revival all through Kentucky.

On the Sabbath Bishop Asbury preached one of his masterly sermons to about ten thousand listeners. This was a very solemn and profitable day.[1]

In this year (1803), Bishop Asbury again passed through Holston and made his way along the French

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 471-473.



VIEW FROM BINGHAM HEIGHTS, NEAR ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Broad Valley to the Carolinas. After the Mount Gerizim Conference, in Kentucky, he came on to Holston; and his journal tells the story of this visit as follows:

Tennessee, Friday, 14th.—We came to Hunt's at Claiborne Courthouse, and the next day reached Martin Stubblefield's. What a road have we passed! Certainly the worst on the whole continent, even in the best weather; yet, bad as it was, there were four or five hundred crossing the rude hills whilst we were. I was powerfully struck with the consideration that there were at least as many thousand emigrants annually from east to west. We must take care to send preachers after these people. We have made one thousand and eighty miles from Philadelphia; and now, what a detail of sufferings might I give, fatiguing me to write, and perhaps to my friends to read! A man who is well mounted will scorn to complain of the roads when he sees men, women, and children, almost naked, paddling barefoot and barelegged along, or laboring up the rocky hills, whilst those who are best off have only a horse for two or three children to ride at once. If these adventurers have little or nothing to eat, it is no extraordinary circumstance, and not uncommon to encamp in the wet woods after night. In the mountains it does not rain, but pours. I too have my sufferings, perhaps peculiar to myself—pain and temptation, the one of the body, and the other of the spirit—no room to retire to, that in which you sit common to all, crowded with women and children, the fire occupied by cooking, much and long-loved solitude not to be found, unless you choose to run out into the rain in the woods. Six months in the year I have had, for thirty-two years, occasionally, to submit to what will never be agreeable to me; but the people, it must be confessed, are amongst the kindest souls in the world. But kindness will not make a crowded log cabin, twelve feet by ten, agreeable; without are cold and rain; and within, six adults and as many children, one of which is all motion; the dogs too must sometimes be admitted. On Saturday, at Felix Earnest's, I found that, amongst my other trials, I had taken the itch; and, considering the filthy houses and filthy beds I have met with, in coming from the Kentucky Conference, it is perhaps strange that I have not caught it

twenty times. I do not see that there is any security against it but by sleeping in a brimstone shirt. Poor Bishop! But we must bear it for the elect's sake. I have written some letters to our local brethren, and read the book of Daniel since I have been in this house.

Sunday, 23d.—My soul is tranquil, the air is pure, and the house of God is near; and Jehovah is nearer. At Ebenezer I preached on James i. 22: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves." By introduction I collected the words of our Lord and those of the apostle Paul upon the same subject, and brought them to one point. In opening the subject, I observed: 1. What we are taught in the preaching of the gospel: First, Christian experience; secondly, Christian tempers; thirdly, Christian perfection; fourthly, Christian duties. 2. General head: how people should hear the word—constantly, seriously; in faith, in prayer, as believing it promises all that is good and threatens the most dreadful evil. 3. To be doers of the word is to seek for the immediate experience and practice of the word.

North Carolina.—On Monday we came off in earnest; refreshed at Isaiah Harrison's, and continued on to the Paint Mountain, passing the gap newly made, which makes the road down to Paint Creek much better. I lodged with Mr. Nelson,[1] who treated me like a minister, a Christian, and a gentleman.

Tuesday, 25th.—We reached Buncombe. The road is greatly mended by changing the direction and throwing a bridge over the Ivy.

Wednesday, 26th.—We called a meeting at Killian's, and a gracious season it was. My subject was 1 Corinthians xv. 38. Sister Killian and Sister Smith, sisters in the flesh, and kindred spirits in holiness and humble obedience, are both gone to their reward in glory. On Thursday we came away in haste, crossed Swannanoa at T. Foster's, the French Broad at High Shoals, and afterwards again at Baird's Bridge, and put up for the night at Andrew Mitchell's. In our route we passed two large encamping places of the Methodists and Presbyterians. It made the country look like the Holy Land.

Friday, 28th.—We came up Little River, a sister stream of the

[1] It should be spelled Neilson.

French Broad. It offered some beautiful flats of land. We found a new road, lately cut, which brought us in at the head of Little River, at the old fording place and within hearing of the falls, a few miles off of the head of Matthews Creek, a branch of the Saleuda. The waters, foaming down the rocks with a descent of half a mile, make themselves heard at a great distance. I walked down the mountain, after riding sixteen or eighteen miles before breakfast, and came in about twelve o'clock to Father John Douthet's. Once more I have escaped from filth, fleas, rattlesnakes, hills, mountains, rocks, and rivers. Farewell, Western world, for a while! We are twelve hundred and seventy miles from Philadelphia.

The Western Conference met again at Mount Gerizim October 2, 1804. No bishop being present, the Rev. William McKendree, presiding elder of the Kentucky District, was elected President. Bishop Asbury attempted to reach the Conference; but, after a ride of several hundred miles, was taken sick within a few days' ride of the seat of the Conference, and was compelled to relinquish his purpose, and he returned eastwardly. The Holston District reported numbers in Society as follows:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	755	44
Nollichucky	627	22
French Broad	642	12
New River	339	49
Clinch	603	55
Powell's Valley	156	...
Total	3,122	182

Grand total, 3,304; a gain of 166.

In this year (1804), the question "Who are admitted on trial?" began to be answered by Conferences; and I shall hereafter report the names of those received into the Western Conference at each session. At this session of the Western Conference the following

were admitted: William Ellington, Samuel Parker, Joshua Oglesby, William Thompson, Abdel Coleman, William Houston, Richard Browning, Peter Cartwright, Joseph Williams, Miles Harper, Edmund Wilcox, Joshua Barnes, James Axley, Joshua Riggin, Thomas Lasley, Caleb W. Cloud, Benjamin Edge, Obed Noland. Most of these afterwards traveled at one time or another in Holston; and Peter Cartwright, Miles Harper, James Axley, and Thomas Lasley became men of distinction.

Holston District was manned for the coming year as follows:

JONATHAN JACKSON, *Presiding Elder.*
Holston, Joab Watson, William Houston.
Nollichucky, William Ellington, Thomas Lasley.
French Broad, Elisha W. Bowman, Joshua Oglesby.
New River, Anthony Houston.
Clinch, Moses Black, Obed Noland.
Powell's Valley, Thomas Milligan.

Bishop Asbury did not visit the Holston Country in 1804, and, as it has been remarked, he failed to reach the Mount Gerizim Conference. The following entries in his journal show the reason of this failure:

Wednesday, August 15th.—I rested, being stiff and sore. My poor beast should have had three days to perform that which she has done in two. She shall rest three days in Baltimore; thence to Mount Gerizim she shall have only twenty miles a day, or less, to travel. Next day I came alone to Baltimore. Here I remained.

Monday, 20th.—I began my western tour. October 9, after thirty-four days of afflictive illness, I recommenced my journal. I have been, during my sickness, at Harry Stevens's. Kinder souls than this family I could not wish; but there were many of them, and others continually coming and going. I had two doctors, but at last was happily left to myself and Charles Conway. The fever subsided and left a cough. I

have not had a more severe attack since I have been in America. The doctor was seldom right, and medicines were not to be had, nor indeed the comfort and alleviations which surround a sick bed in the cities. But the best of all was, God was with us. The glorious Lord appeared. I was led into the vision of God. I shouted his praise.

Moses Floyd entered the itinerancy in 1800, was received into full connection in 1802, ordained elder at the same time, and located in 1804. His charges were Richmond, Swannanoa, Greene, and Natchez (two years).

Tobias Gibson, missionary at Natchez, braved the dangers of the wilderness between Natchez and Strother's Meetinghouse, in Sumner County, Tenn., in the fall of 1802, in order to be present at the Conference there, and to solicit the aid of another man in that work. Gibson's health was declining, and the demands of the work at Natchez were increasing. The Bishop appointed Moses Floyd to that far-off outpost, and Gibson and Floyd journeyed through the wilderness to their place of labor. It is to be regretted that there is not extant a scratch of the pen to commemorate their observations and experiences in that tiresome and perilous journey.

Floyd bore some of the burdens of the work, and greatly relieved Gibson. The people soon "learned to esteem Mr. Floyd as a refined and courtly gentleman, as well as a pious, zealous, intelligent, and useful minister of the gospel; but in no sense could they yet consider him the equal of their beloved Gibson."[1]

Jones, in "Methodism in Mississippi" (Vol. I., p. 75), says:

[1] Jones's "Methodism in Mississippi," Vol. I., p. 75.

Mr. Floyd was a young man of medium size, rather spare, with fair complexion, high forehead, mild and benevolent countenance, soft and agreeable manners, rather feeble voice in preaching; but his style of delivery was pleasant, and his sermons were clear, logical, and scriptural. The writer never saw him the least boisterous in the pulpit, though there was often so much earnestness and sympathy in his pulpit labors that the people were constrained to feel that he was deeply interested in their salvation. The burden of the work, of course, fell mainly on him, and his habitual pale face and failing strength soon told that the burden was more than he could long bear.

Although through the efforts of Mr. Gibson, who visited the Conference held at Mount Gerizim, Ky., in 1803, the Natchez Mission was reënforced by the appointment to that mission of Hezekiah Harriman and Abraham Amos, the work languished. A variety of causes conspired to produce this result. One of these causes was as follows: Soon after the arrival of Mr. Floyd in Mississippi he formed a strong attachment to Miss Hannah Griffing, daughter of John Griffing, Esq., and this attachment was reciprocated. Miss Griffing was beautiful, deeply pious, and every way worthy of being a preacher's wife. The fact that Mr. Floyd was in feeble and failing health led Mr. Griffing to offer stern opposition to the marriage of his daughter to him. The lovers, however, were not to be thwarted. Miss Griffing was of age, and, while not wanting in a spirit of deference for her parents, she felt that they had no right to control her absolutely in a matter of that sort. There was a rule in the book of Discipline which prohibited the marriage of minors without the consent of parents, and interdicted the marriage of a preacher even to a lady who had reached her majority, if her parents objected.

Mr. Floyd regarded this rule as only advisory and, moreover, as not authorized by the Word of God; and the couple met and were duly joined in holy wedlock. It was not an elopement—there was no need of it—but it gave the enemy occasion to blaspheme, and for a time lowered the standard of the Methodist ministry in the public mind. On account of this marriage Mr. Floyd was for a short time suspended from the ministry, in what way and by what authority we know not. But his character was passed without censure at the ensuing Annual Conference, and he was granted an honorable location.

After his location he studied and practiced medicine. He farmed and practiced, and at the same time was very industrious as a local preacher. He removed with the Griffing family to Louisiana, and plied his calling there till the country became so drained of the necessaries of life by the war of 1812-15 that, leaving his farm unsold, he returned to Mississippi. While teaching school, practicing medicine, and preaching as a local preacher at Natchez, he was attacked with measles, and died. This was in 1814. He located to make a living for his family; but it is hardly likely that he would have fared worse if he had remained in the traveling connection; for his life was a life of change, toil, disappointment, and poverty. But everywhere and under all circumstances he maintained a Christian and ministerial character that was above reproach. The fires of affliction scaled his earthliness away, and he grew up into such angelic moral beauty that death, God's eagle, swept him into heaven. Mrs. Floyd lived in widowhood and poverty for thirty years after the death of her husband. She

was poor in worldly means, but rich in grace and joyful in hope of the crown that fades not and the riches that do not take wings and fly away. She was an intelligent and zealous Methodist, and lived in strict conformity to the rules of her Church. She was a safe adviser of seekers of religion and young Christians. After many removals to and fro, she finally found a home of peace and plenty with her brother, the Rev. James Griffing, of Claiborne County, Miss., where she ended her days in peace. Her checkered life was a beautiful illustration of the Scripture sentiments that a man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions and that the good man has the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come, this promise not being fulfilled in the coarse enjoyment of earthly good, but in the enjoyment of the world of wonders and beauties which faith spreads around him, and in the sweet, yet sublime consolations of religion. When in her last illness this good woman was informed that her end was near, she rallied her remaining strength, and, placing herself on her knees in the bed, she committed her all to God in Christ, and soon after quietly passed away.[1]

[1] "Methodism in Mississippi," Vol. I., pp. 94-98.

CHAPTER XIX.

From 1801 to 1804 (Continued).

WILLIAM M'KENDREE.

William McKendree was admitted into the traveling connection June 17, 1788, at a Conference held in Amelia County, Va., and, if we are to rely upon the minutes, his first appointment was Mecklenburg Circuit. Until he was transferred to the West he labored wholly in Virginia, his native State. He was promoted to the presiding eldership in 1796, and remained in that office till he was elected bishop. In 1800 he was appointed presiding elder of a district embracing Greenbrier, Botetourt, etc., but he had scarcely been initiated in the work on this district when Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat passed through his district and gave him orders to proceed to the West to take charge of the district embracing the Kentucky and Holston charges, and on which the presiding eldership had been left to be supplied. Poythress had presided in the district in declining health the previous year. The great revival which had begun in the latter part of 1799 was now spreading throughout this district, and a first-class commander was needed to direct the forces of Methodism in the now raging war upon the powers of darkness; and Bishop Asbury was not mistaken when he laid his hand on McKendree for this post. As soon as the bishops stated to him their views, he signified his hearty concurrence in them, and within three hours he had actually started off with them on the journey. They made their way to Tennessee, and by way of

Bean's Station and Cumberland Gap entered Kentucky. A Conference with ten preachers, including the two bishops, was held in Bethel Academy about the first of October, though not mentioned in the General Minutes, and McKendree was put down for

BISHOP WILLIAM M'KENDREE.

the work in Kentucky and Holston. This district embraced the State of Kentucky, that part of Virginia west of New River, East and West Tennessee, and all the settled territory west of the Ohio River, including what is now the State of Ohio, and an extensive mission in Illinois. The Natchez Mission, in Mississippi, was also in this district. To compass his

district he had to travel some fifteen hundred miles, and the whole of it, with the exception of Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, was a new and rapidly populating country. But McKendree was in the vigor of manhood, full of energy, and unincumbered with a family or secular pursuits. His superior mental endowments, his powers of analysis, his polite and pleasing manners, and his fine administrative qualifications eminently fitted him for this laborious and responsible field.

Immediately after the adjournment of Conference the bishops, McKendree, and the preachers whose work lay along this route, made it their business to visit the greater portion of the Societies. After stopping a little at Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, at which place they came in contact for the first time with a camp meeting, they proceeded to Knoxville, and there parted, the bishops to attend the Carolina Conferences, and McKendree to commence his routine of quarterly visitation. His first year in Kentucky and Holston was one of great labor and great success; and not a small part of what he accomplished was in connection with camp meetings, in which other denominations besides the Methodists freely mingled.[1]

After attending the session of the Conference at Bethel Academy, McKendree passed through a considerable portion of Kentucky reconnoitering his field, preaching with earnestness and power, and laying upon the altar of the Church the wealth of his princely intellect and tireless energy. In company with Asbury and Whatcoat, and the brothers John

[1] "Methodism in Tennessee," Vol. I., pp. 366-368.

and William McGee, he made his way into East Tennessee, preaching and exhorting to listening thousands along his route. He traveled from thirty to fifty miles a day, and preached at night. All classes of people flocked to hear him. Statesmen, lawyers, physicians, and theologians of all denominations clustered around him, saying, as they returned home: "Did you ever hear the like?" Large as his district was, it soon became too small for him. He extended the work to every part of Southwestern Virginia, and, crossing the Ohio, carried the holy war into the State of Ohio, and there formed new circuits. His constant prayer was that the Lord would send forth more laborers into the harvest, and wherever he found a young man of gifts and graces he induced him, if possible, to enter the vineyard as an active laborer. Throughout the West he was first in counsel and first in action. If he appeared on a camp ground, he was the cynosure of all eyes.[1]

Beginning his work on the Kentucky-Holston District in the fall of 1800, he was presiding elder over Holston only one year; but his labors extended into this section just in time to bring into it the revival flame that had been so intensely kindled in Kentucky and Middle Tennessee. The effects of this revival, however, were not realized at once in an increase in the membership of the Church. There is an inertia in the spiritual as well as in the physical world that cannot be overcome immediately. But under McKendree revival ideas, revival power, and revival methods began to develop anew in Holston; so that,

[1] Redford's "Methodism in Kentucky," Vol. I., pp. 338-341.

while in the fall of 1801 the reported increase of membership in Holston for eighteen months was only two, in the fall of 1802 the reported increase for twelve months was one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight. Indeed the work had been languishing, and the statistical reports had been very discouraging; but now Holston Methodism takes on new vitality. The tidal wave lashes our shores late in 1801 and early in 1802, bringing ruin to unbelief and iniquity, and bearing on its crest argosies of spiritual riches in Christ Jesus.

William McKendree was born in King William County, Va., July 5, 1757; and died at the residence of his brother, Dr. James McKendree, Sumner County, Tenn., March 5, 1835. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and brought up his son to ordinary farm work. His parents were pious, and their example and precepts did much in the formation of a character which shone so resplendently in after years. He had for his day a good primary English education, his attention having been mainly directed to arithmetic. He at one time belonged to the colonial army, and he served the last two years of the war with Great Britain under Washington. He entered as a private, but was soon promoted to the office of adjutant. His business qualifications placed him in a little while in the Commissary Department, in which he displayed his usual energy of character in making impressments of cattle and food to sustain the allied armies of Washington and Rochambeau at Yorktown. Dr. A. L. P. Green thus describes him personally:

He was about five feet ten inches in height, weighing, on

an average through life, after he was grown up to manhood, about one hundred and sixty pounds. He had a fair skin, dark hair, and blue eyes. He increased in flesh between the years of forty and sixty, and at one time he weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds; but as he grew old he declined in flesh, and for the last ten years of his life did not exceed one hundred and forty pounds. When in his prime his form was almost faultless, and he possessed extraordinary action and great physical strength. His features, taken as a whole, were decidedly good, rather handsome than otherwise. When he was calm and silent, there was an expression of deep thought upon his countenance, sometimes approaching even to that of care; but whenever he spoke, his eyes would kindle up, and a smile, like that of pleasant recognition, would cover his face, and this smile was the outcropping of a kind and benevolent heart. His constitution was no doubt naturally good; but he had been so overtaxed through life with labor, hardships, and exposure that his old age was burdened with infirmities, for he was many years afflicted with asthma and neuralgia.[1]

In the agitation produced by the O'Kelley controversy, in 1792 and later, McKendree found himself in sympathy with O'Kelley's views, and therefore declined an appointment in 1792; but upon further investigation of the questions at issue he realized a change of views and feelings, requested an appointment, and was accordingly appointed to Norfolk and Portsmouth for the year 1792-93. The fact is, that Bishop Asbury, who was a fine judge of men, perceiving the unusual moral and intellectual worth of the young Virginian, was not willing to lose him to the connection; and, falling in with him, he had him to travel with him a few days, and he explained to him the situation. He captured the heart of young McKendree, who thenceforward was loyal to the Church

[1] "Biographical Sketches of Itinerant Ministers," pp. 44, 45.

and its polity. I am sure that the Bishop's warm affection for the young man, and the spirit of Christian devotion which breathed in every word and act of his, did more to win him than all the arguments adduced. The psychology of language would be an interesting study; and it would, no doubt, account for the fact that the tenets of men go by the name of *sentiments*. Opinion is thought; sentiment is feeling. It is a patent fact that men are controlled more by sentiment than by opinion, more by the heart than by the head. This, however, is true as to the immediate rather than as to ultimate results; for, while sentiment is more intense and influential at the beginning, thought is more durable and influential in the end. But as sentiment has the credit of shaping our first purposes and plans, its influence, in the nature of things, is lasting and far-reaching, often dominating opinion and placing upon it the stamp of perpetuity. Bishop Asbury won the heart and then the head of McKendree, and thus saved to Episcopal Methodism one of the grandest men that has adorned its annals.

McKendree's intellect was of high order. His perceptive organs were perfect. Nothing in sight escaped him. He was a natural logician and mathematician. His tremendous force as a preacher depended largely upon his powers of analysis. His sermons did not consist in tinsel and flights of fancy; but he followed the rigid associations of thought, and bore down all opposition by the momentum of his massive arguments.

His manner in the pulpit was perfectly easy and natural, with but little action. His voice was musical and full, and his enunciation excellent. As is sometimes the case with men of logical bent, he oc-

casionally hesitated or hung upon a word. Lord Kames has shown that men whose judgment is defective, and who, on that account, are prone to follow the remote associations of ideas, are generally fluent; but that a logical deference to the more rigid associations usually interferes with fluency. For this reason we seldom or never find great logical and oratorical talent united in one man. But the law of compensation shows itself in the fact that fluency in the orator usually compensates for his lack of analysis; and argumentative force in the logician usually compensates for his lack of some of the graces of the orator.

On the whole McKendree was a great preacher. Filled with the Holy Ghost and faith, as he was, his sermons were "logic on fire."

An illustration of McKendree's power in preaching is contained in an anecdote of a sermon preached by him at a camp meeting in Western Illinois, in the year 1807. A mob had been organized to break up the meeting; and it intended to seize the preachers and convey them south of the Ohio River, set them down, and give them orders to remain on that side. The mob, on horseback, reached the ground just before the eleven o'clock preaching on Sunday morning, and they rode up to the outskirts of the congregation and halted. The leader—or major—as he was called, had given orders that no disturbance was to be made till after the sermon. Mr. McKendree was in the pulpit, and he was the orator of the day. He was sustained by the presence of Gwinn, Goddard, Walker, and Travis; and the prayers of the faithful, who were apprised of the situation, were going up in his behalf. McKendree was then in the prime of life, his

voice was loud and commanding, and his bearing that of undaunted courage, while a supernatural defiance shot forth from his speaking eyes. He had a large and attentive audience. His text was: "Come now, and let us reason together," etc. The divine presence was with him. He held the major and his clan spell-bound. As he was closing his sermon, awful shocks of divine power were felt by the congregation. Mourners were called, and large numbers rushed to the altar. At this moment the major attempted to retreat with his men in good order; but some of them had already fled, while others had alighted, turned their horses loose, and were at the altar. The major led the remnant of his troop to the spring, where, after consultation, they disbanded. Several of these men were converted before the camp meeting closed.[1]

The sermon that McKendree preached at the General Conference which met in Baltimore May 1, 1808, and which is supposed to have insured his election to the bishopric, was a capital illustration of his extraordinary preaching power.

He was fresh from the backwoods of Kentucky and Middle Tennessee, and was clad in the coarse, seedy garments which he had worn in the West. He was appointed to preach in Light Street Church on Sabbath morning. The house was crowded with people in every part, above and below, anxious to hear the stranger, whose fame had preceded him. The members of the General Conference were generally present, besides a number of colored people who occupied a second gallery in the front end

[1] "Biographical Sketches of Itinerant Ministers," pp. 50-52.

of the church. Dr. Nathan Bangs, who was present, had never heard of McKendree, and said to himself: "I wonder what awkward backwoodsman they have put into the pulpit this morning to disgrace us with his mawkish manners and uncouth phraseology." This feeling of distrust did not forsake him till the preacher had proceeded some length in his discourse. His text was, "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" (Jer. viii. 21, 22.) His introduction was tame, his sentences were broken and disjointed, and his elocution was defective. As he proceeded, however, he warmed up, became more fluent, and soon had possession of his audience. When at last he began to answer the objections which some urged against the expression of feeling by those who had been healed of their spiritual maladies, and spoke of the right of the new convert to praise God aloud, he spoke with a soul overflowing with the most hallowed and exalted feelings, and, as Dr. Bangs says, "it was like the sudden bursting of a cloud surcharged with water, and the congregation was instantly overwhelmed with a shower of divine grace." Shrieks of persons in distress, shouts of praise, groans, and sobs were heard all over the house, while many were prostrated upon the floor or lay helpless upon their seats. After this storm there was a beautiful calm, and the Sun of Righteousness shone serenely. The popular verdict was: "This is the man whom God delights to honor." Bishop Asbury was heard to ex-

claim, "This sermon will make him bishop,"[1] and it seems that he was not mistaken.

Socially, McKendree was communicative and companionable. He was not cold nor coarse nor selfish.

Dr. Green tells substantially the following anecdote illustrative of Bishop McKendree's urbanity: He was traveling with the Bishop in Mississippi. On their reaching the house of an old friend of the Bishop in the interior of the State, several persons came together in the evening, expecting that he would preach to them, but he was too feeble to undertake it. Among the number was a lady of fine mind and manners, an old Virginia acquaintance of his, who seemed to be afflicted by the disappointment. She at length told the Bishop that her husband was hauling his cotton to market, and all the horses were in the wagons, so that there was nothing on the place for her to ride, and that she had come some three miles on foot, which she thought she could not have done but for the hope of hearing him preach. The Bishop's countenance lighted up with a genial smile, and he replied: "Sister, if you only knew the pleasure it gives me to see you, I do not think you would reproach yourself for having taken so long a walk." The lady was afterwards heard to say that she never felt herself so much complimented in her life before.[2]

McKendree was not gaudy nor extravagant in dress, but he was always dressed neatly. He generally went clean-shaved. When he was dressed to his taste, you would find him with a long-waisted, single-

[1] Bangs's "History of the M. E. Church," Vol. IV., pp. 200-202.
[2] "Biographical Sketches of Itinerant Ministers," pp. 57, 58.

breasted coat, black vest and pants, long black stockings, well-polished shoes with silver buckles, a white linen stock, and broad-brimmed hat. Thus attired, he was a noble, dignified-looking man.

McKendree's success in life may be attributed in part to the fact that he was remarkably systematic. He lived by rule; in other words, he was a *Methodist* in fact as well as in name. The Bishop having several times noticed the trouble of a gentleman with whom he sometimes kept company in finding his hat, said to him at length: "I can put you upon a plan by which you can always tell where your hat is. Have but two places for it; let one of them be your head, and the other, the nail; and when you cannot find it on your head, look for it on the nail; and when you cannot find it on the nail, you may be sure it is on your head!"

McKendree was good at repartee. About the year 1830, while he was descending the Mississippi River in a crowded steamer, an old lawyer and politician, supposing the Church had made him bishop for his harmlessness and not for his talent, provoked a discussion with him on Church government. He objected to the government of the Methodist Church on the ground that it placed too much power in the hands of the bishops. The Bishop replied, and a regular polemic fusillade ensued. But the Bishop was master of the subject; he had pried into all its intricacies. On any question he would have been a match for the lawyer, but on the subject of Church polity he was too strong for any one. He soon silenced all the batteries of the enemy, greatly to the merriment of the crowd and the shame and confusion of the lawyer. After awhile when the Bishop and Dr. Green

had retired to their stateroom, Dr. Green said to him: "You treated that gentleman too badly." He answered: "Let him let me alone!"[1]

While Bishop McKendree's income was only one hundred dollars a year and his traveling expenses, he kept out of debt, aided in the support of his father and sister, contributed something to other relatives, assisted in Church charities, and helped the poor. How is this for financiering?

As an officer in the Church and as President of Conferences he probably had no superior. He was always up on the business of the Conference, never failed to understand the question in debate, and he always reined a wandering speaker to the track.

He was a man of strong attachments and dislikes, but both were tempered by the grace of God.

A short time before his death he received a slight wound on his right forefinger, and while writing got ink in the wound, which became inflamed and very painful. Age and infirmities had so reduced his vitality that his system was not able to throw off the disease. It was probably a case of blood-poisoning; and the Bishop, realizing that his end was near, hastened to the home of his brother in Sumner County, Tenn. His sufferings continued to waste his strength, but through a kind Providence his last few days were free from pain. It is one of nature's merciful compensations that the disorder which at first gives great pain and breaks down the constitution often deadens the sensory nerves and brings ease. It was so in this case. His last days were beautiful, a beau-

[1] "Biographical Sketches of Itinerant Ministers," pp. 64-66.

tiful close of a grand life. He was constantly saying kind things to his friends and attendants. Dr. Green, who had visited him and was about to leave, asked him what he should say to his friends about him. He replied: "Tell them for me that, whether for time or eternity, all is well."[1]

[1] Many of the facts given above have been written after a careful reading of a sketch of Bishop McKendree from the pen of Dr. A. L. P. Green, in "Biographical Sketches of Itinerant Ministers."

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v.1 Holston Methodism from its
TITLE
origin to the present time

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME
AUG 16 '62	Richard Hagen 1212 20th R d.
DEC 18 '63	Lee Towle Paradise Home Milan
JAN 8 '64	Re
APR 1 '64	Lee Towle
APR 15 '64	Lee Towle
APR 29 '64	Re

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